Gc
976.102
T85s
1755278

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

Gc

REMINISCENCES

OF

A LONG LIFE;

Historical, Political, Personal and Literary.

By WILLIAM R. SMITH, Sr.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM R. SMITH, Sr.,
122 East Capitol St.

1755278

ALEXANDER B. MEEK.

List of Portraits.

Washington Moody 79
Henry Tutwiler, LL. D 227
Frederick A. P. Barnard, LL. D 234
Burwell Boykin 256
Robert Jemison, Jr 298
Joshua Lanier Martin 274
Levin Powell 292
Thomas Maxwell 309
Alexander B. Meek .... 315.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

The First Whites at Tuskaloosa............ 13
The Tuskaloosa Newspaper Press........ 16 to 29
The Rival Corporations 24
Fourth of July in Tuskaloosa, 1829........ 26
The Pursuit of the Counterfeiters........31 to 44

TUSKALOOSA BARDS, No. 1.

Alexander M. Robinson.............. 45

Parson Harris and his Prodigy............ 49
Poetry and Law........................ 52

TUSKALOOSA LAWYERS.

Sketch of George N. Stewart 52
" Seth Barton 57
" Henry W. Collier.......... 62
" Sion L. Perry 64
" Harvey W. Ellis 66
" John H. Jones 67
" Constantine Perkins....... 69
" Robt. E. B. Baylor......... 69
" Ely Shortridge 72
" George Whitfield Crabb.... 73
" Washington Moody........ 79
" Judge Henry Minor 86

Tuskaloosa Congressional District.......... 88
Sketch of Col. John McKee................ 89

TUSKALOOSA MERCHANTS.

Sketch of George Cox............... 92
" James Hogan 94
" James H. Dearing......... 96
" Capt. Otis Dyer 100
" Benj. B. Fontain.......... 103

Sketch of John B. Pass 108
" Wm. Toxey 108
" Edward Sims 122
" James Scott 122
" John O. Cummings 123
" Henry A. Snow 126
" Z. B. Snow 129
Charley Picher, the Modern Timon 109
The Game of Push-Pin 111
A Vision 112
THE EARLY BUILDERS 133
Sketch of Henry T. Antony 135
BONIFACE AND THE BANKS 137
THE MEDICAL FRATERNITY.
Sketch of Dr. Robt. L. Kennon 142
" Dr. John R. Drish 143
" Dr. Sam'l M. Meek 145
" Drs. Wm. and John Owen 147
" Dr. James Guild, Sr 150
" Dr. La Fayette Guild 153
" Dr. James Hullum 153
" Dr. Doric S. Ball 154
" Dr. Reuben Searcy 155
" Dr. Wm. A. Leland 159
TUSKALOOSA BARDS, No. 2 161
Rev. Albert A. Muller, D. D 166
SUNDAY NIGHT IN A PRINTING OFFICE 171
THE SABLE BARD—Adam, the Rhymer 178
The Bear Fight 181
PAUL, the Tinner .... 183 to 193
THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA 202
Sketch of Dr. Alva Woods 204
" Professor Saltonstall 212
" Professor John F. Wallis 213
" Professor Henry W. Hilliard 215

Hilliard and Yancey Compared...... 222
Sketch of Dr. Henry Tutwiler........ 227
" Dr. F. A. P. Barnard..... 234
" Paoli Pascal Ashe........ 246
" F. C. D. Bouchelle........ 248
" George D. Shortridge...... 249
" Burwell Boykin 256
" Dr. Wm. A. Cochran...... 264
GRIZLE'S DEFEAT AND TOM WALKER....... 268
TUSKALOOSA BARDS. NO. 3................ 270
Sketch of Bakus W. Huntington..... 270
Joshua Lanier Martin..................... 274
The Gubernatorial Canvass of 1845 .. 276
OFFICIAL HISTORY OF TUSKALOOSA COUNTY.. 284
Sketch of Dr. John L. Tindall........ 287
" Marmaduke Williams..... 288
" Levin Powell............ 292
" Hardin Perkins... 294
" Robert Jemison, Jr........ 298
" Charles M. Foster......... 308
" Thomas Maxwell.......... 309
Alexander B. Meek and his Poetry......... 315
POEMS AND SONGS.
Pigeon-Toes, a first poem............ 22
Hunting Song..................... 58
Sunset at Rome. A. A. Muller 262
Sonnets. F. A. P. Barnard 237
Serenade. " " 238
Forget Thee. " " 240
Ode to a Jackknife. Barnard 243
Lines to Alabama. G. D. Shortridge. 252
The Recovery 258
Boykin, a sonnet.... 263
Bacon and Greens. Huntington..... 272
Song. Thomas Maxwell 312

The Fated City. A. B. Meek........ 324
The Duchess of Devonshire......... 326
Sonnet: Voluptuous Spring. A. B. Meek 330
The Bluebird's Song. A. B. Meek... 338
A Poet's Wife. A. B. Meek......... 343
The Uses of Solitude................ 346

Alphabetical List of Names Referred to.

Adam, the Rhymer.................. 178 to 187
Aiken, John G........................... 71
Antony, Henry T......................... 135
" William L......................... 137
Ashe, Paoli Pascal...................... 246
" Thomas S.......................... 246
" William C......................... 246
" Ruffin............................ 246
Banks, Marian........................... 203
Ball, Dr. Doric S. 27, 135, 154
Barton, Seth.......................... 53, 57, 261
Baylor, R. E. B......................... 69
Bolling, Thomas R....................... 141
Bomar, R. D............................ 27, 65
Boykin, Burwell...................... 203, 256
Bracy, J. D............................. 203
Brown, George........................... 32
Bouchelle, F. C. D..................... 87, 248
" Dr. Ezra.......................... 87
Carson, Thomas L........................ 202
Clare, William.......................... 141
Clements, Hardy......................... 60
" Hon. N. N......................... 58
Click, Matthew.......................... 93
" John.............................. 93, 135
Childress, James....................... 30, 40
Collier, Henry W....................... 57, 62

Colver, Elisha........................ 108, 181
Colgin, William R..................... 68, 137
" Caroline........................ 67
Cochrane, William..................... 76
" Mrs. Louisa..................... 76
Cochran, Hiram P...................... 61, 62
" Dr. William A................... 264
Comegys, Ed. F........................ 135
Cox, George........................... 93
Crabb, George Whitfield............... 55, 73
" Mrs. Elizabeth.................. 78, 79
Cummings, John O...................... 123
Davenport, Thomas M................... 16, 19
" Eliza........................... 23
Davis, John........................... 42
" Reuben.......................... 15
Dearing, Capt. James H................ 96
Dent, Gen. Dennis..................... 292
Donaldson, Col. Peter................. 141
Drish, Dr. John R..................... 143
Duffee, Matthew....................... 140
Dyer, Otis............................ 100, 190
" Mrs............................. 103
Ellis, Harvey W....................... 65
Ellyson, Col. Robert.................. 68
Ewing, Samuel B....................... 202
Field, Judge Hume R................... 69
Files, Manly.......................... 133
Fontain, Benjamin B................... 103
Frierson, Samuel G.................... 27
Friend, John.......................... 87
Glover, William Y..................... 286
" Benjamin N...................... 286
Gould, William P...................... 88, 90
" Col. McKee...................... 91
Grantland, Thomas..................... 19

Guild, Dr. James, Sr 135, 150
" Dr. La Fayette 153
Hale, Col. Steven F 171
Harris, Rev. Nath 49
Hart, Velina 188
Harding, Col. Horace 92
Hargrove, Jack 60
" Hope 60
" Hon. A. C 52, 292
Hilliard, Henry W 215
Hodge, John 285
Hogan, James 94
" Mrs. Sarah 96
Hogg. James 291
Haughey, John 32
Hullum, Dr. James 153
Hunter, Dr. Thomas 142
Huntington. Bakus W 270
Inge, Dr. Richard 148
" Major Frank 148
" Hon. S. W 88, 148
" Col. Wm. M 148
" Lieut. Montgomery Pike 149
" Judge Robt. S 149
Irby, John Tyler 67, 123
Isbel, Dr. James 142
Jack, Wm. H 286
Jemison, Robt 298
" Wm. H 135
Jenkins, John M 93
" Elias 93
Jones, John H 67
" Jolly 60
Kennon, Dr. Robert L 142
Lawler. Joab 88
Leland, Dr. Wm. A 158
Lewin, Charles 137

Ligon, Chancellor........................ 280
Lindsay, Matthew W.................... 69
Lovel, Thomas........................... 134
Maher, Peter.............................49, 286
Mardis, Samuel W........................ 88
Marr, Wm. M............................. 292
Martin, Joshua Lanier...................274, 292
" Hon. John M...................283, 292
McCay, John............................. 27
McKee, Hon. John........................ 88
McGuire, W. W........................... 30
Meek, Hon. Alexander B.............. 106, 315
" Dr. Samuel M...................142, 145
McConnel, John.......................... 123
Minor, Judge Henry.....................81, 86
" Miss Ann......................... 86
Moody, Washington......................27, 79
" Miss Jane E...................... 81
Moore, Gen. Sydenham...................88, 171
Morgan, George.......................... 130
" Hon. John T..................... 131
Morton, Hon. John F..................... 292
Nooe, John A............................ 241
Owen, Rev. Dr. John....................142, 147
" Dr. J. R. N...................... 147
Pass, John B............................ 108
Patterson, Charles S.................... 140
Payne, Hon. Winter W.................... 88
Paul. James............................183, 193
Peck, Hon. E. W......................... 85
Penn, James............................. 72
Pennington, Abel........................ 284
Perkins, Major Hardin................... 294
" Constantine.....................68, 291
Picher, Charles G....................... 109
Powell, Levin..........................80, 87
" E. A..........................292, 306

Prewitt, John W.......................... 23
Price, Wm. M............................49, 135
Pugh, Hon. James L...................... 220
Read, Dr. J. B...........................39, 40
Robinson, Horseshoe...................... 331
" Alexander M 27, 45
Rice, T. F................................ 133
" C. E.................................. 133
Saltonstall, Prof. Gurdon................. 203
Searcy, Dr. Reuben......................49, 155
Shortridge, Hon. Ely.....................26, 71
" Hon. George D................ 203
" Hiram........................ 71
Sims, Ed.................................. 121
Smith, John............................... 285
Snow, Henry A............................. 126
" Dr. Charles....................... 72
" Z. B.............................. 129
" Mrs. Virginia..................... 72
Stewart, Geo. N........................... 53
Strong, Wm................................ 133
Terry, Nathaniel.......................... 275
" Col. Joe.......................... 173
Tindall, Dr. John L....................142, 287
Toxey, Wm................................. 107
Tutwiler, Dr. Henry..........168, 203, 208, 227
Vandyke, T. N............................. 27
Venable, Dr. Nathaniel.................... 202
Vines, Jackson..........................61, 112
Wallis, Prof. John F...................... 213
Walker, Erasmus........................... 30
" Thomas A...................... 268
Woods, Dr. Alva........................... 204
Wylie, Thos. W............................ 30
Yancey, Hon. W. L......................... 222

REMINISCENCES.

It is a well-ascertained fact that in 1812 there was an Indian village called Tuskaloosa at the "falls of the Black Warrior River," and that there were no white persons known to have been residents thereof. This fact is made clear by the following extract from the "Reminiscences" of Col. George S. Gaines, published some years ago in the Mobile *Register:*

"In the fall of 1812 Tandy Walker called at my house to tell me what he had just learned from a Creek Indian, that a white woman had been brought from Tennessee as a prisoner to Tuskaloosa (falls of the Black Warrior) by a party of Creek Indians returning from a visit to the Shawnees on the Northern Lakes. Mrs. Gaines, who was present, suggested to Walker that he ought to endeavor to rescue the woman and bring her down to the settle-

ment. Walker said he could do so, but it would be at the risk of his life. He observed that he could walk up on pretense of paying a visit to his old friend O-et-o-che-mot-la; whilst there, could obtain a canoe, and buy or steal her and bring her down. Mrs. Gaines urged him to undertake the enterprise, and Tandy Walker, being a brave, generous-hearted man, consented. He departed immediately on his mission of mercy, returning in about two weeks with the woman, in a canoe. She was in bad health, her mind a good deal impaired by suffering; her limbs and feet were still in a wounded condition, caused by the briars, brush, etc., she was forced to walk through after she was captured by the Indians. Mrs. Gaines took charge of her, ordering a tepid bath, furnishing her with comfortable clothing, etc. After a week's tender nursing her mind appeared to be restored. She then related her story. Her name was Crawley. She resided in a new settlement, near the mouth of the Tennessee River. One day, during the absence of her husband, a party of Creek Indians came to her house, murdered two of her children who were playing in the yard, and she had barely time to shut and bolt the door, hastily raise a 'puncheon' over a small potato-cellar and place her two youngest children there, before the Indians broke down the door, dragged her out of the house, and compelled her to keep up with them in their retreat. They compelled her to cook for them on the march, but offered her no other violence. It was several weeks before she was able to undertake the journey home. Colonel Haynes and Mr. Malone aided me in purchasing a horse for her, and Mrs. Gaines furnished her with suitable clothing. When she reached home she was delighted to find her

husband and the two children she had hid in the potato-cellar alive. The legislature voted money to Tandy Walker for his agency in this affair."

From this paragraph we learn, first, that there was an Indian village at the falls in 1812; second, that the inhabitants at that time were natives only; third, that the first white person of whose presence we have any knowledge on the banks of the Warrior, at the falls, was a female prisoner, and that her name was Crawley; and that the first white man yet known to have visited the Indian village of Tuskaloosa, at the falls of the Black Warrior, was Tandy Walker.

It is also a fact that there was a village at the "falls of the Black Warrior River" called Tuskaloosa, previously to 1816, *inhabited by white persons.* James H. Dearing asserted that he visited that place in that year, and "put up at a shanty of a hotel, kept by JOSHUA HOLBERT." Holbert was well known in Tuskaloosa afterward, where he built a large two-story frame hotel, on the corner immediately north of the present Methodist church, on Greensboro street. He removed to the country, and settled a large plantation, twenty-four miles north of Tuskaloosa, on Byler's road, where he remained for a number of years. He was of kin to the Glover family. One of his daughters became the wife of Reuben Davis, who was at the time of this marriage a practicing physician at Fayette C. H., and who afterward studied law, and removed to Aberdeen, Miss., where he became very distinguished. I knew all the parties well.

The recollection of such a man as George S.

Gaines* touching important events must be sufficiently accurate to stamp his statements with such authenticity as to make them historical.

It is thought that the village spoken of was about one and a half miles below the present city of Tuskaloosa, where the remains of an old Indian fort were to be seen within a few years.

Tandy Walker's name is worthy of preservation. I know nothing of him except what I learn from Colonel Gaines's communications. The name Tandy is singular, and sounds as if it were a corruption or a nick-name, perhaps a short way of spelling Alexander. There was in the legislature of Alabama, for many years, a Tandy Walker from Lawrence County, a man of ability and character. May we not suppose, from the peculiar name, that he was a descendant of our hero.

The two leading historical facts above noted are significant that between the years 1812 and 1816 there must have been quite a rush of bold pioneers in the direction of the "falls of the Black Warrior River."

---

*COL. GEORGE S. GAINES.—"The Reminiscences of the early settlement of the Mississippi Territory," published in the Mobile *Register*, have recalled to public notice the interesting man whose name appears above. He played an important part in the history of his times, but up to the publication of the "Reminiscences" was chiefly remembered as a leading business man in the city of Mobile, and as president of one of the Mobile banks. He was known to be a man of cultivation, and of liberal acquirements, but he never assumed his proper place in the literary circles; and but for the publication of the sketches he would have been forgotten.

These historical "Reminiscences" form important links in the early annals of our State, and must be of great use to the future historian.

These sketches are so exceedingly interesting that I feel inclined to press upon the venerable writer the vast importance to posterity of their continuation [1873]. All facts which are within his knowledge should be committed to paper, for otherwise they will inevitably be lost. Tradition, when reduced to writing from the recollection of such a man, at once assumes the dignity of history; and if Colonel Gaines can illumine the twilight of a well-spent life by so valuable a contribution to the literature of his times, that life which might otherwise be considered as simply useful would be worthy of the epithet, eventful.

THE TUSKALOOSA NEWSPAPER PRESS—No. 1.

The *American Mirror* was the first paper established in Tuskaloosa. The number before me is dated May 8, 1824, and is the 46th number of vol. v. Thus we learn that this paper must have been commenced in 1820. It was published weekly, "by Thomas M. Davenport, printer of the laws of the United States. Terms, $4 in advance or $5 at the end of the year. *Advertisements* from a distance must be accompanied with the *cash*." The paper is small, containing four columns on the page, and printed in long primer and brevier type. The first page, with a part of the second, is occupied by an "Act of Congress" making appropriations, etc., signed by Henry Clay, Speaker of the H. R.

This number of the *Mirror* also contains another advertisement for the Government (the land sales), of more than a column; and, but for this support drawn from the public crib, it would be difficult to discover, from the closest inspection, whence came the means of livelihood to the poor printer, for there are but 18 ordinary advertisements in the sheet, and those, not "coming from a distance," most likely, did not yield the *cash*.

In politics the editor of the *American Mirror* must have been an administration man—judging from the patronage—otherwise, there is no expression of sentiment showing his political creed.

A Glimpse of Politics before the days of the nominating conventions:

I find the following card in this number of the *Mirror:*

ADAMS MEETING.

Those citizens of the Town and County of Tuscaloosa* who are friendly to the election of John Quincy Adams to the office of President of the United States are desired to assemble in the Long Room at the Eagle Hotel on Thursday evening next (13th), at early candle light, to concert such measures as may be deemed necessary and proper to be adopted relative to the approaching Presidential election. *By request of many.*

Extract of a Letter from Staunton, Va.:

Recently I have become more fully convinced that Mr. Adams will receive the vote of Virginia for the Presidency. Some of the warmest supporters of Mr. Crawford in this place and vicinity have become alarmed at the prospect of General Jackson's being raised to the Presidency, and have determined, should present appearances continue, to abandon their favorite and support Adams.

From the Camden, S. C., Chronicle:

In uttering our deliberate conviction, that the claims of John Quincy Adams are paramount to those of either of the other candidates, we acknowledge the high merits of all, and the very exalted merits of General Jackson particularly.

---

* Note: It will be seen that the word TUSKALOOSA was spelt with a c instead of a *k* in this paper.

Mr. Adams.—We have before expressed ourselves as believing that the integrity, exalted talents, and tried patriotism of Mr. Adams pre-eminently qualified him for the high station to which his friends sought to exalt him.

From the Indiana Gazette:

Caucus.—A minority of the members of Congress having, in opposition to a great majority, and in opposition to the will of the people, nominated Wm. H. Crawford as President and Albert Gallatin as Vice-President, every effort will be made to force them upon the people.

Of the publisher of the *Mirror*, Thos. M. Davenport, I know but little. He was a printer, without pretensions to capacity as a writer or editor. There are but four paragraphs of original matter in this number, each about an inch long, simply items of news in which there is no expression of opinion or sentiment. The paper was printed by himself and daughters, one of whom, the elder, Eliza, was a girl of more than ordinary accomplishments, with genius to write well, and ability to conduct the mechanical department of the office. Her name, frailties, and misfortunes form the subject of a gloomy and melancholy story connected with the early history of Tuskaloosa, too practical for romance and too sad to be revived. She was identified with the Tuskaloosa press many years.

In 1826 (perhaps 1825) the Alabama *Sentinel*, the second paper, was established in Tuskaloosa. It was published by Thomas Grantland, who removed from Huntsville to Tuskaloosa, bringing the establishment with him. The paper was small

and printed with inferior materials. Grantland had little pretension as a writer, and depended upon others for his editorials. The Hon. Washington Moody (then quite a youth) was the editor—at least, occasional—and reported for its columns the proceedings of the first sessions of the Alabama legislature held in Tuskaloosa.

Grantland was a relative of the Hon. Levin Powell, whose name is connected with the earlier history of Tuskaloosa, and who is still remembered by the older citizens for his many virtues as well as his profound good sense.

A printer by the name of Singleton (an eccentric and travelled man) worked a short time in the *Sentinel* office. The little town of Tuskaloosa was taken by storm on one occasion, when this man offered a wager that he could *set up the entire inside of the Sentinel*, ten columns, in a day. This he actually performed! It must be remembered that the types were large, and the columns comparatively small and narrow. I have a vivid recollection of this incident from the fact that the whole town was in a bustle of excitement on that occasion, and crowds were collected about the doors and windows of the printing-office looking at the lion of the hour.

There is another incident recalled by this reference to the *Sentinel*, in which one of the *promising* youths of that day played a conspicuous part. In 1828 this youth had written a brace or two of love verses, and being ambitious to see them in print he sent them anonymously to the editor, who, in a tart editorial, snubbed the aspiring poet. This boy was a familiar of the *devil*—that is, he was a chum of the printer's boy, and was in the habit of lounging about the office and helping at the press,

in the way of dabbing* the balls, folding the papers, etc., so that he had access to the cases, and was, with all, rather a pet in the establishment, and had picked up at times a little of the art of setting type in a rude way. Not willing to give up his darling wish to see his verses in print, he had recourse to his influence over the devil, and actually formed a conspiracy with this potentate, by bribing and begging, to work his verses into the paper in spite of the editor. This was effected in the following way: The verses were put in type and held ready for the first favorable occasion. The editor, after the form was locked up, usually entrusted the press to the *devil*, whose duty it was to work off, fold, and distribute the papers. Now it happened on the occasion referred to, after the form had been locked up and put on the press, that as soon as the editor's back was turned the form was unlocked and space made, by lifting out some unimportant matter, just enough to admit the clandestine verses, which were safely deposited, the form locked up, and the paper worked off. As good luck would have it, the thing went off smoothly; Grantland did not return to the office until the paper was floating up and down the streets. The first intimation he had of the imposture was hearing the verses read in a crowd where he happened to be standing. One may imagine his amazement as he listened to the following:

---

* Amongst the practical printers of the present day, there are few who remember the old style of inking the types. This art passed away with old generations. Two balls, semi-round, each with a handle in the center, were dabbed, one in each hand, first in the ink-box and then on the form as it lay on the press. These balls were packed with wool and covered with leather. The writer, at the time mentioned in the text, was something of an expert in this dabbing with the balls.

PIGEON-TOES.

There is a girl in our town,
She has a pretty nose;
The only fault about her is
She walks with pigeon-toes!

I meet her every morning,
And my heart with fervor glows,
And I confess the witchery,
Despite the pigeon-toes.

And when I see her slippers,
Just where the drapery flows,
I wonder how such ankles
Could sprout with pigeon-toes.

I'll go and see the doctor,
And ask him if he knows
If there is any way on earth
To straighten pigeon-toes!

Grantland seized the paper, believing that the crowd was playing off a hoax upon him, but when he discovered the palpable fact, his consternation and rage were beyond description.

Frank McGuire was the culprit imp, but his seducer must be nameless, notwithstanding the chances for immortality afforded by the verses. Junius consented to die undiscovered.

THE TUSKALOOSA NEWSPAPER PRESS.—No. 2.

Eliza and Sarah Davenport were practical printers. This was a rare accomplishment for females at that time. Well do I remember seeing these indefatigable girls at the stands toiling through the day, and even in the night-time, at this drudgery, for the support of an improvident father. It then seemed unnatural that women should engage in this employment; but at the North now it is one of the avenues of female life. Large numbers of young women adopt this occupation, and thousands of families are supported in this way by the daughters. Sensibly considered, the simple art of type-setting is a delicate handiwork, well suited to the nimble fingers of a woman. Modern inventions have introduced many ameliorations in the mode and manner of this labor. In this day a cabinet of cases containing a great variety of type will occupy no more space in a lady's chamber than a sewing-machine; and the cases may be worked at readily by a person sitting in the most comfortable position. When closed this cabinet is a handsome piece of furniture, and has the appearance of a bureau—tidy, neat, and clean. This occupation is more profitable than sewing, or than almost any other female avocation; and there is no reason why it should not be adopted as a womanly accomplishment.

The misfortune of Eliza Davenport did not check her energies. She continued to sustain the columns of the *Mirror*; and found a husband in the person of Dugald McFarlane, who, upon his marriage with her, became connected with the press, and in the spring of 1827 the *American Mirror* was merged in the Tuskaloosa *Chronicle*,

which is announced as published by Dugald McFarlane, State printer.

McFarlane was a strong-minded Scotchman with little education or information, and less energy or perseverance, and was sorely beset with the sin of intemperance; nevertheless he managed to push the *Chronicle* along for several years. This paper had five columns to the page, and is something of an improvement on the *Mirror*. The late numbers begin to show the expanding intellect of Tuskaloosa, its pages containing many well-written communicated articles. In fact, the little city and its citizens are well reflected in the *Chronicle;* and the bustle and excitement of a growing community, energetically bent on business, vividly appear. Thomas M. Davenport was still connected with the *Chronicle*, and we see him admitted by the legislature to a seat within the bar of the house, in 1827, for the purpose of reporting the proceedings of that body.

The paper also has the appearance of being remunerative, containing thirty-eight advertisements, and a considerable quantity of State work, with a vigorous call for two journeymen printers, wanted immediately.

THE RIVAL CORPORATIONS.

In this paper, too, I note the fact that there were Old and New Towns of Tuskaloosa, the advertisers being careful to state their residences or places of business in the one or the other town.

In the earlier settlement of the city there were rival corporations, and for very many years the one known as New Town pushed its claims to permanency with great energy and courage, so much so that it succeeded in securing the court-

house within its limits. A handsome brick edifice was erected for that purpose, on a spot about three hundred yards southwest of the site on which the State capitol was afterwards built; and here the courts were held for several terms. There is now scarcely a remnant of the ruins of this old court-house left on the spot. But many of the chimneys of the cottages and cabins surrounding the locality are built of the old brick that listened to the earlier speeches of Henry W. Collier, William H. Jack, Geo. N. Stewart, Seth Barton, P. N. Wilson, Geo. W. Crabb, Ely Shortridge, and Harvey W. Ellis. The county jail, a large brick edifice, was also located in New Town. A ferry was established about one mile below the present bridge; and a large brick warehouse arose upon the bank of the Warrior at that place. Near this was Papizan's cigar factory; and a large steam sawmill was put in operation and kept up for many years by —— Brown. In fact, the village of New Town began to assume beautiful proportions, having one business street compactly built with commodious storehouses, many of them of brick, of handsome finish and large dimensions, while in the center of this street was a snug little brick-pillared market house. There were, at one time, ten or twelve active and thriving business establishments in New Town; a row of law offices and doctors' shops, and an extensive hotel, popular and well filled with guests, kept by Charles Lewin.

Amongst the families in the corporation of New Town were the Inges, Purnells, Penns, Bartons, Patricks, Hogans, Marrs, Browns, Anthonys, Emmonds, Cummings, Marlowes, and others; and on the western margin of the village arose the ever

hospitable mansion of Maj. Hardin Perkins. These families gave the town a delightful society.

By degrees the village of New Town went to decay. There was one mile of navigation above its warehouse to which the inevitable steamboat would find its way. To this cause, more perhaps than to any other, the Old Town owes its ascendency and permanency.

To close the sad history of this desolated village, in 1843 a great tornado swept over the place, and prostrated nearly all the remaining buildings, crippling and killing several persons. There is now scarcely a vestige of the business part of the town left. Many of the frame houses were put on wheels and removed; and the bricks from time to time were taken out of the old ruins to fill the walls of other and more permanent buildings.

THE TUSKALOOSA NEWSPAPER PRESS.—No. 3.

I have now before me the *Chronicle*, dated 6th of July, 1829. It contains a report of the proceedings of a Fourth of July celebration by the Franklin Institute, a literary society, and brings to our sight the names of many of our distinguished citizens of that day, with a classical array of the rising young men of the town. Not fearing to be tedious, I transfer the toasts drank on that occasion, well convinced that even the mention of the old names connected therewith will inspire the liveliest emotions:

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

The Hon. Eli Shortridge—*The Orator and Poet of the Day*—Their efforts have given eminent proof of their talents.

Dr. Doric S. Ball—*Benjamin Franklin, the selected patron of our Institute*—A brilliant example of American genius, whose virtues every freeman's son should imitate.

W. Moody—*Woman*—The moon of man; when involved in darkness and difficulties, the genial light of her countenance shines upon him with peculiar luster.

E. L. Acee—*Col. George M. Troup*—The enlightened patriot and statesman, whom Providence has permitted to survive the detractions of calumny and the machinations of ambition. When Georgia shall cease to venerate his name, she shall have lost that devoted attachment to liberal principles which has hitherto elevated her character in peace and sustained her reputation in war.

A. M. Robinson—*Government*—As little of it as possible, and let all take a part in it.

W. S. Harrison, Esq.—*Patrick Henry*—A statesman, a hero, a civilian, and an orator, may he ever stand conspicuous among the illustrious of his country.

F. C. Ellis—*The Franklin Institute*—Now in its infancy; the cradle of science; may it be the boast of the West.

J. M'Cay—*Charles Carroll of Carrollton*—The surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Dr. W. L. Anthony—*Dr. Benjamin Rush*—The distinguished medical philosopher; although his voice has ceased to sound in the halls of literature, yet his works breathe a rich melody which the desolating hand of time can never obliterate.

J. H. Binion, Esq.—The memory of Alexander Hamilton.

R. D. Bowmar, Esq.—The memory of Thomas Jefferson.

S. G. Frierson, Esq.—May honesty and principles divested of intrigue and selfish motives, together with devoted hearts to the welfare of the people, be the ever cherished virtues of republican legislators.

G. Shortridge—*John Quincy Adams*—The enlightened statesman; may America appreciate his virtues.

T. N. Vandyke, Esq.—*Washington Irving*—A bright star in the constellation of American genius and science.

Here is an invitation for a digression. Hold—a moment: Eli Shortridge was the life and ornament of the Tuskaloosa bar. Dr. Doric S. Ball was the pet of the town. E. L. Acee, a flashing, almost magnificent orator, delighted and amazed as he spoke. W. Moody was then unquestionably a poet, although the inspiration developed by his toast was afterwards absorbed in a fine lawyer, as the fine lawyer is now about to be lost in the banker [1873]. And who does not recollect Dr. Wm. L. Anthony as the best Tony Lumpkin that ever lounged about the Thespian foot-lights! And in this connection, who does not recollect Samuel G. Frierson as equally successful in the role of his earlier born twin, the veritable Sir John Falstaff!

George D. Shortridge was then a boy of splendid mould, in mind and body, with a towering ambition and great industry as a student. The fact of his boldly mingling amongst men at the age of fourteen (he could not have been older) is of itself an indication of his lofty aspirations; and his toast shows that his thoughts at that early day were seeking congenial associations with great intellectual giants.

Alex. M. Robinson, the poet of the occasion

above referred to, was, in many respects, the most remarkable man of the group; and his name, as long associated with the Tuskaloosa press, will occupy a considerable space in the future numbers of these life dreams.

I pass, for the present, from the literary feast afforded by this number of the *Chronicle*, to that portion of the paper which exhibits the energy and growth of our then truly thriving village. The paper itself shows a vast improvement over its earlier numbers. It is considerably enlarged, and discloses some editorial vigor, while *Job* is eternally printing at the bottom of each column. One would suppose upon looking over this number of the paper that literature was on a rampage in Tuskaloosa at that time, as it contains in its pages three solid columns of poetry.

Morris Roberts advertised for two journeymen cabinet-makers and one first-rate turner; while Henry Sossaman calls vigorously for fifteen journeymen carpenters. Augustin Lynch begins to display his magnificent furniture. Cook & Ellis throw open their immense clothing establishment; and numbers of large money holders are engaged in the buying and selling of town-lots.

And here we have an opportunity of contrasting the prices of real estate then and now. George Starr advertises the Bell Tavern (then occupied by Col. Peter Donaldson) for sale, and states the figures at $8,000. This property now belongs to Judge Moody, and would probably not command so large a sum at present [1873], even though its clamorous bell sometimes chimes melodiously with the vociferous neighings of the iron horse.

In 1829 the *Alabama State Intelligencer* was es-

tablished by McGuire, Henry & McGuire. It was an improvement on the Tuskaloosa press—quite a large sheet. edited with distinguished ability, Erasmus Walker, Thos. H. Wiley, and Alex. M. Robinson being associate editors. This paper was continued by the senior partner, W. W. McGuire, until 1834, when it passed into other hands, Mr. W. W. McGuire, in 1834, having removed to Mobile, where he resided many years, until he grew into the mellow age of three-score and ten, always highly esteemed.

Robinson was the ruling spirit of this paper; a strict constructionist. ardently "States' rights," and sustaining nullification with mischievous ability.

JAMES CHILDRESS AND THE COUNTERFEITERS.

Major James Childress was conspicuous amongst our earlier pioneers. He built his first cabin on the hill upon which now stands the old State Capitol. This cabin was his residence for several years; and I have heard it said of him, that he used to stand on his porch and shoot down wild deer as they ran through his grounds.

Major Childress afterwards removed to another locality, east of the town, about a quarter of a mile west of the University; and there built a commodious cottage, in which he resided up to the time of his death, 1836.

CHILDRESS HILL.

When the question of selecting the site for the location of the new State Capitol was mooted, there were several places mentioned as eligible, but the

one selected was that known as "Childress Hill," and here the building was erected, on the spot where the old cabin used to stand. Thus I am enabled to do for Tuskaloosa what no historian ever did for Rome, *i. e.*, to state distinctly the name of the individual who first broke ground on the identical spot of earth where stands the capitol of the State.

Major Childress was known as a good rifle-shot, and as a daring man. And he it was who led the raiders that captured the notorious Davis and Randall gang of counterfeiters, and brought them to punishment.

THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF THE COUNTERFEITERS.

Great was the excitement in the village of Tuskaloosa, with its 2,000 inhabitants, when the news went abroad that the town had been *done for* by a gang of counterfeiters, and that several fifty-dollar counterfeit bills had been left in the hands of a prominent merchant for goods sold to that amount. Every cabin in the village was emptied of its inhabitants—men, women, and children—agape for news, and craving revenge.

At that time the penalty for the crime of counterfeiting was *death*. And in this particular case the honor of the town called for pursuit, capture, and *execution*. Within two hours after the spreading of the news of this outrage, a band of bold citizens was organized for the pursuit; and Major James Childress, as leader, came rapidly riding into the village on a large iron-gray horse, accoutred with rifle and pistols, and in hunter's garb, followed by a lively pack of hounds, yelping in response to the mellow winding of the huntsman's horn.

This band was made up of the best and most daring of the citizens * of Tuskaloosa and North Port, well armed and accoutred for the emergency, and, with a wagon drawn by two mules, supplied as if for a party on a *camp hunt.* The raiders took the road leading to Walker County, as it was known that the counterfeiters had come from that direction.

After crossing North River, eight miles from town, the party encountered John W. Prewitt, a sterling young pioneer, just then beginning to expand into a man of means and power. He was returning home from a trip into the upper end of Walker County. Prewitt, the day before, as he stated, had met a party of men going from Tuskaloosa to Walker, and who told him they lived on Clear Creek. Prewitt's description of the men seemed to cover the objects of the pursuit, and he was at once put in possession of the facts of the passing of the counterfeit money, and was requested to join the party in pursuit. When the word counterfeit money fell upon Prewitt's ear his eye flashed and his face glowed as if something had stung him. He put his hand in his pocket, drew out his wallet of money, and examined its contents. A black frown passed over his face as he returned his wallet to his pocket, when he exclaimed with much eagerness in the response to the request that he should join the party, "Yes, yes, boys, I'm in," while he at once wheeled his horse into the road, and, placing himself by Major Childress, inquired into the particulars.

---

*I regret that I have not been able, after diligent efforts, to find the names of this party, excepting James Childress, John Houghey, and George Brown. The latter was the grandfather of Hon. H. H. Brown, of Birmingham.

The fact is that Prewitt, in examining his money, found that the rascals had put upon him two fifty-dollar bills, paid him as boot in a horse swap.

He had parted with a magnificent young filly of his own raising for that amount of money and the horse he was now riding, which was a fine roadster, deep black, and of good size. While Childress and Prewitt were talking apart, Brown, one of the North Port squad, rode up to Prewitt, and said familiarly, "John, where did you come across that horse? I saw him in North Port day before yesterday."

The explanation that followed convinced Childress and Brown that the man who had swapped horses with Prewitt was one of the men pursued, and that his party was composed of the identical counterfeiters.

Major Childress now called the party to a halt, and said: "Men, we know the neighboring locality of the homes of the persons we are pursuing. It will be unnecessary to spend more time in making inquiries. I advise you to say nothing to any persons we may meet, about our real object, but to let it be understood that we are *out on a camp hunt.* Our destination is *Clear Creek,* in Walker County, where we will pitch our tent to-morrow about sunrise."

Our hunters traveled all night, and next morning, about daylight, pitched their tent on the edge of a bluff on Clear Creek, in the neighborhood of ———'s mill. In the meantime several wild turkeys had been shot, and the breakfast was such as only Daniel Boone had ever enjoyed.

As a caution, Childress had suggested to Prewitt that he had better leave his horse behind, for, if

discovered, it would give a hint of the pursuit; to which Prewitt readily assented, and the black steed was left with a thrifty young farmer on Crabb's road, about six or eight miles south of Wolf Creek, and thirty-five miles north of Tuskaloosa.

About half a mile from the camp there was a rude log cabin on the edge of a small clearing of four or six acres of land, on which corn and cotton (the latter in a small patch) had been produced. In this cabin were found a woman and two small children. The cabin was of the rudest sort, but fresh built, only one room, about twenty feet square, a bed in each of the four corners. About fifty yards off was a row of small stables, of logs very strongly put together, four in number, by the side of a small but very substantial crib well filled with corn and oats. Our hunters agreed to spread themselves around the neighborhood as observers for the day. Childress and Prewitt visited the cabin and inquired for the master of the place. The woman said that her husband had gone to Huntsville, she did not know when he would be back, for it is "a good way out there." Loitering around, Prewitt looked in at the stables and noted that in each stall there was a horse freshly fed and groomed. And lo! in one of the stalls he saw his veritable filly! Upon this discovery he called Childress and exclaimed: "We have treed the coon! There stands my filly. It is all a lie about going to Huntsville. It takes *men* to look after stock in this way."

Childress was of the same opinion, and concluded from the facts that the counterfeiters were in the adjacent woods. The party was speedily made acquainted with the facts, and every rifle and pistol was well prepared for whatever emergency

1755278

might arise. Childress took pains to conceal from the women in the cabin that he had made any discovery, and the idea of camp-hunters was sedulously cultivated. But Prewitt insisted that the stables should be picketed, and four men were detailed with special orders to keep an eye on the stables while the party carelessly scattered themselves up and down on the edges of the bluffs and cliffs of the creek, each with an eye for discovery.

If Clear Creek was in Switzerland it would be renowned for its scenery. It is a small stream, but its fierce waters dash along within their craggy confines uttering a sound as if made up of the mingling of a thousand rivulets, yet soft and distinct; the harmony never ceases. Here are crags to be castled in the future, with adjacent lands in valleys surpassingly rich. Here, for the distance of twenty sinuous miles, is room for as many mills, with natural power to drive enough spindles to clothe the population of a small empire. The whole is broken into numerous cascades, over one of which the water rolls without a break for the width of nearly one hundred feet and with a ten-foot plunge that seems the mimic of an echo of some far-off Niagara.

Near this, just above on one side, is a frightful crag, overlooking the bed of the stream, with a continuous threat to topple over, and bathe its rugged limbs in the lucid waters below, while, on the farther side, the bluff is of moderate height, declining gradually into a rich valley.

Just below this fall, comes in from the adjacent hills a frothing rivulet—a never-dying feeder to the larger stream, and empties itself, as if dropping its fleecy treasure from great baskets of snow.

But our camp hunters are suddenly excited, and at the same time perplexed, by having discovered a very light curl of smoke issuing from a crevice in the edge of the crag, near the summit. Clambering up to the locality of the bluish emission, they discovered the mouth of a miniature crater about the size of the head of a large barrel. The conclusion was that the smoke came from a cavern below; and the gang began reconnoitering the place to find an entrance, having jumped at the conclusion that the counterfeiters were concealed under ground. While our hunters were eagerly looking around for a trail, a little girl, one of the children from the cabin aforenamed, came dashing down the hill with a little water-bucket in her hand.

Major Childress hailed her, and looking into her little bright eyes, which glowed like those of a scared minx in her full, round face, he inquired where she was going. "To the spring," she said, her face nothing exhibiting, excepting the flushing eagerness natural to a child running. She was about six years old, very alert and active, in her bare feet; her long black hair was twisted into two rolls, after the country fashion of putting up pigtail tobacco.

Now just below this cascade the bed of the creek widened considerably, and the body of the water spreading out over a larger extent of space disclosed the rocky bottom, so that the stream was very shallow.

Twenty or thirty yards below, a row of rocks had been thrown, making a foot-path over which one could pass almost dry-shod. Over this path the child glided, and went up toward the cascade on the other side, where there was a spring, by which she sat down, resting her bucket on a stone.

In the meantime the hunters had crossed the rocky foot-path, and bent their course into the woods beyond. Childress, walking up to the spring where the little girl sat, said: "Will we find plenty of deer out in this direction?"

"Oh, yes; pap killed a buck over there yesterday."

The little girl kept her eyes on Childress, as he passed along, until she thought he was out of sight, when she darted like an arrow, and disappeared under the waterfall.

Childress had seen her, and at once beckoned to his friends, who were on the lookout; and four of the gang, besides Childress, followed the child under the waterfall hastily.

There was a space of about three feet between the cascade and the bluff, serving as an opening, so that one could pass in and under, keeping at the same time perfectly dry. They found, over head, a flat rock extending the entire width of the creek, over which the waters rushed in a body with a regularity and precision as if the hands of man had made the dam out of solid timbers for the express purpose of letting the stream pour over it. There was also under foot a solid rock, without a perceivable crack in it, and this was dry within a few feet of the plunge. Under the edge of the rock over which the waters poured, and for eight or ten feet inwardly, there was light enough to see clearly across the cavern, but beyond all was darkness impenetrable. The five men passed rapidly across and at the side beyond groped onward in the darkness, feeling every step of the way by pointing their rifles ahead, above, and under foot. The rock was firm beneath, while above and all around them was nothing visible. The hunters touched each other to assure themselves, said nothing, and moved on cautiously, listening.

Suddenly a gleam of light flashed upon them, as if from an opening shutter.

"What is it, Lizzie?" said a gruff voice at the opening.

"There's a gang of men here—hunters they say —just now crossin' the creek."

The opening was closed and the hunters advanced rapidly to the spot. Feeling, their hands came in contact with a rough plank or slab, upright, and firmly set as if in a wall. It was about two feet wide, six or seven feet high: on one edge of it was a strip of undressed raw-hide running all the way from top to bottom, and was nailed to the slab on one side and to a post on the other, and was undoubtedly used as a hinge for the slab to swing on. Childress made a light from his tinder-box and took the surroundings. There was a cavernous yawning on each side of them; in front a wall with a slab door. The men arranged themselves on the opening side of the slab, the light was extinguished, and they waited for events, supposing that the door would open directly to let out the little girl.

There were voices within, but unintelligible. In a very little while the door swung open, the girl passed out, and a naked, brawny, and stalwart arm was extended, grasping the edge of the shutter with intent to close it: Childress clutched the wrist of that arm in his left hand with a deathly grip, and with his right hand seized the man by the throat and dragged him at once out of the door and to the ground; placed his knees upon his breast, and cried out: "Enter, boys: I've got this fellow;" whereupon, in an instant, four rifles were leveled at the occupants within—two men, sitting on a bench, in front of a log-fire. The men sprang up.

"Hands up!" cried Prewitt, "and surrender or

die—right here." The men were paralyzed, they offered not the slightest resistance. One of them, a tall, straight man, over six feet high, simply said: "Don't shoot, men;" then turning to his comrade, exclaimed: "*The jig's up.*"

In twenty minutes the three were handcuffed, and led out of the den. In the den were found quantities of paper counterfeits on the North and South Carolina and Georgia banks, tools and implements for engraving bills, and dies for casting counterfeit coin of all denominations, and a quantity of poorly executed counterfeit metal dollars, half-dollars, quarters, and dimes.*

The den was nearly triangular in shape, with rugged walls, but dry to the touch, and with a solid stone floor. On one side of the den was an opening to another and a darker cavern, which the hunters did not care to explore. A fire-place, quite snug, had been made in the corner, and over it was built up a sort of chimney by stones, adhering to the walls on the inside, so as to convey the smoke to the apex.

The submissive men were mounted on their own horses and well secured. Prewitt had captured his lost filly, on which he rode "proudly pre-eminent." Childress wound his melodious hunting-horn, the hounds yelped a long and sonorous response, when the hunters took up their homeward march. The raiders halted at Jasper for the night, and the prisoners, well ironed, were lodged in the cellar of old Jemmy Daniel's house. About three o'clock on the second day after this, the victorious raiders, with their prisoners, were entering

---

* I was informed, recently, by Dr. John B. Read, that he has now in his possession the *identical scales* taken from this den, which had been presumably used for weighing the coin!

the ferry boat, on the Black Warrior River, at Tuskaloosa.

The news that the counterfeiters had been captured and were approaching was a signal for another emptying of the houses! There were no church bells in that day—in that place; but there was many a horn, and they tooted many a toot. The storehouses were closed, all business suspended; the doors of school-houses were thrown wide open; the pupils, boys and girls, rushed out, and men, women, and children, exulting and hallooing, darted down the long hill toward the river landing, where, on the brow of the bluff, stood almost the entire population of Tuskaloosa to witness the crossing.

As the leader of the returning crowd, Major Childress was conspicuous, on his old, iron-gray horse. But the eye was familiar with his figure, and eagerly sought for the culprits, amongst whom was seen, towering above all the rest of the crowd, a long, lean man, straight in his stirrups, with a rugged face, and clothed in butternut jeans. The long locks of his half-gray hair fell down over his shoulder, covering the collar of his coat. This was John Davis, the leader of the gang. Straight to the jail the culprits were conveyed, and the more alert and active of the crowd managed to get ahead of the troop and fix themselves about and around the jail, so that, upon the arrival of the prisoners there, the locality was well packed with a solicitous multitude.

MAJOR JAMES CHILDRESS,

the hero of this adventure, was not only distinguished for intrepidity; he was an educated gentleman, of cultivated literary taste, and polished

manners; he was noted for his amiable hospitalities, and for the great care he bestowed on the education of his children. His home was one of refinement; and in the early days of the University his house was a happy resort and hospitable retreat for the students; but the truth of history forces me to record that his bee-gums were not always safe, and that his fat turkeys were sometimes mistaken for wild game. "Childress's gobbler" got to be a college by-word, carrying along with it an aromatic flavor and a gormetic significance.

Of Major Childress's two sons, James L. is especially remembered by me as an amiable playmate in our boyhood, and later as a thrifty, energetic citizen. He died early, of yellow fever, at Citronelle.

Of the two accomplished daughters, Annie P. became the wife of Erasmus Walker, a young lawyer, and at that time one of the editors of the *Flag of the Union.* Mr. Walker had also been one of the editors of the *Alabama State Intelligencer*, and was highly esteemed for his attainments, as well as for the brilliancy of his writings.

The second daughter, Susan W., is the wife of Dr. John B. Read, who graduated at the University of Alabama, in the class of 1834. He was one of that bright galaxy of Huntsville boys who came to the college the first year, embracing Clem. C. Clay, Jere Clements, James Mastin, Porter Bibb, Joe Acklin, and others. Dr. Read was afterward charmed to take up his residence in Tuskaloosa, where he has become distinguished as a physician, and has made himself widely known in the scientific world, as a man of superior genius, having

invented an implement of warfare—a celebrated shell—which was adopted and used extensively during the late war.

THE FATE OF THE COUNTERFEITERS.

John Davis, and —— Randall, one of his associates, were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Randall furnished the State some facts without which Davis could not have been convicted, and for this he was reprieved ; but this fact was not communicated to him until the halter had been put around his neck, under the gallows. I was an eye-witness to this scene. Randall's conduct under the gallows was notable, amusing, and disgusting. He sang, shouted, and danced; called for water, and whooped an Indian yell. Everybody was anxious for him to be hung, and great was the disappointment and disgust when his reprieve was made known to the crowd.

The public feeling toward Davis was very different. His demeanor after his arrest had created a universal sympathy for him, and the intrepid manner in which he met his fate was long the theme of admiration, coupled with expressions of regret. He was a splendid specimen of a man physically—over six feet high and elegantly formed. His hair was long and turning white, his eyes gray and sparkling, his face was expressive of benevolence and animated with intelligence.

His behavior under the gallows was significant of great courage; his composure was perfect; there was deep disdain depicted on his lips; but whether this expression was caused by his disgust at the conduct of Randall or by a deeper feeling of resentment at mankind it would be difficult to determine.

Davis was said to be a Kentuckian, and of good family. Nothing was known or suggested against his character, excepting the present case of counterfeiting, but it was admitted that he was the chief actor, the "*scribe*" of the gang; in other words, the brains and the pen of the conspirators.

"The jig's up," said Davis, when he was arrested; a most ludicrous remark, but significant of his sagacity as well as of his resignation. He was a fatalist.

Randall's reprieve was for thirty days. He was brought under the gallows a second time—a month after Davis had been executed. The rope was again adjusted to his neck, and he went through the same antics that had distinguished him before. It seems that he had been kept in ignorance of a pardon up to the last. He confessed to many and great crimes. He exhorted, he wept, he sang, he danced and shouted, while the excited crowd surged restlessly around as if they were angry at the possibility of being cheated out of a "genuine hanging," for it had been hinted during the day that a complete pardon had come. Hence, there was little surprise when the sheriff pulled from his pocket a long paper with a great red seal attached to it. This proved a pardon, at the exhibition and reading of which the crowd dispersed, and Randall was escorted back to the jail.

But Randall was not allowed to escape "scott free." A mob gathered about the jail, and when the convict had been discharged by the sheriff, as he came forth out of the jail with his little wallet on his shoulder, and was about to go on his way rejoicing, the mob seized upon him, and taking him off into the woods, tied him to a stump, and inflicted upon him a terrific whipping with cow-

hides; whereupon he was ordered to leave, and never again show himself in that community. Judge Lynch was more lenient then than he is in these latter days. Randall disappeared with universal execrations howling after him.

In the machinery of the gallows upon which Davis was hung there were no springs, traps, falls, or levers—no break-neck stratagems; it was an old-fashioned hanging—two upright posts with a beam over head, the hemp rope, the primitive cart, and the inevitable mule: "Get up!" was the only signal.

I could locate the spot of this scene within twenty yards. I have passed near it a thousand times since. It was in an open space, within half a mile of the center of the village, in an old field, with no dwelling near, only a gin-house contiguous; but now the most beautiful dwellings and mansions in the city, with their yards and gardens, embellish the locality. To name the spot would be to hang a gibbet in some friend's yard to glare at him.

[I had here described the locality minutely, but the thought in the lines above occurring to me, I made haste to blot out the description forever; and I do not believe there is now another person living who can designate the locality].

The crowd on this occasion was a vast one, for that day. Amongst the spectators was a gang of Indians, men, and squaws with babies tied upon their shoulders, agape with curiosity at this development of the new civilization. These Indians have gone to their hunting-grounds; and that vast assemblage, where are they?

It is believed that this was the only instance of an execution for counterfeiting in our State. If

all the forgers and counterfeiters of this day had to be hung, Broadway would not be able to furnish space for the gibbets.

THE TUSKALOOSA BARDS.—No. 1.

ALEXANDER M. ROBINSON, to whom I have before referred, came to Tuskaloosa from Kentucky in 1827. For a while he was concerned in the publication of the *Alabama Sentinel*. To a vigorous intellect he brought a fair degree of cultivation, and by his wit and humor, together with his remarkable figure and cadaverous appearance, he soon became a noted character in Tuskaloosa. His mind was original; his conclusions quick, and his phrases emphatic; he was at once a stoic and a poet. He seemed to have little knowledge of men or of the world practically, and was eminently a book-made man. His wife was an accomplished lady and an experienced teacher; and he was surrounded by a large family of sprightly and lovely children.

In the number of the *Chronicle* before me I find an anniversary poem by Mr. Robinson, which is so far superior to the ordinary productions read on such occasions that I think it worthy of preservation. I shall make a number of extracts from it, as an honor to the town, to the occasion, and the brain of its author. The whole poem is distinguished by great vigor of thought; the heroics are admirably pointed and evince a high degree of poetical cultivation.

> "Meanwhile the adventurous, in those stirring times,
> Had found another world, in Western climes,
> A beauteous land, in nature's freshness gay,
> Where ruthless power had never found its way;

Where Law had never claim'd the right to bind
Or check the freedom of the human mind.
At home oppress'd by the distinguish'd few,
By pension'd priests, and pamper'd princes, too,
By nobles void of every noble trait,
By lords and lordlings both in church and state,
Our fathers look'd with hope to this fair land,
Tho' rude, yet scathless, fresh from nature's hand;
They came rejoicing o'er the Atlantic wave,
Resolv'd on freedom, or on freedom's grave!
They found a wild, yet a luxuriant soil—
They brav'd privation, penury, and toil;
The numbers dwindled, but their spirits true
Quail d not to think how feeble, or how few!
Soon smiling fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
Appeared where lately sombrous groves had frown'd;
Augmented numbers cheer d the fruitful land,
And bounteous harvests bless'd the laboring hand."

The four last lines would not be out of place in the "Deserted Village." In measure, in elaborate finish, and in delicacy of thought they will compare favorably with the liveliest lines in that elegant poem.

"The mother country saw their wealth increase,
And sought to tend the flock, and share the fleece,
(Let Freedom shrink when Tyranny grows kind,
For if she stoop to kiss, she means to bind);
Old England called them now by tender names—
Talked of protection, and presented claims,
'Twas not enough for her that she had made
Herself exclusive mistress of their trade;
She sought to tax, to trammel, and to guide,
To swell the gorgeous pomp of British pride.
"Our fathers loved the land from which they came,
They felt a reverence for the British name;
And taught their sons, let simple truth record,
To love the King as well as fear the Lord.

* * * * * *

"In yon fair city, in the land of Penn,
A Congress met of sage and prudent men,
Sent by the people to declare their mind,
And make their purpose known to all mankind.
On this good day, the fairest of the year,
These sages spoke, for all the world to hear,
Declared the States, as they of right should be,
Were henceforth "independent, sovereign, free;"

> Free from the power of kings throughout the earth,
> And all who claim authority by birth—
> Thus broke the feudal chain, by Heaven abhorred,
> That bound the crouching vassal to his lord."

The reader will recognize true metal in the sonorous ring of this coin. The measure preserves a stateliness commensurate with the grandeur of the theme. The poet moves along with all the confidence of a giant that knows his power; and while he handles his subject with the vigor of a stoical philosopher, he passes from thought to thought with all the gracefulness of an accomplished rhetorician, and tunes his phrases to those dulcet notes of harmony that charm the sense and captivate the ear.

But this little poem exhibits the man as he really was. It shows the bias of his mind, the sources of his thoughts and the grounds of his preconceptions and prejudices. He was cynical, and on some subjects fanatical; he had been too much charmed by the "Age of Reason" and the "Rights of Man." With Paine he had philosophized, and with Pope he had rhymed. And in too much freedom of opinion he found abundant leisure to strike at the liberty of conscience. The general and partial excellences of this poem are greatly soiled by the cant of religious bigotry which pervades some of its passages; and Mr. Robinson gives evidence of his real belief, that in priests, more than in kings, was to be found the despotism that oppressed mankind.

The following passage, the opening of the poem, will illustrate what I mean by the foregoing observations:

> "Before the time when the bold Genoese
> Ploughed, with adventurous keels, the western seas,
> When books were filled but by the laboring pen,
> And only filled with labored folly then—

With tedious narratives, that went to show
How idle saints could suffer here below;
With tales of wonder—miracles and spells—
All fabricated in the monkish cells,
The world was filled with darkness—even such
As might almost be known by sense of touch."

In the foregoing ten lines are embodied Mr. Robinson's beauties and faults. The paragraph opens with a pleasing couplet; the bigot is disclosed in the sixth, seventh, and eighth lines; and a great fall from poetry to prose is illustrated, almost painfully, in the closing couplet:

"darkness—even such
As might almost be known by sense of touch."

When Milton used the daring epithet of "darkness *visible*," he might have elaborated the thought as well into two lines, and have said, in the coldest prose: "The darkness was so profound that it might almost have been seen by the naked human eye;" but what would have become of the exquisite poetry conveyed by the marvelous dash, "darkness *visible?*"

In this contrast we find the true reason that, of all the aspirants who crave the nectar of immortality, only one in a thousand is permitted to sit at the banquet of the gods.

But still Mr. Robinson was a remarkable man. His genius was undoubtedly great; and under other auspices and in a different clime he might have achieved an enviable distinction.

Such as he was, in 1829 he established in Tuskaloosa the *Spirit of the Age*, a weekly newspaper, and conducted it for several years with marked ability.

THE TUSKALOOSA NEWSPAPER PRESS.—No. 4.

When I commenced writing the history of the Tuskaloosa newspaper press, I expected to dispatch the subject in two or three numbers. Such a course would have confined me to the dry details of dates and to the names and characteristics of editors and publishers. The result would have been the simple grouping of statistics, interesting and valuable indeed as a matter of history to a few persons, but to only a few.

The history of the press naturally carries with it a history of the rise and growth of the city, and embraces the memories of the fathers of many of the families that now make up our society.

In the number of the *Chronicle* before me I find the following advertisement:

"Rev. Nath'l H. Harris, A. M., will open a school for the instruction of boys in the various branches of an English and classical education, in Tuskaloosa, on the first day of July, 1829."

Among the school teachers who figure in the earlier history of Tuskaloosa, previously to Wm. M. Price, to which person, for his many peculiarities, I will devote a due share of attention at the proper time, were John W. S. Napier, Reuben Searcy, Nathaniel Harris, and Peter Maher.

Mr. Harris established his school in a house on the lot afterward occupied by T. P. Lewis. The old building has long since been torn away. This reverend gentleman, though devoting his weeks to teaching, frequently preached in the Methodist church. He was simple-hearted and sincere, but not overwise in the ways of this world; was well educated, but not highly gifted as a pulpit orator. I heard him preach often, as was my pious duty, being one of his pupils. Mr. Harris had one

peculiar figure of speech which he never omitted in a sermon. In what connection it was generally used I was then too young to note, but invariably as he preached, in some part of the discourse, he would say with the most appropriate and methodical gesture, "Go out, Moon: run down, Sun."

This eminent teacher was much beloved by his pupils, and respected by the members of his church; and I seize the sight of his revered name, in order to revive a story which tells how a *silent* boy acquired and lost the reputation of being a genius:

When the Rev. Mr. Harris opened his school, on the first day of July, 1829, among his pupils was a very small urchin, who, upon being called up to be classed, presented the teacher with a brand-new Latin grammar (Rudiman's). The teacher at once assigned a lesson, marking it with a pencil, and the boy retired to his bench to study. By the time Mr. Harris had arranged his classes, this urchin stood at his elbow, without being called, and pushing forward his book, remarked that he had learned his lesson. He recited this with more than common accuracy, and the teacher marked another lesson. In a very short time the boy was again ready and recited. During the first day this youth passed over a number of lessons quite unusual in Mr. Harris's experience. This marvelous aptitude and diligence was repeated on the second and third days, when Mr. Harris presented the boy to the assembled school as an example worthy of imitation. At the end of the first week the boy had actually mastered the adjectives, nouns, and the conjugations of the verbs! On the Monday morning of the second week the young student was put to translating the "Historia Sacra;" and here he exhibited the same diligence, and achieved the like

success; and at the end of the second week he had repeated, by heart, all the rules of syntax! Mr. Harris was amazed at these wonderful performances, and the little fellow was the theme of his laudations. Wherever the teacher went (and he made the regular rounds of the town every Saturday), the boy was spoken of as an amazing instance of precocious ability. So that the village was actually beginning to be alive to the idea that it had nursed a prodigy. But this delusion was not permitted to last. The Rev. Mr. Harris was dilating upon the marvelous developments of his pupil in a crowd of gentlemen sitting one Saturday afternoon in front of the storehouse of Fountaine & Battle, Main street, in which crowd happened most inopportunely to be a young man by the name of Reuben Searcy, then just beginning active life in Tuskaloosa. This young man, with one of his bland and mischievous smiles (which his face had ample room to display), after listening to the teacher's eulogies, quietly said:

"Parson, there must be some mistake in all this."

"No, sir," replied Mr. Harris, "no mistake at all; I tell you it's wonderful."

Searcy proceeded: "No, it is not at all wonderful. That same chap came to my school last year, and it took me six months to thrash him through the conjugations of the Latin verbs!"

Not having been present at this terrific revelation, I do not know precisely the effect it had upon the reverend teacher; but I have heard that the glow of earnest enthusiasm with which his face had been lighted vanished at once, and his countenance relaxed into an indefinite expression of stupor and bewilderment not easily described. The crowd seemed to enjoy his discomfiture; and as

soon as he could conveniently escape, he got away without paying particular attention to the gracefulness of his retreat. As he turned the corner on his road toward the Methodist church he was heard to mutter, not very audibly: "Go out, Moon; run down, Sun!" This was accompanied with a vigorous flourish of his walking cane!

This cruel speech on the part of young Searcy was quite enough to mark him as eminently fitted for the profession he afterward embraced; and I doubt much whether, in his whole career as a successful and distinguished surgeon, he ever caused so much real torture on any other occasion, even in the pulling of a tooth or the amputation of a limb.

POETRY AND LAW.

In the number of the *Chronicle* before me I find the law card of George N. Stewart & Seth Barton, practicing as copartners. These young men began their legal careers in Tuskaloosa, and the distinction they afterward achieved, respectively, belongs to this city. George N. Stewart remained in Tuskaloosa until he placed himself at the head of the bar; then removed to Mobile, where he continued an upward march to distinction, and soon occupied the front rank in the profession in that city, among the finest legal intellects of the State. Besides the eminence he reached as a lawyer, he made himself useful in many ways to that growing community by his active aid and the uses of his vigorous mind to many public enterprises of great moment, and was a material agent in forcing toward completion the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Mr. Stewart prepared three of the ear-

lier volumes of our supreme court reports, in which are to be found many able briefs and arguments of his own, evincing great industry and legal learning. He still lives, a sterling, cheerful, fine-looking and robust man, and deserves the preservation which nature has so liberally vouchsafed [1873].

Seth Barton, as we remember him, was a man of the highest natural endowments, physically and mentally. He was large and bulky, with a marvelous head and a commanding face. He was a man born to push his way through the densest crowd; politely if he could, roughly if he must; and he was endued with strength of frame equal to any prompting emergency of the mind. Figure to yourself, if you can, an English baron, in the days when England was not over-civilized, half brain, half beast, and all tyrant, and you will have a perfect counterpart of Seth Barton. He was a Virginian, of indomitable pride and ambition. At the bar, he exhibited the readiest traits of a successful advocate, and even at an early age held great sway over courts and juries. He was highly cultivated; a poet and a musician; and was the life of the gay circles of Tuskaloosa society—in the parlor, an Apollo; in the streets, a Hercules. He had a song for the fair, and a club for the foul.

Having acquired a fine reputation at the Tuskaloosa bar, he removed to Louisiana, where his history is lost to me. But during the administration of President Polk, Seth Barton was made Solicitor of the Treasury, and took his seat in that capacity near the Cabinet at Washington, where he was conspicuous for his commanding abilities, among the brightest intellects of Mr. Polk's court.

But Seth Barton had his faults while he lived at Tuskaloosa. He was given to occasional and deep

potations; and, though affable and genial when sober, when drunk he was a terror to the town. The story we are about to tell will illustrate his character fully, and place Mr. Stewart in a new light before his brothers of the legal fraternity.

To Mr. Stewart, it seems, had been assigned the task of preparing a brief. Barton came to the office one morning, before Mr. Stewart's arrival, and took the liberty of turning over some of the papers on Mr. Stewart's table, looking for this brief.

THE SHORTEST EPIC ON RECORD.

During his search, his eye fell upon a scrawl in Mr. Stewart's handwriting, that looked exceedingly queer as a legal document. It ran thus:

The moon was high in Scotland!

Beneath this line, on the right-hand margin of the sheet, was the following string of words:

bland,
hand,
command,
stand,
band.
spanned,
tanned,
be—d—mn'd.

Now, Barton was a practical poet, and had written many a squib; and he caught the idea at once, that Stewart had been making a vigorous effort at the opening of a poem: that the string of words was the painful result of a gigantic but ineffectual struggle to find a rhyme for "Scotland," and that the poet had uttered his despair in the last word. While Barton was gloating over this treasure, Stewart made his appearance. As he entered the

office Barton folded up the paper and put it carefully into his pocket, remarking to his copartner that he had been looking for that brief; Stewart replied, "Wait a minute and I'll find it."

Barton had business up street, and was about leaving the office when Stewart asked, "When will you be back?" Barton replied, as he held his hand on the door-knob, "About the time the moon gets low in Scotland," and so, he closed the door and departed, his eye full of quizzical hilarity and his heart in a glow of ecstasy. Stewart ran to the door and endeavored to call him back, but this was a vain effort, and the poet-barrister was left to meditate in solitude on his first and perhaps last struggle after a rhyme.

Now the idea that George N. Stewart should attempt to write a poem was to Barton such a huge conception that he could not restrain his inclination to blow it. In less than an hour he had visited every law office and doctor's shop in town, spreading the story far and wide; so that before night every wit and woman in the village had a copy of the precious document, and many a wild and hearty burst of laughter followed Barton's recitation—for he was an inimitable mimic.

The result of this hilarity and Barton's genial nature was quite unfortunate. By degrees he became excited with wine; and he spread himself on a terrific spree. And this brings to our view another name: George W. Crabb was then a stripling of a boy, perhaps twenty years of age. He had just come to Tuskaloosa and proposed to practice law. He was yet comparatively a stranger, and beginning to attract attention by his quiet and unobtrusive manners and the diligence with which he pursued his legal studies.

In a frame building which then stood upon the corner where Mr. James Spiller's storehouse is now located was a drinking saloon and restaurant, then a fashionable resort for the young men of the town, for there Mr. George Travis supplied the best of wines and the daintiest repasts. This was the theater on which Seth Barton was indulging in one of his most desperate sprees. He was furiously drunk and viciously insulting; he knew neither friend nor foe, but was vigorously bent on his high pleasures in his own supercilious and impetuous way. On such occasions no one dared confront Barton; and he frequently cleared the saloon by sheer force and bullyism. But on this occasion there was one present who had not been accustomed to be turned aside from his pleasures, and who was equally resolved not to be rudely jostled out of his own path. Barton encountered Crabb in a manner not agreeable to the latter, and in an instant the bully was lying on the floor, rolling in the blood that streamed from his head in response to a hickory walking cane which Crabb usually carried.

On that night the lion's skin changed shoulders. George W. Crabb, the slender stripling, became a marked man in Tuskaloosa, where he quietly pursued his upward career under the growing favor of a community which afterward had cause to be proud of the young Tennessee hero, as he was thenceforward familiarly called.

Recurring from this disagreeable *denouement* to Mr. Stewart's poem, I believe that he candidly confessed to *one night's poetical delirium*. But he speedily repaired to the sanctum of *his* confessional and obtained pardon from the great high priest, Coke upon Littleton, who patronizingly

said, in a tone of fatherly kindness: "It is no great harm, my son; Blackstone did the like and was freely forgiven."

SETH BARTON.

Seth Barton was once elected to the legislature, under very exciting circumstances. He was never personally popular, as may be inferred from his prevailing characteristics. He was intensely aristocratic in his household economy, and held himself quite aloof from the vulgar populace. If he ever stooped, it was to conquer. His condescensions were lordly, and his smiles were too patronizing to captivate. But when he played a game, it was to win; and his industry and energy were worthy of the best of motives.

One of Barton's competitors in the canvass to which I am now referring was Henry W. Collier, then quite a young man, but of growing popularity and commanding ability.

In one portion of the country Barton was exceedingly unpopular, for no other reason, it is believed, than the hauteur of his manners. Aware of this, he levelled himself to remove the prejudices of this particular locality. In order the more readily to carry out his purpose, he induced one of his few friends in that neighborhood to make an occasion for him to spend a considerable portion of his time in their midst, with a view to the more successful cultivation of their favor.

A general hunting expedition was planned, which called out most of the leading citizens of the neighborhood, and Barton was of the party. Several days before this, he had been found lounging about the settlement, and had succeeded in making him-

self very agreeable. He picked up the leading peculiarities of the most conspicuous citizens, and was thus the better able to touch the fancy.

In that day there were vast quantities of game of all sorts in our county. The deer abounded; the woods were alive with wild turkeys; and it was no uncommon occurrence then to encounter a bear in our forests.

The hunt came off with great success. Such was the vast amount of game captured and killed, that there was a public feast next day in the nature of an impromptu barbecue, at which Barton was to make a speech. Barton had entered into this expedition with all his natural vim, and in the best humor, and had borne himself conspicuously, as he was an elegant horseman and a fine shot.

The night after the hunt Barton lodged at Jolly Jones's. During that night, in a very mellow mood of mind and body, he composed the following poem [apocryphal]:

THE HUNTING SONG.

The morning dawned in glory,
  And the huntsmen took their way,
With hound and horn, all merilie
  To seek the skulking prey.
Accoutred were these merry men
  With many a shining gun,
And some were bent on venison—
  But all were bent on fun.

From far and near the gentry came,
  Jack Hargrove * in the van;
Came Hope, the charmer, with his horn,
  And Blocker with his *can;*
Even Hardy Clements † left his mint
  To join the jolly crew:
And when his trusty rifle blazed,
  He had a center view.

* Jack Hargrove was the father of the Hon. A. C. Hargrove, now the president of the Senate of the State of Alabama.

† Hardy Clements was the father of the Hon. N. N. Clements, recently a Member of Congress from the Tuskaloosa district.

And many an antlered stag
  That snuffed the early breeze,
Before the burning noon-tide came,
  Felt weaker in the knees;
And many a nut brown squirrel,
  That leaped from limb to limb,
By noon had ceased to curl his tail
  Or show his skill to climb.

Fell turkey, duck, and dove,
  And many a little fry;
For death went forth that morning,
  While "*slaughter*" was the cry.
And when the sun departed
  We hunted by the moon;
Then Moses caught a 'possum,
  And Jolly treed a coon.

Young Simmy Darden smelt a rat,
  And thought he saw a rabbit;
All eagerly he hurried on
  Close following to grab it;
But suddenly it seemed to be
  A little kitchen kitten,
And Simmy Darden seized the—cat—
  But threw away his mitten.

Now Jackson Vines, of all the crowd,
  Was daintiest in his pickin',
For he was born a Methodist
  And had a love for chicken;
The partridge was his favorite feast,
  For these he had a setter;
Tho' turkeys gobbled very well,
  Jack Vines could gobble better.

The barbecue came off in due season. Barton made one of his strong and stirring speeches, and after the stumping was over he gathered the crowd about him at the root of a tree, and, drawing some tattered half-sheets of paper from his pocket, he recited his verses. Barton grew merry as the day advanced and the evening approached. He fitted his verses to a tune and sang them in his own inimitable way, until the delighted crowd was con-

vulsed with the merriment of the performance. The result of all this was that he left the precinct the most popular man that had ever visited it, and when the election came he carried that box by a decided majority. Such are the triumphs of the merry Muse.

Many of our readers, perhaps, know the persons referred to in the poem. Moses Collins and Jolly Jones, two of the parties, were afterwards members of the legislature. These worthy citizens long enjoyed the favor of the people, and have left pleasant recollections, and many clever representatives, some of whom are now members of our community.

JACK AND HOPE HARGROVE

were leading citizens, both of whom have passed from the scenes of this life, highly esteemed and sincerely mourned by all who knew them.

HARDY CLEMENTS,

then comparatively a young man, was rapidly rising in fortune and in the estimation of the people. He lived to an advanced age, and had accumulated a vast fortune, much of which he saw destroyed by the war; but he had the consolation to know that his numerous children were not only well provided for in fact, but that they were the real inheritors of their father's indomitable energies. Hardy Clements made his fortune in the simplest way in the world, by attending well to his own business and never interfering with any other man's pursuits. Whatever he touched seemed to grow; and nobody that knew him was either surprised at his success or envious of his accumulations. He had no real enemies,

because he grew rich without taking any other man's goods or labor, except for a full and just equivalent, and no man ever died in our community more universally respected or sincerely lamented.

JACKSON VINES

still lives to show his amiable and quizzical face on our streets occasionally, and to convulse judges and juries whenever he takes his stand in our court-house as a witness. The science for which he is justly celebrated in the above lines was clearly cultivated with a success that rapidly depopulated the neighboring forests of the wild turkey; and such a bird has not been known, for many years, to roost within reasonable distance of his dwelling-house. Long may he live, and never may he lack a huge gobbler for his Christmas dinner.

THE TUSKALOOSA NEWSPAPER PRESS.—No. 5.

Pursuing the election of Seth Barton, it so happened when the vote of the district was counted, that Barton, Henry W. Collier, and Wm. H. Jack, had received an equal number of votes. The sheriff had to decide.

The excitement was intense. Henry W. Collier was a great favorite, and William H. Jack was the most brilliant young man of the times. Hiram P. Cochran was the sheriff. In this important emergency, he took his time to deliberate; and having weighed all the circumstances, and finding upon counting the votes of Tuskaloosa that Barton had a majority of the votes of his own county,

the other two having been brought up by majorities over Barton in Walker, he voted for Barton, at the sacrifice, as we are advised, of his personal preference for Collier.

Hiram P. Cochran was a native of South Carolina. He came to Tuskaloosa in 1817. He was well fitted for the pioneer's life, and was amongst the most useful of our earlier settlers in opening and developing the country. Tuskaloosa dates, we believe, from 1816. When Cochran came here the place presented nothing as a village but a rude cluster of log huts, heterogeneously arranged, with little regard to regularity as to streets. My own very dim recollections open here, in 1821. Even then there was scarcely a plank or a brick in the village. It was full of shrubby little oak and pine saplings; and literally swarming with the native Indians. Here the red men resorted to trade and to drink, and here they came to exhibit their skill at their favorite sport of ball playing.

Hiram P. Cochran long enjoyed the confidence of the people of Tuskaloosa; was tax-collector for several years; and died highly esteemed, bequeathing to his worthy children the reputation of a sterling citizen.

HENRY W. COLLIER.

The result of the election, as detailed, gives occasion to advert to the career and character of Henry W. Collier. And here, in a defeat, we shall see that there was a real triumph; and in this incident we find an illustration of the truth of that philosophy which teaches that in the apparent ills of life are often to be found the choicest

blessings. At the next session of the legislature, of which Barton was a member, Henry W. Collier was elected one of the judges of the circuit court. This was the position which above all others best suited his peculiar aptitudes.

Judge Collier was not a popularity hunter. He was poorly suited for the rough and tumble life of a politician. He was eminently a closet man—a meditative student who needed silence and solitude to develop and mature his thoughts. For this reason I doubt whether he would have reached a high degree of eminence in any pursuit that savored of wrangling. He seemed himself to be well convinced of this, for he never indicated the slightest inclination to change his position; but desired above all things to be left alone in order to have an opportunity to achieve renown in the judicial history of the times. For this he labored with great diligence, and thirty-five volumes of our supreme-court reports bear ample evidence of his success. At the time Collier was elected, the judges of the circuit court were also the judges of the supreme court, and young Collier, without the training that the circuit bench now gives, found himself at once in a position requiring the utmost efforts of his mind to sustain himself with older and already distinguished judges. But his course of life had prepared him for the emergency.

I have a vivid recollection of Judge Collier's habits as a young man. His office was in a small frame building on Main street. Here he was invariably to be found except when at his boarding house or in court. He was never known to lounge on the streets, or to mingle leisurely in a social circle at a corner. No dry-goods box ever groaned

under his whittling knife. There was something austere in his deportment, and an air of abstraction distinguished him wherever he went.

With such habits, it is not surprising that he began early to attract attention ; and at the time he was elected judge he was receiving a fair share of practice at the Tuskaloosa bar.

But Judge Collier had not exhibited the livelier traits of a successful advocate. Highly esteemed as he was for his legal learning, he was not captivating as a speaker: and did not seem to have readily at his command those short-sword, cut and thrust aptitudes which are so essential to success with a jury. The bench was his place, and the closet had fitted him for it eminently.

There is another distinguished name belonging to Tuskaloosa, as connected with that of Judge Collier. In the *Mirror* of 1824 I notice the law card of Henry W. Collier and Sion L. Perry, practicing as copartners. These young men were called from their offices to the bench nearly at the same time: and it is worthy of remark, and should be especially noted by our brothers of the legal fraternity here, that almost every young lawyer who began his career in Tuskaloosa, and who pursued his profession with industry, afterwards filled some office of honor, and acquired for himself and family an enviable distinction.

SION L. PERRY

was one of the pioneer settlers of this county. He was here as early as 1817. At what time he began the practice of law, I have not been able to learn, otherwise than from the law card above noticed [1824]. When he was elected judge of the circuit court, he had acquired the reputation of a sound

lawyer, so much so indeed that, though a citizen of Tuskaloosa, he was called to the judgeship of a North Alabama circuit, not embracing his own county. This election of Judge Perry required a change of residence; and he removed from Tuskaloosa into the circuit for which he had been chosen. But such was his partiality for his old home, that when his term of office expired he returned to Tuskaloosa with his young and charming family. Here he established his permanent residence for a great number of years; and here he was remarkable, above most men of his time, for the intense devotion he paid to the education of his daughters, thereby giving to society three of the most highly accomplished and charming young women ever reared in this community.

TUSKALOOSA LAWYERS.

HARVEY W. ELLIS and Robert D. Bomar, both Kentuckians, came to Tuskaloosa together in 1823. They made the trip from Kentucky on horseback; and these dashing young adventurers first exhibited themselves in our midst on their fine thoroughbreds. These young men were splendid specimens of the Kentucky gentleman, each of them being more than commonly attractive in person. Kentucky was then a star State, made so by the splendor of the genius of a single man—Henry Clay; and every Kentuckian seemed to enjoy a portion of this renown.

Bomar was one of the handsomest men I remember. He remained but a few years here; was once a candidate for the legislature, and being defeated·

seemed to despair of success, when he returned to Kentucky, where his history is lost to us. He had about him the best elements of a first-class man, and was calculated to shine in the world. I have little recollection of his personal habits, but suppose that his failure of success was owing to his lack of a resolute will, or perhaps he had resources at home upon which to fall back in case he found his contact with the world too fierce for his nerves. Upon this rosy bed of competence many a great genius has subsided.

Harvey W. Ellis first opened his office in New Town, and there remained, until the business concentrated itself in Old Town, whither he removed, and pursued a lucrative practice. He continued to grow in favor and character until he was fairly in the front rank of the profession, bearing himself conspicuously with such men as Barton, Stewart, and Crabb.

Mr. Ellis was a commanding man in many respects. To a fine but delicate figure, he added a strong and well-cultivated mind; was an acute lawyer, an eloquent advocate, a graceful and polite gentleman.

Beside having acquired a fine reputation as a lawyer, Mr. Ellis enjoyed the confidence of the people of Tuskaloosa, and was several times elected to the State legislature. He was an aspirant for Congress, but was defeated for that position in 1839, after a spirited canvass, by Gen. George W. Crabb.

At the bar and on the hustings Mr. Ellis exhibited the finest traits of an accomplished debater; and had ever at his command a large train of earnest and devoted admirers.

Mr. Ellis was a captivating man in social circles.

He married Miss Catherine Parish, a very beautiful and accomplished girl, niece of the late Hon. William R. King, and gave himself up to the softer enjoyments of domestic life, seeming to care little for the allurements of office. In the very prime of life his constitution gave way, and he died comparatively a young man, greatly lamented by all who knew him.

JOHN H. JONES was among the foremost of our earlier Tuskaloosa lawyers. He, too, had the advantage of a handsome person and a bright intellect. But he is chiefly remembered by me on account of his exciting struggle for a wife, which was so fierce and notorious as to become quite a village sensation.

Caroline Colgin was the most beautiful of the daughters of Tuskaloosa—a belle of undisputed sway. For the hand of this accomplished and bewitching girl, John H. Jones was a worthy aspirant. But he found a formidable and successful rival in the person of John T. Irby, a sprightly and captivating young merchant, who bore off the lovely prize in triumph, greatly to the mortification and chagrin of the elegant young barrister.

That such an event should be recalled by me after a lapse of sixty years (as fresh as if of yesterday) is an evidence of the fact that the town at that time was all agog with the notable occurrence. Perhaps the singular *denouement* of this affair served to make its history more memorable. Irby lived but a few months to enjoy his connubial bliss; and such was Jones's attachment, that he married the young widow, with whom he removed to the city of Mobile, where he practiced his profession with such energy as to achieve a fair fame and to accumulate a handsome fortune.

Many years ago, Mr. Jones removed with his charming family to the State of Texas, where he died.

Caroline Colgin was the daughter of Col. W. R. Colgin, and a niece of the late lamented Col. Robert Ellyson.

W. R. Colgin was one of our earlier pioneers of the better class; was a representative in the legislature; a citizen always held in the highest esteem. He settled the place, in the city, familiarly known at a later date as "Castle Dangerous," afterwards occupied as a residence by Major Constantine Perkins.

Col. Robert Ellyson, Mrs. Colgin's brother, will command a due share of our attention, at the proper time, in commemoration of his earlier virtues, and those noble traits of character which made his house the seat of a generous hospitality, and himself so long a great and general favorite in Tuskaloosa society.

MAJOR CONSTANTINE PERKINS

was one of our earlier lawyers, having settled in Tuskaloosa when quite young. He was a man of large frame and distinguished bearing; had the advantage of a military record: had fought with great courage at the battle of the "Horse Shoe" under General Jackson, and by some signal exploit on the field during the fight had covered himself with renown. Under the influence of this fame, while fresh upon him, he was elected by the legislature Attorney-general of the State in 1825, being the third person who filled that office [Henry Hitchcock was the first, and Thomas J. White the second].

As a lawyer, Constantine Perkins left the reputation of a good prosecuting officer; as a citizen he commanded great respect. His house was the seat of elegant hospitality. His accomplished wife was the daughter of Judge Hume R. Field, a lawyer of character. Constantine Perkins died comparatively young, leaving a widow and three children. His daughters were highly accomplished ladies. The elder daughter, Maria, married the Hon. Matthew W. Lindsay, Attorney-general of the State. The younger daughter, Eliza, became the wife of Mr. Thomas Walthall, of Perry County.

Judge Hume R. Field was an influential citizen and a leading politician, and in 1824 was a Presidential elector on the Crawford ticket.

Kentucky furnished Tuskaloosa with her most interesting and talented young lawyers. I have already noticed Ellis and Bomar as Kentuckians. Soon after these came the brothers Ely and Hiram Shortridge, and the two Baylors.

COL. R. E. B. BAYLOR

had the prestige of a distinguished family. His father, Walker Baylor, commanded General Washington's life-guard at the battle of Germantown. His mother was Jane Bledsoe, sister of the celebrated Jesse Bledsoe, of the Kentucky bar.

Colonel Baylor himself had the advantage of a military record. He was with Harrison in the Northwest; had fought at the battle of the River Raisin, and was present at the death of Tecumseh. His aurels, as a gallant young soldier, were fresh upon

him when he came to Tuskaloosa. He had also been a member of the Kentucky legislature at a very early age [1819], and his advent here was distinguished. He had a fine appearance; was tall and commanding; sustained by a well-cultivated intellect and a graceful and flowing elocution. He was full of enthusiasm, and had the gift of inspiring others with his feelings. His efforts at the bar soon brought him into notice, and he at once aspired to position with undissembled ambition.

Baylor had in him the best elements of an electioneerer. He knew how to turn a little popular applause or family renown to his advantage, and was diligent in the use of all the arts that tend to the cultivation of public esteem.

When Lafayette, in his tour through the United States, visited Alabama, Baylor was one of the most earnest and enthusiastic of his welcomers. Tuskaloosa sent a troop of citizens on horseback to meet Lafayette at Cahawba, then the seat of government; and of these Baylor was the most conspicuous. In an interview with Baylor, the old general remembered the name; and learning that our young Kentuckian was the son of the veteran of Germantown, the heroic achievements of the Revolutionary Baylor became the subject of an exciting conversation, in which the Baylor family came in for a good share of praise. This incident had its effect on the public mind, and was material in pushing the fortunes of this ambitious young man.

In 1829, in a spirited canvass with Seth Barton and Richard Ellis, Colonel Baylor was elected to Congress from the Tuskaloosa district, being the second person to fill that position [Col. John McKee was the first].

Baylor was elected to Congress as a Jackson man; but during his stay in Washington he fell under the irresistible fascinations of Henry Clay, became identified, to some extent, with the politics of the great commoner, and thereby forfeited the confidence of the Democracy of his district, so that in the next race he was easily defeated.

In society Colonel Baylor was the most charming of men. He had taste to appreciate the finest literature; and was an accomplished musician. He could play the violin almost divinely. And, indeed, as I remember him, he was not entirely unlike Paganini; he was certainly as long, but perhaps not so cadaverous.

Colonel Baylor removed from Tuskaloosa to the city of Mobile, and thence to Texas, where he was elevated to the bench; and has become identified with the judicial history of that State. One of the leading literary institutions of Texas bears his name —the "Baylor University."

JOHN G. AIKIN

practiced law in copartnership with Colonel Baylor. The two were said to measure in the aggregate height nearly thirteen feet. Aikin was himself a man of ability: of extensive literary attainments; a graceful writer and a good lawyer. He was appointed to codify the statutes of the State; and gave to the profession the first regular digest of the laws.

HIRAM AND ELY SHORTRIDGE

followed soon after the Baylors, and added two "bright, particular stars" to the cluster of Tuskaloosa genius. Endowed above most men with remarkable natural gifts, they were highly edu-

cated and calculated to adorn any position. Their genial qualities contributed to their success in society, and they soon became general favorites.

Hiram Shortridge remained but a few years in Tuskaloosa, where he practiced law at one time, in copartnership with Colonel Baylor. Here he married Miss Margaret Penn, and soon after removed to the county of Pickens, where he died young, leaving a widow and two children.

JAMES PENN,

the father of Mrs. Margaret Shortridge, was a Virginian, and came to Tuskaloosa in ——. He had a large and interesting family; and besides being one of the most active of our pioneers, he was a first-class man in many respects. He settled in Newton, and is believed to be the first who improved the beautiful place afterwards occupied by Gen. George W. Crabb and afterwards owned by James H. Van Hoose.

James Penn was the father also of Mrs. Patrick, and of Mrs. Virginia Snow, widow of Dr. Charles Snow.

Of Ely Shortridge I have a more vivid recollection. Without the intensity of labor which is essential to the massing of vast legal learning, he nevertheless stood in the front rank of the profession, gifted as he was with the happy faculty of speech, and the most fascinating manner of addressing a jury. As an advocate in criminal cases, he stood without a superior during his day at the Tuskaloosa bar.

It was with Judge Shortridge—as it is with many eminent men—a fatality to leave nothing in the shape of tangible eloquence behind him, but

simply a mythical reputation as an orator. Though he was a graceful and elegant writer of English, we have nothing now in reach which is at all indicative of his ability in the shape of an oration or an essay. It was the charm of his manner and action, in which all the graces seemed to unite, that armed Judge Shortridge with the potency he possessed over audiences. This was sustained by a mellow, sweet voice, and a marvelous command of language flowing into a combination of phrases sometimes enchanting. Not only did Judge Shortridge possess this wonderful power in a forensic sense; his conversation was charming, his wit was inexhaustible, and his cheerfulness defied even the terrors of poverty.

Judge Shortridge was a man of popular manners, though not of electioneering habits. He acquired such reputation as a lawyer as authorized his elevation to the bench of the circuit court. In this position he presided with dignity, ability, and great liberality, and became a favorite with the bar.

Judge Shortridge removed from Tuskaloosa to Talladega, where he resided at the time of his death. He was but little beyond middle age when he died; and although his developed abilities commanded great respect, he had not achieved a reputation at all commensurate with his splendid natural endowments. He should have been a star of the first magnitude.

GEORGE WHITFIELD CRABB

was a native of Tennessee, of distinguished family. His brother, Hon. Henry Crabb, was for many years judge of the supreme court of that State. George W. came to Tuskaloosa about 1826. Having previously studied law, he entered at once

upon the practice of that profession, and was not long in making a notable appearance. His means must have been limited, for he seems to have commenced life with the idea of having to earn his daily bread from the beginning, and he left no opportunity to rise pass by unimproved. His first office was that of assistant secretary of the senate, at the time that Francis S. Lyon was principal secretary. This position brought young Crabb into contact with the members of the legislature, with whom he soon became an intimate and a popular favorite, so that he was promoted at an early day to the office of comptroller of public accounts, in which position he remained several years, very assiduous to his responsible duties, and giving great satisfaction to the public. He was a Whig in politics.

It is a little curious to note here that, at that day, in this our Democratic Alabama, many of the most responsible offices were filled by Whigs. Francis S. Lyon was a Whig; Hardin Perkins, State treasurer, was a Whig; James I. Thornton, secretary of State, was a Whig, as were many others whose names are distinguished in our State annals.

At the time that Crabb was so earnestly engaged in the duties of State comptroller he was industrious in the study of law, and as diligent in the active practice of the profession as his public engagements would allow; so that he built up a very substantial professional business while he was discharging his public trusts; and thus he found himself in possession of a lucrative practice, even before he left the comptroller's office.

While Crabb was standing in the front rank of his profession, eminent by the side of such men

as Harvey W. Ellis, Seth Barton, George N. Stewart, E. W. Peck, Ely Shortridge, and others, the Florida war broke out: when he at once dropped all private pursuits, and entered with enthusiasm upon the active business of war; aiding materially in calling out volunteers and in the organization of a regiment of soldiers, of which he was elected lieutenant-colonel, serving through the war; Gen. Dennis Dent, of Tuskaloosa, being the colonel. Mr. Garrett, in his excellent book of reminiscences, thus speaks of this portion of Colonel Crabb's life:

"In this (the war) he established a high character for bravery, and for kindness to those under his command; and returned home the idol of his men. His future preferment was certain." Mr. Garrett says further: "Immediately elected a major-general, and to the senate, he took high rank in that body, not only for his excellent business qualities, but for ability in debate. In 1838, upon the death of Judge Lawler, he was brought forward by his friends, and the Whig party to which he belonged, as a candidate for Congress, in opposition to Harvey W. Ellis, the Democratic candidate. The contest was animated, and the district was closely canvassed in debate with an ability seldom before exhibited in the State. The public mind was greatly excited, and everybody took sides. General Crabb was elected by a small majority. In 1839, at the regular election, both these gentlemen were again before the public in opposition, and another spirited campaign ensued, which resulted in the re-election of General Crabb. He took position in Congress, from his high personal worth, that reflected honor upon the State."

General Crabb had a keen insight into character, and was a quick observer of capacity. This was illustrated in the fact that when that elegant and learned young lawyer, the late

WILLIAM COCHRANE,

came from New York to Tuskaloosa in search of a location to practice law. General Crabb, in a very brief interview with him, was so charmed with his conversation and with the developments of his legal learning, that he at once invited him into his office and into a copartnership of business. This proved to be a most happy union: for young Cochrane was placed at once in the arena that best suited him—with a full practice to begin with—and General Crabb found by his side a brilliant coadjutor, an industrious, learned, and indefatigable colaborer in business. Cochrane speedily placed himself in the front rank at the Tuskaloosa bar, and the firm of "Crabb & Cochrane" was recognized at once to be in the lead.

The adoption of the general ticket system of electing members to Congress was a death-blow to all Whig aspirants for that position. As the matter stood previously, some of the districts could elect Whigs, but this new plan, concentrating the Democratic vote of the State on the ticket, necessarily gave the State a solid representation of Democrats in Congress. Under this system, General Crabb was retired from public life.

As a senator in the State legislature, General Crabb had acquired the reputation of a profound and wise law-maker; and as a Representative in Congress, he had placed himself among the solid statesmen of the Nation, enjoying the respect and confidence of such men as Henry Clay, Daniel

Webster, John C. Calhoun, and Thomas H. Benton.

General Crabb had a striking personal resemblance to Henry Clay, both in stature and face; and when animated on the hustings his attitude and manner were much after the style of the great Kentuckian. In the two exciting campaigns for Congress, with Mr. Ellis, General Crabb exhibited fine qualities as a debater, and elicited frequent applause for the beauty and force of his manner as well as for the power of his arguments. Mr. Ellis was a splendid declaimer, and the meetings of these two champions on the stump were keenly exciting.

In his ordinary demeanor General Crabb was modest and unobtrusive. He seldom appeared upon the streets, except when passing, on business, from office to office; was not over fond of appearing in public assemblies, and seemed carefully to avoid being made conspicuous as a leader in any of the village commotions. His plan of life was on the level plane of business, and his rules of decorum rigidly fashioned in the mold of high courtesy and gentlemanly urbanity. The only act of rudeness ever charged to him was the knocking down of Seth Barton (as noted in another place), and it was universally admitted that *that had been very handsomely done!*

In 1843 General Crabb removed to Mobile, where he entered upon the practice of his profession. His health had begun to give way, but he persisted in his labors and commanded business.

He was appointed in 1846, by Governor Martin, judge of the county court of Mobile County, and in that capacity established the character of a model judge.

General Crabb's education was substantial but not classical. His early training had been happily adapted to the nature of his mind, which was eminently practical. He had no inclination toward the ornamental or the rhetorical; his logic was astute, and his intellectual tenacity persistent, leading to the clear elucidation of whatever subject he attempted to handle. He was especially fitted for the legal profession, and a longer tenure of life would have made him a great jurist. As it was, he stood well among the foremost lawyers of his age.

General Crabb died in the prime of life. He was always extremely delicate in constitution. His tall stature gave him a commanding appearance, but his thin form carried with it a premonition of consumption.

He spent the winter of 1846 in the Island of Cuba, at Havana, in the pursuit of health, hoping to be benefited by the climate. In 1847 he visited Philadelphia for medical relief, where he died during that year.

Mr. Garrett thus speaks of General Crabb:

"As to the personal character of General Crabb, there can be no diversity of opinion among those who knew him. He was the model of a high-minded, chivalrous, upright gentleman in all the relations of life. His talents were of a high order, and his dignity was never compromised by any departure from the strictest propriety of conduct. His grave at Tuskaloosa may well be visited as a shrine where the purest affection and patriotism may offer its tribute in honor of the noble dead and to stimulate the virtues of the living."

Early in life General Crabb married Elizabeth T. Inge, second daughter of Col. Richard Inge, the

WASHINGTON MOODY.

noble sire of a long line of distinguished sons and daughters (mentioned elsewhere in these notes). At the time of her marriage she was the indisputable belle of New Town. She was very young, but well accomplished in the learning of the schools; and I have personal knowledge of the fact, that long after her marriage, she kept up the closest habits of study in the wider range of literature and historical researches, so as to bring to maturity a naturally great mind; thus adorning herself with the higher mental accomplishments which add so much of intellectual vivacity to the more bewitching charms of personal beauty. She was a model wife; and thus accomplished, with a pardonable ambition, she accompanied her husband to Washington city, where she spent several winters, greatly admired among the more elegant ladies of that gay metropolis.

The fruit of this marriage was a single daughter, aptly named "Mary Grace." She was a creature for just such two great hearts to be proud of. She became the wife of John W. Pratt, an educated gentleman, a professor of elocution in the University of Alabama; and, later, more widely known as an eloquent pulpit orator of the Presbyterian Church. This accomplished lady has been dead many years, and her children are the only descendants of that remarkable couple, George Whitfield Crabb and Elizabeth T. Inge.

The name of

WASHINGTON MOODY

is woven into the history of Tuskaloosa, and runs through it like a silver thread, unbroken for sixty years. He was born in Mecklinburg County, Va.,

in 1807, and came with his parents to Tuskaloosa in 1820, where he was soon after left an orphan.

It was young Moody's great good fortune to find a devoted friend and adviser in Levin Powell, the most level-headed man of that day in our community. In the beginning of his career he had established a close intimacy with this friend, whose judgment in all matters of propriety was ever of the most accurate character. Powell was postmaster at the time, and in his office, at an early day, Moody was clerk or assistant. Here he began the study of law. Powell was a justice of the peace, and his court was the arena of many small litigations involving the principles of law; and this court was a sort of school for the young student, who recognized the fact that in very small and apparently insignificant cases the rules of law governing are precisely the same as in greater ones; and that, in fact, the magnitude of a case in law depends on the amount of money or property involved.

Moody's mind was acute but not brilliant. His habit of thought led to accuracy, which, in law, is better than brilliancy. In his studies he made haste slowly, and it was many years before he began to make a show in the courts. His education had been limited; he had a fair knowledge of English grammar, arithmetic, and geography, with a smattering of the classics—having read portions of Cæsar, Virgil, and, perhaps, some other Latin authors; whether he improved the classical part of his education afterwards, I have had no means of ascertaining, but he was always a close student.

In the meantime he was making himself efficient in the ways of business generally; and among his minor accomplishments was a beautiful and clear chirography. The graces of his fine hand-writing

were never disfigured by a misspelt word (and this can not always be said even of men who hold diplomas). Moody's business qualifications brought his services into demand; and I find him busy, in the first session of the legislature [1827], at Tuskaloosa, as a reporter of its proceedings for *The Alabama Sentinel.*

About this time young Moody established a close friendship with Judge Henry Minor, in whose office he was received and employed in clerical work. This employment added greatly to the young student's facilities for study. In this office Moody groped through the darker recesses of the law. Judge Minor was reporter of the decisions of the supreme court, and in the preparation of these reports Moody was actively engaged, thus gradually enlarging the scope of his studies, and learning the difficult art of looking critically at both sides of a legal question. He derived great benefit from copying the learned disquisitions of the judges, and thus laid the foundation of a fine legal reputation. But it was not alone in this respect that Moody was fortunate in his association with Judge Minor; he became a familiar friend in the Judge's family, with which he held unrestrained social relations. The delicacy and softness of manner which distinguished Judge Moody's intercourse in society in after life may be traced to these early associations with this family, especially the ladies, who were the most highly educated and refined that graced Tuskaloosa society in that day.

It was not until after Moody had established himself well at the bar that he began to expand into a money-dealer; and in connection with this business another one of his fine traits of character

discloses itself—he was rigid in keeping all his contracts free from the taint of usury. He exacted closely the legal interest, and would accept nothing more. It is said that during his whole life he never departed from this rule. This may not be a cardinal virtue, yet it is so uncommon that it grows into an heroic one.

I knew Judge Moody well for fully fifty years, and I believe that I can sum up his characteristics with candid exactitude. His resolution was indomitable; his industry amounted to laborious vigilance; his will was his master; his courage was invincible; his integrity was Fabrician; his friendships were few, but earnest; his familiarities cautious; and his advice was the very essence of candor; he never equivocated, and as a lawyer he despised a quibble.

He was at all times a meditative man, even in crowds; but the frowns which his busy thoughts brought to his brow were relieved by the placid smile that seldom deserted his lip. There was a uniform pleasantness of expression on his face that no excitement could entirely banish; and if he ever violated any of the nice and delicate rules of decorum in his intercourse with man or woman I never heard of it. In the social ways of life, he thrust himself upon nobody, but met his fellow-men on the level plane of equality gracefully, and with a smile ever ready to expand into reciprocity.

There was in Judge Moody a suppressed exuberance of feeling, passion, and sentiment that few could discover or understand. This was especially the case in his intercourse with women; with these, in the parlor, his voice was full of the most amiable undertones, the softest expressions, and most delicate sympathies. Judge Moody was not without

fancy; his imagination was vivid: and though this was suppressed in his speeches at the bar, it was allowed to take its wings at times in conversation. He knew Shakespeare better than most men; and while in his own mind he had his own wild realm of imagination, he could travel with Puck, flounder with Falstaff, joke with Mercutio, and dream with Hamlet.

It is in place to note here that once in his youth, when he was an active member of the Tuskaloosa Thespian Society, he personated the character of "Lady Randolph" in the tragedy of "Douglas" in a way that brought down the applause of the audience. He not only enjoyed, but had a keen relish for these little trivialities.

When a man grows rich, in any community, and at the same time exhibits no outer signs of extravagance or prodigality, it is most natural with the vulgar to consider him avaricious. Such was the estimate that some persons placed upon Judge Moody; but I have the best reason to know that he grew rich chiefly upon his personal labors, and by letting his little patrimony alone to grow in its own legitimate way under rigid economic management. While the world supposed that Moody was hunting after and hoarding money, the fact is disclosed that he was, daily and nightly, and with the most intense avidity, engaged in the pursuit of intellectual excellence—a coin whose glitter had more charms for him than his accumulating wealth. To fill coffers with gold, honestly acquired, is a merit; but to fill the brain with intellectual jewels is quite another and a greater one. How else could Moody have made himself a fine lawyer? The truth is that he was known as a lawyer long before he was known as a man of wealth. While the economic

nursing of a fortune may go hand in hand with the diligent study and practice of law as a profession, yet the avaricious craving and hoarding of money for the mere sake of money is too absorbing to admit of any exclusively intellectual pursuit. A man may be ambitious of fame and avaricious of money at once; but the labor and diligence necessary to achieve both these ends seldom meet in the same man.

When Judge Moody had reached his prime of manhood, he was acknowledged by his brothers of the profession to be worthy of a place in the front rank of the Tuskaloosa bar. He was not an eloquent orator, but he was strong in his learning, elaborate and exhaustive in his arguments, logical in his conclusions, and immovably self-convinced of the truth of his emphatic utterances; he was never known, after trial, to admit that his client had been guilty as charged ; and, though the client might be hung, the lawyer would lament him as a martyr to the stupidity of the jury that had convicted him.

At the breaking out of the war, Judge Moody's fortune was not very large, and, luckily for him, he had not invested extensively in slaves ; so that it is believed he was not so seriously damaged by the war as many of his neighbors. He still pursued the upward march that had distinguished his footsteps in his earlier days; and, in 1872, he founded the first "National Bank of Tuskaloosa," owning, it is supposed, the bulk of the stock. This bank enjoyed from the beginning a high reputation for stability, standing alone upon the single name of its founder, whose long life of industry and integrity offered a sure guarantee, and warranted the public confidence.

This bank is still one of the vital institutions of the State, and is now under the management of Frank S. Moody, as president, the son of its founder.

Judge Moody died suddenly on the 31st of March, 1879, of apoplexy, at Tuskaloosa. His death was unexpected, as he had been wonderfully well preserved, and appeared robust for his age.

At a meeting of the members of the bar of Tuskaloosa, on the subject of his demise, Judge E. W. Peck made some observations which are here subjoined, being valuable as expressing the very sincere sense of the public estimation of Judge Moody, and the deep sympathy of his brothers of the bar.

Judge Peck said, amongst other things: "I have known Judge Moody some fifty years. When I first knew him he was quite a young man; and was reading law with the late General Crabb, of this city, and writing in his office; I suppose to help pay his way; for, like many, and perhaps most, of the earlier members of the bar of this State, he began the struggles of professional life poor. Judge Moody was in some respects a remarkable man—a striking example of what may be accomplished by industry, economy, and perseverance, aided by good judgment. Without any of those factitious helps which sometimes usher a young man into public notice, and give him fame and fortune, Judge Moody, by his own unassisted energies, with good character, which he has left without stain as an inestimable heritage to his children, secured a reasonable share of both. During a long life, actively engaged in professional and much other important business, Judge Moody merited and enjoyed, amongst his neighbors and fellow-citizens, the

reputation of an honest and honorable man. For the many virtues of our deceased brother (it is grateful for us to do so) let us put upon record a just and generous testimony of our sincere regard for his memory, and convey to his family assurances of our deep sympathy in their distress."

Judge Moody had been twice married; his first wife was Jane, one of the daughters of Edward Sims. His second wife was Miss Bowdon, of Talladega County, a sister of the Hon. Franklin W. Bowdon.

JUDGE HENRY MINOR

was an old-style Virginia gentleman. He came to the State as early as 1817, and was a member of the convention that formed our State constitution. He was the second judge of the fifth judicial circuit, having followed C. C. Clay in that office in 1823. He was the first reporter of the decisions of the supreme court of Alabama, from 1823 to 1826. He was also clerk of the supreme court until 1838. He came to Tuskaloosa in 1826, where he resided for the remainder of his life. His house was the home of intellectual and literary refinement. He had a large family of children, to whose education he was earnestly devoted, and they were accomplished to the utmost extent of the facilities of the schools of that day in our own and the adjacent States.

If I take the liberty, now and then, in these sketches, of speaking of the Tuskaloosa girls, it is not that I would give them undue notoriety, but that, rather, I have an irresistible impulse to linger amongst things beautiful. Annie Minor, the eldest daughter, was a recognized belle in her day. Her

beauty was such that a poet's eye, once beholding, could never forget. She was the light of her father's house, the charm of all the village circles. Everybody loved her; and great was the agitation amongst the Tuskaloosa swains when the news went abroad that Annie Minor was to be married; and this agitation grew into consternation when it was made known that the favored youth had not been found in Tuskaloosa. She had ignored all her native adorers, and had elected her fate in the person of a young farmer of Greene County, Mr. John Friend, an educated gentleman of good family and fair fortune. The nuptials were the occasion of great festivities in the village, and the happy youth was permitted to carry away his bride without encountering any belligerent demonstrations. It is believed that this marriage was a very happy one.

Another of Judge Minor's accomplished daughters became the wife of Dr. Ezra Bouchelle, a practicing physician, who was learned in his profession, being himself one of a highly intellectual family, brother of Mr. Francis C. D. Bouchelle, mentioned in another place as distinguished for the brilliancy of his wit and the force of his oratorical powers, as developed at the University of Alabama in the earlier days.

Judge Minor was a warm but discriminating friend. He kept up during his life an intimacy with Levin Powell, and was a steadfast friend to Washington Moody and his orphan sisters; to the latter especially he stood almost in the place of a father, and it was from his house that Levin Powell bore away Miss Jane E. Moody as his bride, in 1830.

Judge Minor spent the evenings of his days in

the midst of domestic felicities, unbroken by jar or discord, and died in 1838. He was followed in the office of clerk of the supreme court by James B. Wallace, who came from Laurence County, making Tuskaloosa his permanent home.

HISTORY OF THE TUSKALOOSA CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Col. John McKee was the first Representative in Congress from the Tuskaloosa district. He was followed by Col. Robert E. B. Baylor; who was followed by Samuel W. Mardis; who was followed by Joab Lawler; who was followed by Gen. Geo. W. Crabb; who was followed by Winter W. Payne; who was followed by Samuel W. Inge; who was followed by William R. Smith; who was followed by Gen. Sydenham Moore, who remained in office up to the war, and who was one of the Representatives that withdrew from the Congress of the United States upon the secession of Alabama. During the Confederate days, William R. Smith was elected to the Confederate Congress, and served two terms; this making his whole service in Congress ten years.

Col. John McKee spent, as I happen to know, much of his time during the Congressional vacations in Tuskaloosa, at the house of his kinsman, William P. Gould, who was then connected with the land office at that place. Mr. Gould was one of the prominent young men of the village, and my recollection of him is the more vivid because of my frequent meetings with him in later years. He was a comely young man of engaging and popular manners; and early in life married a young lady noted for her accomplishments and wealth—

Miss Chutard, whose family were French, and, I think, from Louisiana.

Colonel McKee was past the meridian of life, and had the appearance of having seen long and hard service. He had been employed by the Government during the Territorial days, in various capacities, which had brought him in contact with the native Indians; and thus he had become extensively known among the earlier pioneers.

I often saw him on the streets, knew his name and his high position, and was impressed with his presence as of a superior person; he was the great man of the village, and, as a consequence, every eye was upon him. He wore a blue swallow-tail coat with bright buttons, and carried a hickory walking stick, which had upon it thirteen knots, as it was said, on each of which was a silver plate, and on these plates, beginning at the top, the letters spelling "Andrew Jackson" were engraved.

Colonel McKee became the town clock. How this came about needs explanation. It was his undeviating rule never to take any stimulating drink, under any circumstances, until 12 o'clock, noon, and only one a day. Now, if any incredulous reader should ask himself how these little facts about Colonel McKee got to be so publicly known, it is only necessary for him to be informed that Tuskaloosa, at that particular time, contained within its limits the usual number of inquisitive persons who never rest, by day or night, until they learn and proclaim all the secrets of their neighbors, and, especially, all the idiosyncrasies of whatever stranger might happen to be sojourning in the village. Everybody took the liberty of knowing the Colonel and his entire history, and of making note of his daily perambulations.

Travis's saloon, as before noted, was on the corner now known as "Spiller's." This was a fashionable resort. Colonel McKee, every day, was seen to approach this corner about noon; when he reached the steps he would invariably stop, pull out his watch, and go in, or not, as the pointers of his watch directed; if it lacked one or more minutes of the exact period, he would walk up and down in front until the time should come: this was made evident from the fact that he was frequently consulting his watch in the interim. I have seen him go through this operation often, and often have I proclaimed to the bystanders, "In he goes! it is exactly 12!" This was curious sport, I admit; but then I was a boy of not more than ten!

"A chiel's amang ye taking notes;
And, faith, he'll prent 'em."

I can see the reader smile at this curious statement, and at the serious simplicity with which I call upon him to believe it. Nevertheless it is the truth.

Colonel McKee must have declined to serve futher in Congress, as he was not in the race with Colonel Baylor, in 1829, when that gentleman was elected.

Mr. Gould, many years after this, removed to Greene County, where he established a rich plantation, and there spent the remainder of his life in the quiet pursuits of agriculture, solicitous chiefly for the education of his children. His house was noted for hospitality, and his family circle was distinguished for native and cultivated refinement.

AN AUSPICIOUS EGG.

Among my pleasant memories is an incident that occurred at Mr. Gould's house, in 1853, while I was

engaged in a very exciting canvass for Congress. We were at breakfast; as I opened an egg it disclosed *two yelks*. Calling Mr. Gould's attention to the fact, impulsively I swallowed the double yelk at a mouthful! Seeing that mine host's face was halting between a smile and a frown (in fact the frown seemed to predominate), I made haste to say: "You see, Mr. Gould, that this world is full of superstition, and I want to be able to say to my *two* competitors, when I meet them to-day on the stump, that I *devoured two incipient roosters* at breakfast this morning at one mouthful, and I will call on you as a witness, if the fact should be disputed." At this speech mine host's countenance resumed its usual placid glow, and the incident imparted considerable merriment to the breakfast table.

Now, the story of this egg with its double yelk and the use I made of it on the stump that day at Eutaw went abroad and was the theme of many a serious conversation touching certain ominous occurrences; and though the effects of that story might not have been so important to mankind as were those that followed the practical performance of Christopher Columbus's egg, some centuries before, nevertheless I protest that my egg should be allowed to travel along with Columbus's egg, for the only difference between the two is, that he made his egg *stand* and I made my egg *squat*.

William P. Gould has been dead many years. His son, Col. McKee Gould, still lives to wear gracefully his father's name, coupled with that of his distinguished kinsman. The eldest daughter became the wife of Mr. Gowdy, a prominent merchant at that time of Eutaw, and the second daugh-

ter was married to Col. Horace Harding, at present a citizen of Tuskaloosa, widely known in scientific circles and eminent in his profession of civil engineering.

TUSKALOOSA MERCHANTS.

I now propose to sketch the more active and prominent of our earlier merchants. Indeed, in the history of the merchant, more than that of any other class, will appear the rise and growth of a city.

Previously to 1818 there was nothing here in the shape of a mercantile establishment worthy of the name. The word *shop* would probably be the most proper word to designate the largest of these establishments. Where there is nothing remaining in connection with a personal history beyond the mere occupation, the fact is hardly of sufficient importance to be preserved; nevertheless it would be very desirable to know who was the pioneer merchant. For this we search in vain: but, from the best information on this point, I conclude that Levin Powell was the first Tuskaloosa merchant. He came from Huntsville. But it is not as a merchant that we are to review the life and character of this interesting man. He figured more prominently, all things considered, in the early history of this county than any other person, and his name belongs to another branch of the history of his times.

It is a singular fact in the history of the transportation of goods through the Alabama wilderness in these early times that, though some of our first merchants brought their goods, in wagons, over the mountains from Huntsville, yet, after the opening of the navigation of the Warrior River

to Tuskaloosa, it was no uncommon thing for the goods of the Huntsville merchants to be landed here and wagoned over the mountains to Huntsville.

JOHN AND MATTHEW CLICK

were among our earlier merchants. In 1819

JOHN M. AND ELIAS JENKINS

were engaged in mercantile business. Their storehouse was of hewn logs, situated about the center of the town, near the present locality of the Washington Hall.

In 1819, or about that time, Benjamin and George Cox came to Tuskaloosa from Huntsville, bringing their goods in wagons.

CAPT. GEORGE COX

was a tall, straight man of commanding appearance, positive and impetuous, usually speaking with all the dictatorial vehemence of a sea-captain commanding his crew in a storm. He could be distinctly heard from one end of the town to the other, and was not very particular in the choice of his words and epithets. Soon after he removed to New Town he married Mrs. Carson, and spent the remainder of his life in comparative retirement. Those who knew him intimately speak of him as a man of many fine qualities, and such amiable traits of character as to render him an agreeable companion in social and domestic circles.

THE OLD TAR'S GRAVE.

Capt. George Cox lies buried on the brow of the hill, about two hundred yards north of the location of his old storehouse, in New Town, surrounded by a beautiful grove of tall pines, interspersed with

oaks, most of which have grown up into trees since his burial. His grave is marked by a substantial brick vault without *inscription* of *name* or *date.* Whether this absence of inscription was in pursuance of his wishes, I know not; but he was a man likely to entertain the philosophy which reconciles its disciples to the idea of being forgotten after death; and I think it is probable that he is now very poorly alive with emotions of gratitude or thankfulness for this vigorous effort of mine to drag him from oblivion.

It was understood that George Cox had been a sailor and a sea-captain—hence his title. His habits and appearance bore the marks of his former life. Next to a beetling cliff, edging the roaring ocean, the spot of his burial is just such a final resting-place as an old tar might covet: here the tall pines and oaks, as they bend and groan in answer to the sweeping tempest, might be likened to so many admiral masts chanting an undying requiem over the grave of the merry old sailor.

JAMES HOGAN

deserves to be remembered as one of the most intelligent of our earlier merchants. He came to Tuskaloosa in 1819, with the Coxes, from Huntsville, and was a copartner in the establishment of Cox & Hogan. He married Miss Sarah Inge, daughter of Major Richard Inge, and became henceforth permanently identified with Tuskaloosa. Besides his general experience as a merchant, he was well informed in historical and political matters, and ever exercised a powerful influence in the control of the affairs of the county. This influence arose from his fine intelligence, and the great respect entertained for him

by the people, as well as from his vigorous and persevering manner of carrying out whatever measures he conceived to be right and beneficial for the country.

Such was Hogan's devotion to business and his foresight as a merchant, that he accumulated considerable property—quite sufficient to enable him to rear and educate a large and interesting family of children.

He took great interest in the growth of Tuskaloosa. He was always the earnest advocate and zealous promoter of such schemes as looked towards the development of our industrial resources. He believed that Tuskaloosa was a location the most favorable for a great commercial center in Alabama; and if his means had been equal to the suggestions of his sagacity, monuments of city prosperity would have remained to distinguish him.

Mr. Hogan was a Whig in politics; and his counting-room was the scene of many an exciting caucus in those days of political turbulence, when the respective friends of the great champions, Jackson and Clay, Van Buren and Harrison, tried to out-shout, out-plot, and out-vote each other.

The most pleasant recollections hang around the character of this good man. He was known far and wide through the county by the familiar and affectionate name of *Jemmie Hogan;* and his word was a trumpet in his day.

In the line of amusements, Mr. Hogan was extremely fond of fishing. But his weakness, if he had any, was an inordinate passion for hunting bee-trees. At the buzz of a bee he has been known to drop his yard-stick and hasten off in pursuit. In this art he became very expert, and acquired

great notoriety ; and it was a little ludicrous to see his long frame stretched out, face upwards, upon some grassy spot, watching with his keen gray eyes the homeward flight of these untiring blossom-pillagers. Thus he made his observations ; and when satisfied, by the flight, of the direction of the hive, he would spring up from his recumbent position with all the eagerness and agility of a boy, and pursue the track marked out by the involuntary traitor, until he detected and overhauled the humming community.

James Hogan died in 1851, leaving a widow and a large family of children. Mrs. Sarah Hogan, his widow, removed to the State of Iowa. She is remembered in Tuskaloosa as a very charming person. Her family have been distinguished. Her brother, Col. William Inge, was a member of Congress from Tennessee. Her sister, Elizabeth, was the elegant wife of Gen. George W. Crabb. The late Hon. Samuel W. Inge, who twice represented Tuskaloosa district in Congress, and the late Hon. William M. Murphy, so long celebrated at the bar of this State, were her nephews.

CAPTAIN JAMES H. DEARING

came to Tuskaloosa on a discovery visit in 1816 [or 1817] and put up at a little shanty of a tavern, kept by Joshua Holbert; it was the Christmas of that year, and we are told that Captain Dearing made the *first* egg-nog in Tuskaloosa! This reminiscence is told as coming from Captain Dearing himself, who often referred to the circumstance. No man had a better right to be merry on that ancient Christmas morning than a pioneer of 1816

piercing the Alabama wilderness, then thick with Indians.

He returned to North Carolina and purchased a cargo of tobacco, selling it out at Mobile and St. Stevens. He then went to New York, purchased a stock of goods, and established a store in St. Stevens.

It is not alone as a merchant that we are to speak of Captain Dearing, but as a pioneer of the most vigorous, energetic, and enterprising character.

The person who most surely becomes historical, and who most deserves the attention of the historian, is he who is foremost in any beneficial enterprise. In this sense Captain Dearing must ever be remembered.

It may be remarked here that the Army of the United States supplied Tuskaloosa with two of the most remarkable of our earlier merchants, to wit, Captain Dyer and Captain Dearing.

Captain James H. Dearing was born in Rockingham County, North Carolina, 1787. In 1812 he entered the Army of the United States as a captain, and at one time had command of Fort Moultrie, near Charleston. He resigned his commission not long after the declaration of peace. In 1819 he removed to the State of Alabama, and resided for a short time at St. Stevens, then the most populous place in the State, and there he first established himself as a merchant. Becoming disgusted with the slow mode of river transportation by barges, he built the steamboat "Tom Bigbee." This boat was built at the town of Blakely, and was the second boat that ever penetrated the Warrior River to Tuskaloosa. Upon this boat he moved his family and stock of goods to Tuskaloosa. Here he built

a log storehouse on Main street, on the lot afterwards known as No. 165. As the town increased in population, he enlarged his storehouse into a commodious frame building, which he occupied until the capital of the State was removed to Tuskaloosa. Keeping pace with the spirit of the age, he then erected four brick store-rooms, now conspicuous buildings on Main street, in this city. He then continued in the mercantile business with his brothers until about the year 1849, by which time he had amassed a considerable fortune, and then retired to more private life, and engaged in planting, which he pursued successfully up to the time of his death, which occurred on the 4th of March, 1861.

In the pursuit of agriculture, as in all his other enterprises, Captain Dearing went beyond most of his neighbors; he made the cultivation of clover a positive success, and kept up for several years, on the banks of the Warrior River, near his steam-mill, a beautiful and luxurious field of that useful grass.

Captain Dearing had great practical skill as a botanist. He seemed to delight in contrasts; he passed from the smoke of a steam-mill through his palatial hall into a flower-garden tastefully arranged with the most choice selection of plants.

When I say that Capt. James H. Dearing, in our estimation, appears conspicuous above all others of our earlier merchants, I mean that he combined in himself more of the elements and qualities of usefulness, and carried them out more practically. Besides his activity and energy as a merchant, we see him building and running steamboats and steam-mills. [In fact he sometimes commanded his own boats.] At the same time we see

him erecting splendid mansions, in which he exhibits the finest taste, with great architectural ability. The beautiful house that stands at the head of Main street fronting the old capitol, now the property of Judge Somerville. was long considered the White House of Tuskaloosa, and was occupied as a gubernatorial mansion. It is a handsome piece of architecture and was the wonder of the town when first erected.

Captain Dearing was highly respected for his financial abilities, and was for a long time one of the directors of the State Bank. He seemed to have had little thirst for office: nevertheless, he was an active and influential politician. In 1824 he and his brothers were very earnest Adams men. He was ever afterward ranged with the Democracy. He was a close and influential lobby member of the State legislature at Cahawba during the exciting session when the question of permanent location of the seat of government was engaging public attention, and it is believed that he exerted a material influence in favor of Tuskaloosa.

Captain Dearing was one of the most active of the trustees in pushing forward to completion our Insane Hospital, that great monument of State charity.

Captain Dearing's personal appearance was indicative of his energetic character. He was a tall man, robust and well built. He leaned a little forward as he walked; and, indeed, he walked, generally, as if he was in the immediate pursuit of something right ahead of him. He was a thoroughly business man in every respect; even his voice carried in its tone a pitch of earnestness which was unmistakable.

In June, 1819, Captain Dearing married Miss Julia A. Searcy, sister of Dr. Reuben Searcy, and with her he removed to St. Stevens, crossing the vast wilderness that then lay between North Carolina and Alabama, in private carriages and in wagons, the trip occupying upward of four weeks.

OTIS DYER

had been a captain in the United States Army, and in active service sometime during the war of 1812; but I have no reliable records of facts within reach upon which to base any authentic or satisfactory statements on the subject of his military history. He came to Tuskaloosa as early as 1819 (perhaps before) and established himself as a merchant. The amount of his money capital at that time is not known, but the supposition is that it was not large.

Captain Dyer's place of business was on Market street, near the corner now [1872] occupied by Berry & Horner. His first storehouse was of logs, but he afterward built the small frame house now gabling on Market street, next door to Dr. Harris's office. This is one of the oldest frame buildings in the city, and here Captain Dyer began to amass his great fortune. From the size of the house it will appear obvious that he did not display at any time a very large stock of goods; and it is said by those who remember him best at that time, that he did not give much of his personal attention to the sale of merchandise.

His in-door business was looked after by clerks, while he entered with spirit and energy on outside enterprises as a money-lender and a speculator in land and lots. The times were propitious for his schemes. The public lands were coming into mar-

ket; settlers were pouring into the country from every direction; homes were to be bought at public sales or private entry, and Captain Dyer found no difficulty in keeping his capital afloat in the most remunerative channels. He was liberal with his money, but scrupulous of his securities, and consequently he seldom lost a debt. This was the real secret of his success.

Captain Dyer owned, at one time, a considerable portion of the land on which the village of North Port is now situated. It was laid off into town-lots known as the "Dyer and Dodson survey," sold out at great advantage, and yielded a large profit on the original investment. He established a ferry across the Warrior River between North Port and Tuskaloosa, from which he derived a considerable revenue. But this source of profit was cut off by the erection of a bridge over the same stream. This supposed invasion of his rights led him into litigation, which was rather damaging in the end, and the franchise of his ferry ultimately became worthless. Nevertheless, Captain Dyer continued to grow rich, and at the time of his removal from Tuskaloosa he was considered as the master of a large fortune.

Captain Dyer's only amusement was chess; for this game he had an inordinate passion, and was considered a fine mover. He would sit at it a whole afternoon with imperturbable patience, and nothing could drive him from an unfinished game except a—flea! Upon the slightest indication of the presence of one of these pestiferous little elephants he would spring from his chair and hurry home with the utmost capacity of his feet. His nerves could not stand that. His sensitiveness to the touch of a flea was so well known to the town

that whenever he was seen walking homeward with unusual haste a universal grin would expand the countenance of the street, and every observer would exclaim: "There goes Dyer, running from a flea!"

Captain Dyer afterwards built a very beautiful and substantial edifice on Greensboro' street, where he resided up to the time of his removal from Tuskaloosa. This house is now the residence of Mr. C. C. Seed [1872].

Captain Dyer ever commanded the confidence of the citizens of Tuskaloosa. No shadow ever soiled the purity of his character; and those who knew him intimately revered him for his many noble virtues. But it is the fate of most rich men to be thought, by the public, "hard" on the money question. As a general rule, if a man who has plenty of money refuses to "shell out" whenever requested, he is pronounced "avaricious" or "miserly." The spendthrift who fails to move him to a loan denounces him; the random speculator who craves his aid and is denied rails at him, and the pauper who is not made comfortable and "put on horseback" by his bounty becomes his vociferous accuser. Thus it was to a certain extent with Captain Dyer. But there never was a greater mistake or a more unrighteous judgment.

This good man was ever on the watch for an opportunity to do some beneficent act. However close and exacting in his money transactions, his purse was ever open to the calls of the meritorious needy. His wife was prodigal in charities, and he kept her purse full up to the measure of her utmost demands.

The Methodist community of Tuskaloosa will remember with the liveliest gratitude this charm-

ing woman. She was a mother to the church; she gave it the devotion of a warm Christian heart, and adorned its circles with a presence in which were combined those commanding female graces and virtues which inspire confidence and assume control. Her sway in the church was almost unlimited, and she infused into it a vitality which kept its pews crowded and made its aisles resound with the ceaseless hum of Christian cheerfulness. During Mrs. Dyer's life the Methodist church rose to the highest pitch of prosperity, and upon her death the great animating spirit of the congregation seemed to have departed.

Captain Dyer removed from Tuskaloosa many years ago to Montgomery. There his money chests continued to expand. At the beginning of the war he was undoubtedly worth over half a million of dollars. He lost by the war upwards of three hundred thousand dollars: but the amount remaining of his fortune was quite sufficient to make him a respectable personage among the bankers of New York, with whom he is probably in occasional communication, even now at his very advanced age. The writer of this sketch met Captain Dyer repeatedly in New York in the summer of 1869, when he appeared to be in vigorous health, and looked very much as he did thirty years ago, excepting the visible decay marked by the great invader—age.

BENJAMIN B. FONTAINE,

as a merchant and as a man, deservedly stands among the foremost of the earlier citizens of Tuskaloosa. He was born in Georgia, in 1797, and came to Tuskaloosa in 1821. He was then in the bloom of youthful manhood, and was the handsomest of the men of his day. He had a young

family, having married, in 1818, Miss Susanna E. Beall, of Warren County, Ga. Mrs. Fontaine was the sister of Dr. Benjamin B. Beall, and also of Mrs. Alfred Battle, of Tuskaloosa.

In 1821 Tuskaloosa was beginning to expand its proportions considerably, and there were several respectable mercantile establishments here then, both in Old and New Town; among these Mr. Fontaine took a stand at once as a first-class merchant; and entered upon a cheerful, manly, and successful competition. Mr. Alfred Battle either accompanied Mr. Fontaine to Tuskaloosa or came soon after him; and when the writer first remembers this house it was under the name and style of Fontaine & Battle. Their business location was the stand afterward occupied by R. & J. McLester, on Main street. This house is remembered as the resort of the fashionables of the town, both gentlemen and ladies, and it was ever one of the most popular of our mercantile establishments.

Mr. Fontaine afterwards engaged in business as a copartner of James Hogan, and they continued to drive a thriving trade for many years with uninterrupted success.

With a fine education, great industry, and peculiar aptitudes for his profession, Mr. Fontaine's intelligence and capacities as a merchant continued to expand, engendering a commendable ambition, until he was prompted, in an evil hour, to seek a location affording a larger field of operations; when he removed to Mobile and established himself as a commission merchant—the very business, of all others, most dangerous to a man of his open heart and unbounded generosity.

In Mobile Mr. Fontaine became at once a great and popular favorite, and stepped into the front

rank of the more enlightened and enterprising of the Mobile merchants Here he pursued a career of success for several years. But Mr. Fontaine had mistaken his field. He could not contend with sharpers, many of which he necessarily encountered, both in town and country. He could not say *no* with sufficient emphasis; and his name and the name of his house became attached to a vast amount of country and city acceptances. which grew into obligations that finally overwhelmed him with financial embarrassments, from which he never recovered. But in all his difficulties Mr. Fontaine ever maintained his reputation for unblemished integrity; and his death, which occurred in the city of Mobile in 1851, inspired in that community the liveliest emotions of profound sorrow.

Benjamin B. Fontaine was of a princely nature. His person was embellished with all the virtues and graces of a Christian gentleman; and in all the relations of life he was distinguished for piety, charity, and the most enlightened benevolence.

He was a leading and enthusiastic member of the Methodist Church, and for upwards of ten years had control of the Sunday-school connected with that church in Tuskaloosa. To his duties in this department he was so devoted that religious teaching might almost have been called, with him. an avocation. Over the pupils of the school he exercised perfect control, and in them he inspired the greatest veneration. He had a mellow, rich voice for devotional music, and it was enchanting to hear him sing a grand old Methodist hymn.

It was in this school that the writer of this sketch first knew Mr. Fontaine. At this school

Alexander B. Meek was a conspicuous pupil, and at this school that remarkable boy achieved a success in scriptural learning amazing and almost incredible. It is a fact known to the writer, and often asserted as an astonishing truth by Mr. Fontaine, that during the time he superintended the Tuskaloosa Sunday-school, Alexander B. Meek recited by heart every verse in the Old and New Testaments. I do not suppose that this can be said of any other boy in this or in any other country, in this or in any other age, and the writer here reasserts it, without a shadow of doubt as to its truth. So remarkable a fact in connection with any man's life should not be forgotten, and I trust that this paragraph may fall under the eye of that writer who may hereafter link his name in a biography with the memory of that distinguished Tuskaloosan.

In the way of city improvements, Mr. Fontaine built the two-story brick house now [1872] known as the residence of Mr. Thomas Maxwell. This was his family residence for a great many years. He owned, at one time, the opposite corner lot, on which Dr. Cochrane now lives, and built upon it a small one-story brick office, which was afterwards either torn down or now forms the street corner room of Dr. Cochrane's house.

The chief characteristic of Mr. Fontaine's mind was a bright and unbroken cheerfulness. This trait pervaded all his actions in the earlier part of his life. Whether his reverses broke it or not I am not advised, as it was my misfortune to have seen but little of him after he settled in Mobile. This, with his charities and benevolence, which were unbounded, made him the most amiable and charming of men.

Mr. Fontaine took a lively interest in politics, but had no thirst for office; and though of decided political tenets he was too modest and mild a man to attempt to force his opinions upon others. He had little to do with the turmoil of elections, and preferred, to political assemblies or conventional caucuses, the altar of his church or a camp-meeting in the wilderness. He was not a man to throw up his hat at the success of political favorites, but over the conversion of the humblest soul he would clap his hands and shout with the utmost enthusiasm.

But Mr. Fontaine, with all his aversion to office, would not shrink from responsibility; and on one occasion he was induced to serve the county in the State legislature as a member of the house of representatives.

Mr. Fontaine was highly esteemed for his financial ability; was for a great number of years one of the directors, and, at one time, the president of the State Bank at Tuskaloosa.

Such is a brief record of my recollection of this noble man, and I can not doubt that the picture will be recognized and indorsed by all the surviving friends who knew him intimately.

JOHN B. PASS AND WILLIAM TOXEY

were among the earlier Tuskaloosa merchants, doing business under the name of Pass & Toxey. They were here in 1820. To them is due the credit of having built the first two-story brick house in Tuskaloosa; this was the original building on Washington Hall corner. In this house they kept their store, while the upper rooms were used as a hotel by old Billy Dunton, who designated his hotel by the "Golden Ball." The house was not

of large dimensions, but was at different times improved into a spacious and commodious hotel. The history of this establishment would form an interesting chapter. Many were the hands through which it has passed; various the scenes which it has witnessed. Here Matthew Duffee spent the prime of his life; here Charles S. Patterson presented a true pattern of a genuine and generous Boniface. Here William Clare first exhibited his handsome face and shook the dark locks that would have rivaled those of the "curly-headed Paddy Cary." This was the great arena of political disputation, its steps affording convenient hustings, and its halls opening its doors for caucuses and conventions; and here for many years the beauty and fashion of the city assembled in its spacious ball rooms. But it presented a sad contrast to those gay and festive scenes in 1863, when it became a prison-house for Federal soldiers; and still a more melancholy contrast when, in 1865, its halls glittered with Federal bayonets, until, in November of that year, it was destroyed by fire, supposed to have been communicated by the garrison of United States troops as they evacuated their quarters. For seven years these grim ruins gave to our otherwise beautiful city the gloomy aspects of desolation; but thanks to the energy of our indefatigable townsman, Mr. Steven Miller, a new, capacious, and more beautiful edifice now rears its imposing structure on this burnt district, adorning the old spot hallowed by so many recollections.

I have not a vivid recollection of Pass & Toxey. They were first-class merchants, for the times, and did a thriving business. Mr. Toxey died in Tuskaloosa, leaving considerable property and a large family. Mr. Pass married Miss Adeline Ewing,

one of the beauties of our town, and was in 1836 proprietor of the Eagle Hotel. This house was afterwards known as Medlock's Hotel, and was destroyed by fire; its old location is marked by the ever notorious and gloomy "brick row."

Contemporaneous with Pass & Toxey was Mr. John B. Leavens, an extensive and highly esteemed grocery merchant, who afterwards removed to the city of Mobile.

CHARLEY PICHER, THE MODERN TIMON.

Charles G. Picher was among the earlier merchants of Tuskaloosa. Devoted with energy to the business in hand, he was successful in trade; thrift followed his diligence and fortune duplicated his investments. As he became a leading man in all lines of business, he developed into an easy, graceful, and elegant gentleman of the town. He was neat in his apparel, almost to foppishness. His linen was of a pearly whiteness, his boots of the nicest fit, his hat the finest beaver. His equipage—for a bachelor—was dashing. His person was eagerly courted, and his presence was greeted with delight. His integrity was spotless, his bond was good for any reasonable amount, and although not positively rich, he had means sufficient to enable him to move in the style of a patron. He could encourage enterprise, risk speculation, push the thrifty, favor the worthy, and relieve the indigent. In all these directions he was active, for he had a bounding heart and an open hand.

The range of his money operations was not confined to Tuskaloosa, but extended in the direction of the Gulf city. He was a risky dealer in cotton especially. A broker, a money lender, a bill of ex-

change acceptor, an indorser, his transactions were large and began to grow complicated. He became interested as one of the copartners in a large mercantile firm with John O. Cummings. Suddenly this apparently flourishing establishment fell into embarrassments, and eventually went under; and Charley Picher was stranded. The liabilities of the house were large and could not be met. Picher surrendered everything visible, and a great change came over him. From a spruce, elegant city gentleman, his air became slovenly. From an active, business step, his gait subsided into that of a listless lounger. Great depression of spirits seized him, and he fell into despondence, utterly beyond the hope of recuperation. In this unhappy condition of his affairs he retired from the gay circles in which he had so lately moved conspicuous. He grew silent and was prone to solitude. In such crises some men rush into suicide; some embezzle and abscond; and some plunge into the bowl to find oblivion. Picher did nothing of this sort. With an intrepidity quite amazing, *he rushed into matrimony*. He married Mrs. Hughes, a very charming person, a sister of Dr. John R. Drish, and the widow of a late popular merchant. With her he retired to the country and settled on a little farm, engaging eagerly in the routine of a farmer's life; and so almost fell out of existence so far as the public was concerned. In this retreat he lived a few years, happily, it is believed, until his wife died and left him, past the meridian of life, a penniless man.

Picher was now utterly outside of his old world—devoted to the life he had adopted. His garb denoted his order, his coat was of the country-cut shape of blue jeans; his home-made hat of wool,

and his shoes—brogans of the yellow tan, blissfully ignorant of the touch of the blacking-brush, but soft and mellow with the frequently applied tallow. His team was now a yoke of steers, his wagon an ox-cart; the tasselled riding-whip had been supplanted in his hands by the hickory ox-pole, whose long lash he had learned to crack with an echoing click that stirred and aroused the sleepiest brute.

In this garb, and with this team, he occasionally rolled into the city, his cart laden with chickens and eggs, butter, and always with a little bundle of country-knit socks to be bartered for calico—for the especial accommodation of some neighboring country dame.

In these noted visits to the city Charley was the "observed of all observers." His old associates gazed at him in pitying bewilderment, and the little children would pause at the corners to be recognized by him; for in his face, and in his smiles, he was the same Charley as of old. No merchant ever haggled with him in a barter: he always got what he wanted; and the dames that trusted him with their little stock of trade were sure of a good return for their labor.

PUSH-PIN.

I had one encounter with Picher which I can never forget. It was after his house and his last acre of ground had passed out of his possession, when he had no place on which to lay his head excepting on a hired cot; nowhere to rest his hands excepting in the pockets of his butternut breeches.

I was at the time on a rampage through the country *expounding constitutions* in fence-corners

and under spreading oaks to small or large audiences as the case might be.

It was a breezeless day in June, when the squeak of the jay bird indicated thirst; and when the yellowing wheat stood stiff and upright, scorching in the sun for want of a refreshing zephyr. Following the nose of my pony I found myself at a gate in front of a plank hut, on the roadside. There was a narrow piazza to this hut, propped up by a post at each end, in which was a long plank bench; sitting astraddle of which, and face to face, were two men, earnestly engaged in some absorbing pursuit. So absorbed indeed were they that they had not noted my advent, and I looked on, before hailing, a moment, to observe the scene and grasp the situation.

It was Charley Picher and Jack Vines, vigorously prosecuting a game of "*push-pin*," rapping skillfully or not on the caved crown of a dilapidated hat, whose Sunday gloss had been washed out of it—possibly by the same rain that pattered on the shingles of the Ark.

"Hello!"

"I gosh!" exclaimed Picher, "there's Judge S——"

"By darn," said Jack, "and so it is;" when both men jumped up and came in a fair run to the gate, with faces beaming exuberantly, one on either side of me, striving which should lift me from my pony.

"You're all right here, my boy!" exclaimed Picher, before I had dismounted. "Not a man in the beat will vote against you—is there, Jack?"

"Nary a one, as I knows on," replied Jack. "There's one or two that would like to, but they *daresn't*, they're *afeard of a massacree!*"

By this time we were on the porch of the cabin.

I sat down on the bench near the flattened hat and saw the pins, these one-legged men of the impending battle, lying side by side, head and point together, but *not crossed*, significant that the game was not yet ended.

"Is the game up?" said I, quizzically.

"No," said Jack, "*there's licker in it.*"

"*Better than millions*," said Charley, letting his eye fall on me an instant, little supposing that I perceived the languid but fierce glance of that eye of his, as it shot inwardly like an angry flash of lightning through the profitless past of his misspent life.

"Better than millions, Billy," he repeated, and his face fell into a tremulous glow of feverish, impatient languor, revealing a sadness of soul indescribable to the ear, but to the eye, oh! how visible!

The sturdy gamesters resumed the battle; now mainly for the amusement of the single spectator. "Tap, tap, tap!" so alternately went the skillful fingers of the competitors as the pins bounced about in the cavernous crown of that antique sombrero, sometimes wider apart, now closer together, sometimes head to head, now point to point, then one pushing a charge, the other coyly retreating.

"Wait a minute!" said Jack. He saw that Charley's pin had got its head entangled in a tiny thread of wool and was thus in a state of quasi helplessness—*hors de combat*—so to speak, and Jack knew that the moment of victory for him had come! "Wait a minnit; I must ketch that bird!" and he gobbled a gobble that would have enchanted the most coquettish turkey-hen in all those woods. Then, with his long, lean middle finger, he gave the hat a tap so light, so graceful, so magical that

his pin bounded and fell, as if by a sort of sorcery, right across Charley's prostrate paynim! and the game was up—the brazen acrobats were still!

Jack rose up with a great horse-laugh, and Charley exhibited no less cheerfulness.

"Go to the spring, Jack," said Charley, "and come by the garden, and bring along a handful of mint. We've no *ice here*, Billy," he said, turning to me, "but the waters of yonder spring would freeze brother Jonathan's nose such weather as this." And so it would, for the water was ice-cold, and the julep was delicious.

The reader will be kind enough to add the letter *s* to the word julep in the last line of the foregoing paragraph (this letter is often essential to the truth of history) and leave me the while I linger in a doze at the western end of that cabin's porch, where the swinging branches of a towering oak, just now stirred by the twilight breeze, invites the soul to listlessness and repose.

And in that doze of a moment, what a vision came to me!

THE DREAM.

Listen! I was a boy again, in Tuskaloosa, playing marbles on the pavement in front of the State Bank building. There, on the steps of that bank, I saw most visibly, Charles G. Picher, as I had once known him, arrayed in all the habiliments of a gentleman, in the full fashion of that day. His pearly shirt-bosom was studded with a solitaire that glowed inimitable; his buff vest visible under his blue swallow-tail coat; his boots of the finest cut and fit; his hat tall, and soft as the felt on an infant beaver; his face smooth-shaved, without a hair to

deform his lip or chin, or to hide the faintest development of his handsome features, radiant with smiles and beaming with wild anticipations of golden speculations. Around him as a central figure were standing and chatting the money-kings of the village. There was Dyer, and Dearing, and Scott, and Moody, and Drish, and Banks (Willis); and there was Marrast, the president of the bank. There was Riggs, the cashier, and the angular Bill Anthony. It was a cluster of men, characteristic, and seldom seen together. These figures disappeared within the building; and just as Charley was about to step in, following the others, Cavendish, the great gambler, came up behind him and touched him on the shoulder.

Now, Cavendish and Picher might have been taken for twins; of nearly the same form and size; figures exactly proportioned as in the same mold; about even weight, both pulling together five hundred pounds. They were dressed exactly alike, in the height of fashion, and alike radiant and gay, and, it may be, reckless. When Cavendish touched Picher's arm, the latter turned around, seeming to hesitate for a moment; then taking the gambler's arm, the two walked across the street and disappeared in Covey's saloon. I followed quickly and ran up stairs behind them, and found myself in "the Tiger's Den!"

The dream became more and more intensely realistic, as the faro "lay-out," as it is called, spread before me its glistening scroll. And there stood in the corner huge heaps of silver and gold coin, stacks of white and yellow eagles, with doubloons ($20) rising like golden pillars studding the adornments of the innermost shrines in the temples of Plutus, as in the fables. Besides, these

there were enormous rolls of paper money—boodles, as they are now called—good-sized pillows for the fairies.

Behind the scroll, on a high-cushioned chair, sat a chalk-faced creature, veritably a human being, whose features were perfectly immobile, with a brown moustache, never shaven, and soft as a cygnet's down. A keen black eye subdued its glance into the mildest expression of amiable complacency; his hands, with fingers claw-like, but milky, delicate as the peach's cheek when its ripening core sucks in the first faint tints of beauty, colored by the sun. These hands rested, not without impatience, on a silver box, "The Box of Fate." And where was Picher? There he sat, stolid as a rock, in front of this pale automaton, piling up stacks of gold on the heads of the kings and queens; now laying down huge rolls of bank-bills on the tens, the nines, the aces and the trays; now boiling in the pot; now calling the "deuce to the queen." Everything looked magical! The atmosphere was heavy, the scene weird and gushing, combining

Goblets of the richest vintage
With juleps of the freshest mintage.

And where was Cavendish? Loitering around. Aye, loitering around, as Pluto loitered around the bowers of that enchanted garden where the witless Proserpine languished, and disported her melting beauties to the enamored flowers.

There was a pause in the game.

Picher drew out from his inner vest pocket a long brown pocket-book, and laid it, with its contents, on the queen.

"Now, Beauty, favor your worshiper," he said, beseechingly. The face of chalk was still stolid; the milky fingers manipulating the magical box

trembling visibly. The fiendish automaton smiled --smiled reluctantly as the queen lost—and then laid his hand on the forfeited pocket-book, and transferred it to the drawer of the table! Picher was agitated; his frame shook so as to jar into a jingle the heaps of money that stood on the table. "Where's Kav'?" said Picher. Cavendish appeared, wreathed in smiles. "Bring me a blank check," said Picher.

Cavendish turned and unlocked a drawer in his secretary. I saw him grin--just such a grin as distorted the features of Pluto when he dragged the captive virgin over the wheels into his infernal chariot.

The check was produced; Picher filled it up and signed the fatal missive with a dash that blotched the paper. For this check, on the Bank of the State of Alabama, Picher received several piles of yellow chips.

"Now, go," said Picher; "go on" continued he! The stakes were terrifically high. Picher had lost himself. Even the immobile features of this impenetrable dealer began to reveal at the corners of his mouth and eyes the suppressed eagerness which had so long swelled within him; the triumphant glitter of his serpent eyes glared—glared as Satan's glared over the whole Garden of Eden when Eve consented—and then that dealer's eyes flashed openly, blandly, triumphantly, as he leaned over the table and raked down Picher's last bet!

Picher looked piteously bewildered; he seemed suffocated. Trying to smile, his lips bit each other to the red, and, leaning back in his chair, thus duplicating his avoirdupois, and uttering the heaviest groan that ever escaped a mortal's throat,

muttering at the same time, "Broke—broke—broke," his chair crashing beneath him, he fell prone on his back to the floor.

I sprang up out of my dream—was it the crash of the chair that had awakened me? Plainly I heard it—but at the same instant, Jack Vines had rudely kicked the further end of the bench on which I was lying, and so jostled me out of my nap. I had dozed but a few moments, for the twilight had not yet deepened into darkness.

And there stood Picher, drawing on his butternut coat, having donned that dilapidated hat on which the battle of the pins had just been fought, the brim flapping about his face very like the scraggy ears of a century elephant.

"Come, Billy," said Charley; "we are going over to Jack's to spend the night." Then we three took the path over the lawn that led to the ever hospitable cottage of the famous turkey hunter, Jackson Vines.

To linger longer amid these rural scenes would not subserve the purposes of this sketch. The night at the cottage was a jolly one. but not classical: yet Christopher North might have made it "ambrosial." The reader will accept the dream as a revelation of reality, disclosing the veritable causes which reduced a prince merchant to a vagabond. Nor had the fatal infatuation entirely subsided, as the philosophic eye must have discerned, when it saw but yesterday how intensely absorbing had been to this man that little game of "push-pin," where the stakes had dwindled—indeed, dwindled from a column of doubloons to the still glittering dimensions of—a pin.

Picher, though lost in sloth, never sank into drunkenness or debauchery. He was fond of a dram,

but seldom, if ever, indulged in excesses. His besetting misfortune was a broken energy; this deterred him from all vigorous attempts at recuperation, and made him easily contented with a low and groveling mode of existence. He had lost his self-respect, but seemed to cling to something that he regarded as "honor;" and, having been forced by circumstances to fail to respond to certain obligations, he resolved never again voluntarily to risk a responsibility that involved his integrity. His friends made every possible effort to reclaim him, and to call him back to civilization; they offered him money to re-establish him in business. This he invariably declined—always with gratitude—declaring "that the idea of a new obligation sickened him." Appreciating this delicacy of feeling, his persistent friends, several of them uniting, negotiated with a large cotton brokerage in New Orleans, by which they procured for him the situation of clerk in the establishment at a respectable salary, one hundred and fifty dollars per month, free from all responsibility, excepting diligent attention to the daily routine of business. This being accomplished, his friends visited him in his humble lodge, and, in the most graceful manner, laid the proposition before him. He was visibly, deeply affected. His stalwart frame shook, he trembled with emotion; tears—big

"as the first of a thunder shower"

burst from his eyes, as he covered up his face with his brawny hands. When the storm in his breast had subsided, he rose up from his seat, walked to the end of the little porch, tarried there a moment to dry up his tears, when he returned and thus delivered himself: "This

exhibition of weakness will vindicate my gratitude; especially to you, my friends, who have so resolutely persisted in refusing to doubt my integrity. Your gracious intervention in my behalf is to me the best evidence of the stability of human friendship, and you will not conclude from my present mode of life that my fall from fortune has tended in the least to diminish my steadfast belief in the kindliness of humanity. I do not reject your proposition; but it is impossible for me to accept it. I have learned to know myself. I have no energy for business. The regular routine of a week's daily employment would break me down completely; and I should have to endure a new mortification of forfeiting my place and of disappointing your just expectations. I should in the end be driven to crawl back to this shabby retreat, where I have learned to be contented. Here I must remain. My neighbors know, and more than tolerate, me. Here, the men are congenial and the women are kind, motherly, and sisterly. I have a home in every cottage, a ranch in every valley. To me, it is more delightful to chase the deer than to banquet on the venison; to whistle up the turkey, than to feast on its toasted breast. My wants are few, and abundantly supplied. I am happy, here, in this retreat, humble as it is; and it seems to me that it would be the height of folly again to stir up new perplexities and provoke new disappointments by entering upon heavy responsibilities."

At this speech, his friends were not amazed; and they retired from the interview with mingled feelings of pity, admiration, and disgust.

Such was Charley Picher, a Timon, without revenge, resentment, or complaint; a cynic, without

a sneer—greater than Diogenes—for he accepted his tub, not as a portico from which to declaim philosophic themes and rhetorical quibbles, but as a real retreat, loving humanity too well to rail at its vices or to ridicule its frailties.

SIMS & SCOTT.

were among the most enlightened and enterprising of our merchants. They came to Tuskaloosa in 1822, and opened here at once a very extensive mercantile establishment at the corner since known as the "Bee Hive." The main brick building on that corner was erected originally by Sims & Scott, in 1823, and is remembered as having been, for a time, used as a banking house by the Bank of the State of Alabama, which followed the Capital from Cahawba to Tuskaloosa in 1826. Mr. Sims embarked extensively in land purchases, by means of which his fortune rapidly accumulated, so that at the time of his death, which occurred in 1840, he was considered a man of great wealth; besides having brought up a large family of children, whom he educated in the best style. Among his descendants are the children of the Hon. Washington Moody, F. F. Hemphill, Aaron Ready, William C. Bibb, and Mr. Benjamin Tremble. Mr. Sims was a man of large frame, robust in his health, and constantly accustomed to horseback exercise. He knew no fatigue, and would travel day and night if necessary in the prosecution of his business. He built a handsome brick residence about one mile and a half southeast of Tuskaloosa; and his hospitable mansion was the pleasant resort of the young and gay society of the town in the earlier days. Mr. Sims was a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and was earnest in his efforts

to bring the church and its institutions, including its male and female academies, into prosperity. He built the brick house afterward known as the residence of Dr. Leach, and presented it to the Methodist Conference, to be used for an academy, as long as they would agree to keep a school in it. It was known at that day as the "Sims Female Academy;" but as Tuskaloosa was then too small a place to have a school controlled by any particular denomination, this school was too sectarian to be popular. Mr. Sims then proposed to be one of any number of citizens to put up a building for a Tuskaloosa female academy free from all sectarianism. This resulted in the beautiful edifice afterward known as the residence of Professor and Mrs. Stafford, and was called the "Tuskaloosa Female Academy."

Again we see Mr. Sims opening his liberal hand in the cause of female education; and he was energetic in pushing to completion, as a Methodist female academy and boarding school, the large and commodious building lately occupied by Richard McLester as a family residence.

He was born in Caswell County, N. C., in 1783; thence he removed to Elbert County, Ga., where he married Miss Sarah Banks, in 1811. This lady was the sister of Maj. Marion Banks.

DAVID SCOTT

came to Tuskaloosa with Mr. Sims in 1822. These gentlemen were not only copartners in merchandise, but had combined their means also in land speculations. They attended the land sales at Tuskaloosa in 1821. And when the lots of the new city of Tuskaloosa were sold in that year they made many purchases.

It is believed that uniform success crowned all

the enterprises of these energetic men. They continued their mercantile business in Tuskaloosa with uninterrupted prosperity for eight or ten years. When Mr. Scott withdrew from the firm he was considered a man of large fortune. He turned his attention to the manufacture of cotton cloth, and with that view he purchased a water privilege, and established a cotton factory in Bibb County, eight miles southwest of Centreville; there he erected a fine first-class brick factory house, around which soon grew up a handsome little village, named after its founder, Scottville.

This factory was managed by Mr. Scott in person for fifteen or twenty years, when it passed into other hands. A short time before the war, Mr. John McConnell took charge of the establishment, and ran it with success until 1864, when it was destroyed by the Federal troops, in Wilson's raid. The wreck of this fine building presents a gloomy picture to the traveler as he passes the village, now nearly deserted, which used to resound with so many happy voices, from families who drew their daily support from this once flourishing establishment.

Mr. Scott was a man of liberality and public spirit, but without ostentation. He was devoted earnestly to his own business, but was scrupulously shy of interfering with that of any other man.

Mr. Scott was much afflicted in the latter years of his life, having nevertheless reached an advanced age.

JOHN O. CUMMINGS

will be remembered as an intelligent merchant. He was a native of Tennessee and came to Tuskaloosa in 1824.

He was at one time in copartnership with John T. Irby. After the closing up of this firm, he was

associated with Wm. L. Powers, a merchant of Mobile, connected with the celebrated house of St. John, Powers & Co. In all these connections Cummings continued to drive a prosperous business.

At a later date he entered into a copartnership with Charles G. Picher and S. R. Foster, under the name and style of Cummings, Picher & Co. This house met with severe disasters, and failed utterly in 1837.

Upon his failure in Tuskaloosa, John O. Cummings, for a time, lost his cheerfulness, and became gloomy. He removed to Pickens County, where he established himself on a small farm, seemingly with the design of spending his remaining days in the country, free from the toils and perplexities of business. But this was not allowed to be so.

The reputation of John O. Cummings as an enlightened merchant had extended beyond the limits of Tuskaloosa to the adjacent counties; and his business had increased in proportion as his character became known. His friends were numerous and were scattered throughout the surrounding counties. Amongst these were other experienced merchants who, while they appreciated his capacities, had the firmest faith in his integrity. By these he was encouraged to go into active business again; and he was induced to remove to the city of Mobile, where he established himself as a commission merchant in 1839.

He continued, with unflagging industry and the strictest economy, to increase his business, until he was again squarely on his feet, with the fairest prospects of fortune ahead, when he was cut down suddenly in the very prime of life, and in the midst of usefulness.

John O. Cummings fell a victim to yellow fever
'Mobile in 1856. At the time he received intel-
;ence that the fever had broken out violently in
obile he was at North Port, and was the guest of
r. Richard McLester, who earnestly entreated
m not to go to Mobile until the fever had abated.
ıt Mr. Cummings' wife and children were in Mo-
le, and no persuasions could restrain him. He
as seized with the disease a few hours after his
turn, and died, leaving a large family to mourn
s loss. His death created a profound sensation
roughout the mercantile circles of the State.

At the time of his death his house was first
ass in standing and prosperity. I am informed
' one who is well posted that he left a handsome
tate, not large, but unembarrassed. His oldest
n, John O. Cummings, Jr., was then a member
the firm, and by him the business of the house
as continued.

Mrs. Cummings was an elegant and accom-
ished woman; and during their residence in Tus-
ıloosa was a recognized favorite, if not a leader,
the gay circles of our young society.

John O. Cummings was a man of the noblest
ıpulses. He was noted for his benevolence and
ıarity. In manners he was open, bold, frank, san-
ıine, and sincere. His hilarity, in his younger
ıys, would often stir up the slumbering village,
r his laugh, which was sometimes immoderate,
as so loud and unrestrained as to communicate
self from soul to soul, simply by the sympathies
' sound, from one end to the other of the little
wn. "Listen to John O. Cummings," is a well-
membered phrase, while the speaker would in-
oluntarily join in the laughing chorus, although
ohn O. might not have been within three hun-
·ed yards of him at the time.

HENRY A. SNOW

came to Tuskaloosa in 1822 and commenced business. The style of his house was Henry A. Snow & Co. Zabdial B. Snow, it is believed, was a member of the firm. The two were long in business together in the same house. Their location was on the Maxwell block. Here these industrious young men began their career of success, and soon placed themselves in the front rank of our merchants. They were natives of Massachusetts and had been trained up in mercantile pursuits, and were well skilled in all the branches of commercial life. Their diligence commanded public attention, and their systematic habits secured the confidence of their customers. In fact, they were patterns for imitation, not only as merchants, but as citizens.

Henry A. Snow was born in 1798. On account of delicate health, he sought a southern clime and settled in Georgia. At Savannah, before he was of age, he embarked in business; and thence removed to St. Stevens, Ala., thence to Tuskaloosa, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

Henry A. Snow had the appearance more of a man of literature than of a merchant; he was of a delicate frame, with a meditative face of highly intellectual cast; a demeanor of abstraction, as if musing; and his turn seemed rather melancholic, especially as he walked to and from his storehouse; yet in his counting-room, when not engaged in the regular routine of his professional business, he exhibited the utmost cheerfulness; his spirits were congenial, and his habits eminently social. I think it was one of Mr. Snow's peculiarities never to tarry on the streets; he abhorred

every appearance of idleness; in fact, he was out of place when not at his working post.

This is my recollection of Mr. Snow when he was a young man; and I learn from an obituary notice of him, published in 1864, soon after his death, that—

"It was his habit to keep a daily journal of passing events, and we venture to affirm that it will be found a record replete with information touching the growth and progress of Tuskaloosa; all of which, with Virgil, he might say, he saw, and in a great part of which he was chief actor."

The same writer adds:

"Nor was his knowledge merely professional. He was a man of ripe judgment, of thought and reflection, of cultivated mind, of varied reading, of general information, as a merchant prince ought to be. As a business man, he was an accomplished merchant, in the higher sense of the term; accomplished not only in the practice but in the theory of his profession; and he would have been so regarded had Providence cast his lot in the great marts of commerce."

Henry A. Snow was deeply interested in the growth and prosperity of Tuskaloosa. He engaged earnestly in all the enterprises which looked to the future developments of the resources of our community. His forecast was wise, and his financial capacities were of the first order.

Mr. Snow's generosity towards his mercantile friends in embarrassed or failing circumstances is well known; it formed one of the most charming features of his character.

Henry A. Snow, though meeting with many reverses, was, in the main, successful. With but a moderate beginning, his business yielded him a

liberal support, while he brought up a family of children, to whom he gave the best educational advantages.

Henry A. Snow has a fair representative in his son, Edward Snow, who is now one of the most energetic and enlightened merchants of Tuskaloosa.

In the way of city improvements, Henry A. Snow purchased a beautiful block of lots on Greensboro street, on which a comfortable and commodious cottage had been built previously by Wm. H. Bliss. To this Mr. Snow made such additions as the economical conveniences of his growing family demanded. He also built two large brick storehouses on Main street. Besides this, he contributed to every scheme of putting up public buildings for the uses of schools, academies, and churches.

Henry A. Snow was a leader in all his business transactions. A peculiarity, which should not be forgotten, is that the name of his business house, from the first to last, was "Henry A. Snow & Co." It was under this name that he began business in Georgia, and under this name he moved throughout his entire mercantile life.

In politics Mr. Snow was a Whig, but never a brawler; in religion he was an Episcopalian, the most devoted and earnest. "Of Christ's church, in Tuskaloosa, he was one of the founders, and a most liberal benefactor; giving to it largely, not only of his means but of his service. There have been times in its history when its only earthly hope seemed to rest upon him." But Mr. Snow's liberality was not confined to his church. He was ever the friend of the poor, and his charities were dispensed with a hand that acknowledged no sectarian restraints.

His character combined the fortitude of a man with the gentleness of a child; he asserted his opinions with enlightened dignity, and yielded to reason with a promptness unrestrained. Thus, possessing the qualities that most adorn a gentleman, and the virtues which give tone and shape to a Christian demeanor, Mr. Snow passed through life in the most graceful manner; the charm of the family circle, a guide to the younger members of his profession, and an example for the virtuous to imitate and admire.

ZABDIAL B. SNOW

was a younger brother. He, too, up to the time of his death had been closely identified with the interests of Tuskaloosa, and had divided with his brother, to a full share, the respect and confidence of the community. He was, perhaps, more of a popular favorite, especially with the younger members of society, for he seemed somewhat different from his brother, having in his character a rich vein of vivacity, and a good share of the qualities of merriment, with the most obliging disposition to amuse and to delight. He entered with a genuine love of fun into the lighter amusements of village life, and was a captivating leader in all the gay circles. His name recalls vividly the Thespian societies, for which our village was at one time quite famous. In such characters as "Monsieur Tonson," Zabdial B. Snow was a great success. Yet all this gayety was accompanied with a manliness of deportment which indicated the perfect gentleman and which commanded the undivided respect of the community in which he moved.

Z. B. Snow was cut down suddenly, in the prime of life, on the 23d of October, 1839. The public

demonstration which followed the mournful event evinces the profound sorrow which pervaded the community. A public meeting was called, over which Governor Bagby presided. The chairman paid an eloquent tribute to the deceased, and the meeting passed appropriate resolutions.

In was said in an editorial in the *Flag of the Union* of that day that—

"Tuskaloosa could not mourn the loss of a more valued and useful citizen than Z. B. Snow, who had resided in this place twenty years, and become synonymous with every duty and ennobling act of a good, virtuous, enterprising, and munificent citizen."

GEORGE MORGAN,

a native of Tennessee, who had settled for a time in Huntsville, came to Tuskaloosa in 1820. He was a man of energy, well fitted for the life of a pioneer merchant. He built a one-story frame store near or upon the spot where the brick storehouse of the late Daniel Clark is now located.

It was in this house that I first remember to have seen the sprightly and brilliant young man, John Tyler Irby, to whom I have heretofore referred. Irby was a clerk in the establishment, and was brother to Mr. Morgan's wife. He was connected by blood with the Tylers of Virginia. He has the credit of having established the *first book-store* in Tuskaloosa. This was begun as a branch of Mr. Morgan's business, and was continued afterward under Mr. Irby's own name, as I learn from an advertisement in the *Mirror* of 1824.

George Morgan was father to John T. Morgan, the distinguished Senator from Alabama.

Before the war,

JOHN T. MORGAN

had acquired a fair reputation at the bar for a man of his age. He had developed marked abilities as an ingenious advocate, with a good fund of political information, and had exhibited the readiest traits of a successful debater. This secured him a seat in the convention of 1861. In this convention the writer had the first opportunity of noting the intellectual characteristics of Mr. Morgan. He was an earnest and open advocate of the secession of the State, and supported every important proposition leading to that end. He spoke frequently on the most engrossing subjects. His speeches were marked with great clearness and distinctness of idea. His manner was graceful, bold, and at times captivating. His voice was clear, and his enunciation emphatic, while his demeanor as a speaker was agreeable and impressive.

There is not the slightest effort in Mr. Mogan's speeches at literary or rhetorical display, but straightforward expression of idea in good old Saxon. Whether this characteristic is from choice, or a natural freedom from the dangerous allurements of the imagination, I do not know. But a little of the ornate tastefully applied to the well-arranged logic of a speaker sometimes heightens the effect.

Mr. Morgan stood in the front rank of the intellectual members of the convention. Several of his speeches are reported at length in "Smith's Debates," and will be read with pleasure and profit now, long since the excitements that gave occasion to them have passed away.

When the war came, as the inevitable result of

his own policies, Mr. Morgan, true to his principles, entered the military service of the Confederacy as a private, but was soon promoted to the rank of major, and finally to that of brigadier-general.

After the war General Morgan devoted his time exclusively to the practice of law, with success. On the subject of politics he had the candor to admit that *secession* was a great mistake; while he accepted the situation with a manly sincerity that does honor to his character.

John T. Morgan stands in the front rank of United States Senators. As a constitutional lawyer, he is without a superior. As a statesman, he cares more for duty than for fame. He is something better than the dry-nurse of genius. Instead of hiding himself in seclusion, and devoting his time and strength to the manufacture of set orations, elaborated with such finish as might possibly take the world by storm, he holds himself ready, on all occasions, to grapple the important questions of state as they arise. Hence he has been subject to the canting criticism of speaking too often. But the fact that he is always ready, in his off-hand way, to meet emergencies, is the best evidence that he has more regard for the people's interest than he has for his own fame as an orator. As a Senator, watchful and competent, he stands to-day without a peer.

THE EARLY BUILDERS.

It seems, at first view, a small business to trouble one's self with trying to find the name of the man who built the first shanty or cabin in Tuskaloosa. But great historians have perplexed themselves in searching the name of that one of Dido's followers who first stuck spade into Carthaginian soil. Livy and Tacitus sought in vain for the name of the man who laid the first brick in Rome. Who excavated the earth for the foundation of Babylon? The architect, as a general rule, is lost in history; it is the destroyer that is most apt to survive.

> "The aspiring youth that fired th' Ephesian dome
> Outlives, in fame, the pious fool that reared it."

In a hundred years from to-day, when half a million of people shall swarm in the busy vicinity of the falls of the Black Warrior River, it will still be an idle question, *Who built the first shanty in the city of Tuskaloosa?*

Manly Files and William Strong are candidates for this honor; but all that can be satisfactorily known as to their claim is that they were *among* the first settlers here.

Manly Files was a stock-raiser, and supplied the town for many years with beef. He left a large number of highly respectable descendants, amongst whom was his son, David Files, a lawyer by education, and for a long time clerk of the United States district court at Mobile. Thos. F. and C. E. Rice, the thriving merchants of North Port, are amongst the descendants of Manly Files.

William Strong was engaged in those early days in stock-raising. He was a sturdy pioneer; and finally settled on Byler's road, thirty miles above Tuskaloosa, where he brought up a large family and accumulated considerable property.

I have satisfactory information that

THOMAS LOVEL

built the first hewed log house in Tuskaloosa; it was used by him as a tavern, and afterwards occupied by Cox & Hogan as a storehouse; the location being not far from the Washington Hall corner, which was about the center of the village.

Every house has its romance. The meditative traveler, when passing a dilapidated cabin on the wayside in the country, can not fail to feel suggestions running involuntarily through his mind, touching the by-gone humanities of the humble and deserted habitation. Love is the same in high and low places. In that cottage hearts yearned for each other and ran together. There the prattling babe excited the liveliest solicitude of its peasant parents; there are the remains of the path sloping to the spring, on which its little frame tottered with a gourd or a piggin. There is the decayed shelter where the pony mangered; there is the lot where the calf browsed; there is the gate, unhinged, which opened into the cowyard; and there is the stump on which rested, many a time, the industrious dame's milk-bucket.

Every house has its romance. In the primitive days of Tuskaloosa, men who laid the foundations of great fortunes, and women who gave life and gayety to the rising town, lived in log cabins—lived contented and happy until by degrees the habitation could be enlarged, when additional room should be demanded by the necessities of the growing family.

There are two log cabins of the earlier of those built in the town yet standing. One is on the southwest corner of the square on which Captain Jemi-

son's "Oak City Hotel" is now located, directly north of the Episcopal church. This cabin was built by Robert Ware, a butcher. The house was afterward planked over, and had the appearance of a frame cottage. It becomes somewhat dignified from the fact that it was at one time occupied as private office and sleeping apartment by the notorious Wm. M. Price, who has left lasting recollections with several of the present citizens of Tuskaloosa—and more particularly, it is believed, with our good friend, Capt. William H. Jemison, who happens just now [1873] to have control over this building. To explain this hint it is only necessary to say that Captain Jemison was one of Mr. Price's pupils. It was in this house, probably, that Mr. Price wrote his singular advertisements, announcing his school, in the newspapers, as the "THRASHING MACHINE," soliciting patronage from the parents of the "devil's unaccountables," and professing that he could tame the most incorrigible —but I must pass his name for the present, as I have him chronicled for a special chapter.

The other log house to which I refer as yet standing was built by John Click. It now forms one of the rooms in the handsome cottage immediately west of Mr. James H. Fitts' residence, on Main street. This house is now the property of Mr. J. N. Craddock, and his present residence. It was occupied, after Mr. Click left it, by Gilbert Saltonstall, a merchant, and was for many years the residence of Dr. Doric S. Ball.

HENRY T. ANTHONY

built the first frame house in Tuskaloosa. The lumber was brought on boats from St. Stevens. At that time there was no saw-mill in this part of the

State. This house was of a single room and a single story, and is yet standing, having grown from its original small dimensions into two stories; it forms the front lower room of the building known as the "Hullum House," nearly opposite the Episcopal church (southwest).

The second frame house was built by Col. Wm. R. Colgin. The lumber of this house was also brought on boats from St. Stevens. This house was a one-story, steep-roof building, with dormer windows, and was afterward improved by a two-story edifice, added by Maj. Constantine Perkins. This house was familiarly known as "Castle Dangerous."

Henry T. Anthony has the credit, also, of having built the first grist-mill in the vicinity of Tuskaloosa; not only did he do the wood-work, but he pecked, with his own hands, out of one of the quarries on the Warrior River, the mill rocks. This mill was situated two miles south of Tuskaloosa, about two hundred yards east of the present residence of Mr. Daniel Cribbs, and was afterward called "Eddin's Mill." The old mill has long since been torn down and the waters of the creek diverted by a race, upon which is at present located Cribb's flouring mill.

Thus we see that this hardy pioneer, Henry T. Anthony, was a public benefactor. He was a native of Henry County, in the State of Virginia, and came to Tuskaloosa in 1818. His habits of industry, his integrity, and usefulness made him extremely popular, and he was elected clerk of the county court at the first election after the adoption of the State constitution.

Mr. Anthony embraced the "New Town" cause, and built there a handsome two-story frame, in

which he resided up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1861, at the advanced age of eighty-two years.

He was the father of Dr. William L. Anthony, whose gentle drolleries are fresh in the minds of the older citizens of Tuskaloosa.

The *first brick house* erected in Tuskaloosa was of one story, and was located on the spot where now [1873] stands the furniture store of Mr. Penn Lynch. When I first knew this house (in 1823) it was occupied by old Tommy Potts, who kept in it a small lot of trumpery and light groceries for sale; it was then universally known by the aristocratic cognomen of the "Brick Store."

The *second brick house* of Tuskaloosa was built by Dr. James Guild, in 1822, and the third by Ed. F. Comegys during the same year. These houses are yet standing, but are now overshadowed by more imposing structures adjacent.

BONIFACE AND THE BANKS.

The reign of Boniface was an era in Tuskaloosa. There was a time when our hotel-keepers held the keys of the money chests of the State. The fact is worth commemorating, as a part of the history of Alabama banking; it affords a signal illustration of the science of legislative log-rolling, and shows the potency of a well-flavored saucepan.

In the number of the *Chronicle* before me (1827) I find the following curious and significant card:

"It is no less a pleasure, than we feel it a duty we owe to our friend *Col.* Chas. Lewin, to return him our most sincere thanks for his kindness and

attention in giving a most sumptuous dinner on Sunday last (25th ult.), to which he invited many of our colleagues and friends in the participation. It was an entirely *gratuitous* act in *Major* Lewin, done only to *afford satisfaction* and *pleasure* to those whom he *can acknowledge as friends*—and we hope, sincerely, that all the *success desirable* may attend him, which his unremitted endeavors to please so fully entitle him.

"SEVERAL MEMBERS."

I have a particular use for this card just now, as it opens a subject peculiarly in the line of my reflections, while it recalls the name of one of the earlier and most industrious of our pioneer citizens.

Major Lewin came to Tuskaloosa about 1818, perhaps earlier. He lived a while in Old Town, but cast his fortunes finally in New Town, where he built a fine brick hotel, and was smart enough to run it successfully for many years, long after the village had gone into general dilapidation.

He was industrious and active himself, and had a family equally so. His wife was skillful in the culinary department. Relying often on herself alone, she could prepare a breakfast quicker and better than any woman of her day. She was not above her calling, and was proud of the fame she had acquired as a queen of the kitchen.

It will be seen by the card above, taken from the *Chronicle*, that Major Lewin had the good fortune to please his patrons. Large numbers of the members of the legislature found accommodations at his house, attracted by the reputation for good cooking and attentive service.

The Bank of the State of Alabama, originally established in 1824, located at Cahawba, then the seat of government, was removed to Tuskaloosa, following hither the State Capital. According to the provisions of its charter, the directors of the bank were annually elected by the joint vote of the senate and house of representatives; and great was the struggle every winter amongst the numerous aspirants for those places.

Maj. Charles Lewin, in casting about for additional attractions whereby to induce wayfarers to seek entertainment at his hotel, became a candidate for bank director.

Now, with the hints in this little card, the reader will have but little difficulty in discovering that Major Lewin was actually engaged in electioneering and that the success he had already achieved was by no means contemptible. Who the *several members* were, it would be fruitless to inquire. This card is a very artful and delicate feeler. Major Lewin had secured the favor of his own boarders, and thus armed he was ready for the conflict.

There were 133 members of the legislature; these were scattered among five hotels; it is fair to suppose that Major Lewin had about one-fourth, suppose we say thirty. Now, without any regular caucus to ascertain the inclination of his own force, Major Lewin could readily count his men; but without being tedious, it is only necessary to say that he fed high and was, of course, elected.

The Major had not overestimated the importance of this promotion. The news went abroad through the adjacent counties that Lewin was a *bank director*. Be it known that, at the time of which I now speak, there were vast numbers of people ar-

riving at Tuskaloosa, seeking loans at the State Bank. These, of course, crowded toward Lewin's hotel! and for awhile the rival establishments were completely overshadowed by this more lucky and tricky old Boniface.

Lewin had his day of triumph and profit. But this monopoly was not to last. The Major's rivals comprehended the situation and were thoroughly aroused to the necessity of averting the calamity; so that at the next session of the legislature, or at least within a very few years, *every hotel-keeper in Tuskaloosa got to be a bank director*, and controlled with absolute and imperious sway the actions of the board, and the destinies of the Bank of the State of Alabama.

Let us look at these personages, and cast about for the results. Charles Lewin was a short, bulky man, hardly of the medium height—but fat, jolly and ponderous, weighing, perhaps, 200 pounds. He was genial and clever, how else could he have been elected a bank director? And how could he refuse to discount in bank the note of one of his guests, and then have the hardihood to charge him five dollars for a night's entertainment?

Matthew Duffee, in figure, was the exact opposite of Lewin, but made up in height (six feet and some inches) what he lacked in bulk. He, too, was genial, clever, and Irish; how could he refuse to aid his guests in securing the favorable action of the board on a short accommodation for two or three thousand dollars?

Charles S. Patterson, in shape and figure, was a perfect specimen of his craft; something over the medium height, and considerably elongated crossways; really one of the best of men, how could he refuse?

And William Clare, never to be forgotten for the generosity of his disposition, and the genial overflow of his native good-fellowship, how could he refuse ?

Then there was Thomas R. Bolling, a fine young Virginia gentleman, shouldering, with alacrity, the hospitalities and pride of the Old Dominion ; how could he fail in his duty to take care of the aristocracy ?

And last, but not *least*, there was Col. Peter Donaldson ; he brought three hundred pounds of solid flesh and blood to swell this vast culinary sanhedrim, elected and impaneled to scatter to the winds of heaven the money of the people.

At the time of which I now speak John L. Tindall was president of the State Bank, and in the management of that institution exhibited the finest traits of an accomplished financier. He was a man of quiet humor and prolific wit ; a word from him would sometimes convulse a crowd. The following is one of his many hits :

The money seekers who came to Tuskaloosa to borrow from the bank were in the habit of making fair weather with their hosts, and on discount days each hotel-keeper would earnestly press the claims of his particular guests for favors. It happened, on one occasion, that toward the close of the meeting of the board, when a large number of notes had been discounted (every one having had the earnest support of some of the hotel-keepers), that a note turned up for a moderate accommodation asked by some person who had no friend to advocate the loan. Not a Boniface raised his voice in favor of the disconsolate stranger. The suspicious waif passed around the board, from hand to hand, and was about to be marked *rejected*, when Tin-

dall, looking quizzically upon the sentinels of the treasury, from the president's chair, quietly remarked: "This man must have *camped out* last night."

This was a heavy thrust at Boniface, and had its effect in bringing into universal ridicule that pestiferous system of money-lending by which a log-rolling legislature had placed the people's money under the control of a particular class of men, who (with perhaps little reflection) used their positions to advance the popularity of their establishments.

The historian who searches for the secret causes of the utter annihilation of the banks, and the failure of the banking system of the State of Alabama, need hardly inquire outside of this simple but truthful chapter.

THE MEDICAL FRATERNITY.

In 1821 the medical faculty of Tuskaloosa consisted of Drs. William Purris, Thomas Hunter, James Isbel, Robert L. Kennon, John L. Tindal, Samuel M. Meek, Nicholas Perkins, William and John Owen.

I am advised that only one of these physicians had ever attended medical lectures. Nevertheless, several of them were good practitioners.

Among the most interesting and distinguished of these physicians was

DR. ROBERT L. KENNON.

But he was more devoted to the pulpit than to the practice of medicine. It is said by one of his professional brothers that he did not like the practice; nevertheless, he had a good share of business,

notwithstanding the fact that he frequently neglected his patients in the enthusiasm with which he endeavored to spread the Gospel. Dr. Guild says of him, in summing up his character, "that he was truly a great and good man." This is high praise, coming from such a source.

Dr. Kennon was admired as a pulpit orator. He had a commanding manner, and was at times eloquent. The Methodists had the greatest admiration for him, and flocked eagerly to hear him whenever he preached.

He was the pride and ornament of the church in Tuskaloosa. As a lasting memorial to his memory a marble slab, reciting his virtues, is placed permanently in the wall inside of the Methodist church in this city, near the pulpit, from which his eloquent voice had so often sounded the triumphs of his faith.

DR. JOHN R. DRISH

came to Tuskaloosa in 1822. He was not long in getting into a fine practice. He was able and successful, and commanded a very extensive business. His repute was such as to make his presence at the sick bed eagerly sought from the farthest corner of the county, and even from other counties. It is said by his professional friends who knew him well that he seldom opened a medical book. His popularity as a practitioner with the people was kept alive by his unmistakable successes, which were attributable more to his strength of native intellect than to his scientific knowledge.

Dr. Drish never lost his high popularity as a physician, but withdrew from the practice voluntarily and almost forcibly, to the great regret of his friends.

Dr. Drish was several times elected to the State legislature, and was considered a man of fine sense, and patriotically devoted to the public interest. In the community he had many friends and many enemies. As a citizen his popularity decayed in proportion as he grew rich, and covetousness was charged upon him as one of his sins; but the world is not always right or just in its judgment of men.

Dr. Drish was a man of sorrows. He encountered great family afflictions; and in the latter part of his life he was retired in his habits and of sad aud melancholy appearance. He had accumulated a vast fortune. Before the war he estimated his property at nearly half a million. He died in 1869, in the seventy-first year of his age; and, to the astonishment of all persons, his estate proved to be insolvent—such had been the ravages of war.

In the way of city improvements Dr. Drish deserves to be remembered. He built a beautiful house on the eastern margin of the city, known now as the Methodist Female College, in which he resided for many years. He afterward built a more splendid mansion at the edge of the corporation, on the Greensboro road.

In his habits Dr. Drish was energetic and untiring. His business was diversified, and his pursuits ran in many channels. He invested extensively in lands and negroes, but was not exclusively a farmer. Many of his slaves were first-rate mechanics—masons, carpenters, plasterers, and blacksmiths. He had liberal and enlightened views on the subject of internal improvements, and invested largely—to the extent of thirty thousand dollars—in the N. E. & S. W. R. R. He also, with others, made some vigorous efforts to build up a cotton-mill in Tuskaloosa; but this establishment

languished until it fell into the hands of more practical men, whose experience and personal attention made it a success.

In appearance, when a young man, Dr. Drish was fine looking, with a handsome face and graceful figure. His manner in society was at once bold and deferential; but in the practice of medicine his will was indomitable. There his positiveness amounted to austerity.

On the street he was always pleasant. In his manner of greeting a friend he was extremely cordial, and nobody, while grasping his hand, could have had the faintest idea of the amount of ice that lay beneath the summer surface of his bland and genial smiles.

DR. SAMUEL M. MEEK

had commenced public life as a minister of the Gospel in the Methodist Church in Columbia, S. C. He was at one time stationed in the city of Charleston, where he preached for two or three years and acquired reputation. Again we find him at Columbia, in the same occupation. There he began the practice of medicine. I am informed by one who knew him well in his early manhood, when he devoted his time exclusively to the ministry, that he was an impressive and eloquent speaker; was extremely popular, as such, with his conference, and was recognized as one of the most powerful of the young ministers. His church had the hignest respect for him.

He had a drug-store here—quite extensive for that time—and probably his was the first regular attempt to establish a drug-store in Tuskaloosa. This he kept up during his life, perhaps depending on its profits mainly for the support of his family.

Dr. Meek never reached a very eminent stand as a practicing physician, but had a good share of business. Like his distinguished compeer, Dr. Kennon, he was very much devoted to the church, and when bent on a sermon he might have been a little remiss in pushing his fortunes as a practitioner of medicine. He made the treatment of female diseases a specialty, and in this particular branch of the profession he acquired reputation.

It may be remarked that at that early day the Methodist Church was all-powerful. Half of the medical faculty of Tuskaloosa were regular ministers of the Gospel in that church.

There was at one time quite a fierce controversy between Drs. Meek and Kennon on the subject of "Free Masonry," carried on to some extent through the newspapers, Dr. Kennon taking the side of fraternity and Dr. Meek opposing it.

The leading ambition of Dr. Meek's life was to educate his children. His sons were graduates of the University of Alabama; and it was the happiness of the father to live to see the rising distinction of his eldest son, the late lamented Alexander B. Meek. To have been the father of such a son ought to preserve the memory of any man.

The mention of this latter fact recalls an Eastern custom, the very reverse of ours. When a man becomes distinguished in China, genealogy busies itself in hunting up his remotest ancestor: his fame reflects backwards on the ages that are gone, and the graves of his sires are illumined in their grim antiquity by the light of the son's renown. Here, with us, the veriest dolt may rejoice in the accident of having had a distinguished ancestor, and placidly repose in the shadow of the historic or traditionary fame of an illustrious father.

Col. Samuel M. Meek, of Columbus. Miss., a leading lawyer, and Prof. B. F. Meek, of the University of Alabama, are the only surviving sons of the late Dr. Samuel M. Meek. They are each justly regarded as worthy of the father and the brother; and in their respective walks of life have acquired distinguished reputations.

Dr. Samuel M. Meek was universally esteemed for his energy of habit and integrity of character. With all his hurry and brusqueness of manner, he had ever a soft word for the poor, and expressions of sympathy and consolation for the unfortunate.

In the way of city improvements, he built a handsome two-story frame house, in which he resided up to the time of his death, and was the projector of one or more brick store-houses on Main street.

DRS. JOHN AND WILLIAM OWEN,

brothers, were amongst the earliest settlers. They were members of the medical fraternity, but were more devoted to the church than to medicine. Dr. John Owen was engaged for a time in the practice of medicine, but he seemed to make little progress in the profession. being too much engrossed in other pursuits. He was a regular ordained minister of the Methodist Church, but did not belong to the conference. He preached for the pleasure it gave him and the good he achieved, seldom leaving the town of Tuskaloosa in that or any other pursuit. He was devoted to the education of his children, and spared no pains to give them every accomplishment within reach.

His eldest son, Dr. Joseph R. N. Owen, embraced the medical profession, and is now one of the most

distinguished of the physicians of California. He is a man of a very high order of genius, and will be hereafter noticed in these sketches at a more appropriate period.

In 1823 Tuskaloosa was visited with sickness amounting almost to a plague. In the fall of that year väst numbers of the citizens were hurried to their graves by a fever of unusual and malignant type. About that time Dr. Mitchell came to Tuskaloosa from North Carolina, with a high reputation as a physician, and settled in New Town. He was a dashing man of assuming and autocratic air, and soon engrossed a large share of practice; but whether his reputation was deserved or not, his short stay here did not give the public an opportunity to judge. Nevertheless, he seemed to have enjoyed the respect of his professional brothers. He remained here but one or two seasons and returned to his native State.

DR. RICHARD INGE

belonged to the medical faculty of Tuskaloosa. He was one of that very distinguished family which took rise in Tuskaloosa. He was the eldest son of Richard Inge, Sr., who was a native of North Carolina. John Inge, the second son, a promising young lawyer, died at an early age in Tuskaloosa just as his genius was about bringing him distinction. Maj. FRANK INGE was the third son. He at one time resided in Tuskaloosa, and was the father of the Hon. Samuel W. Inge, who twice represented the district in Congress, and whose legal and political career was marked with fine ability. Col. Wm. M. Inge was the fourth son. He represented one of the districts of the State of Tennessee in Congress; and afterwards became a citizen of

Alabama and represented Sumter County in our State legislature. The fifth son, ROBERT S. INGE, was gifted above all his brothers with rare intellectual endowments cultivated unto fine scholarship, with a large fund of literary information, and abundance of mirth-moving wit and humor. He wrote prose and poetry with grace and facility, and has left some few articles in the *Southron*. The sixth and youngest son of the venerable Richard Inge was MONTGOMERY PIKE INGE, who was a graduate of the West Point Military Academy; and was killed at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, at the head of his platoon, in Captain May's celebrated charge. The memory of this gallant young soldier deserves to be perpetuated He was the only officer who fell in that desperate charge; and was represented by Captain May in his report as "gallantly leading his platoon when he fell."

The citizens of Tuskaloosa, where Lieut. Inge had spent his youth and early manhood, received the sad news of his fall with the most profound emotions of sorrow. I take the following from the Baltimore *Patriot* as a fair specimen of the manner in which the press noticed his death:

"Lieut. ZEBULON INGE, of the Second Dragoons, who fell in the charge which was led by the gallant May against the Mexican artillery at Resaca de la Palma, was a native of Alabama. He was a young officer of great promise, as well for his fine scientific attainments in all things pertaining to the military art, as from the intrepidity of spirit which knew no fear, nor shrinked from any task that duty pointed to. From the time he completed his military education at West Point, up to the time at which he gallantly met a soldier's

death on the field of Resaca de la Palma, he had been on unremitting duty with his regiment. He joined the regiment while it was in the swamps of Florida, where he soon displayed those qualities of heart and mind which commanded the respect of the men and the love of his associates. At the close of that war, when his regiment was ordered to the Southwestern frontier, he made his march to Fort Jessup with it, where his life was varied from the duties of the field to those of the garrison for a short interval. While on duty at Fort Jessup he married the daughter of a distinguished citizen of this State.

"Not long was he permitted either the comparative comforts of a frontier garrison life, or the refined enjoyments of a wedded love. Duty called him to Texas in defense of his country's rights. There he poured out his life in a cause hallowed by the blood of freemen. When the order was given to take the enemy's battery, close by the side of his captain, he cheered his troops on to victory, but lived not to witness their triumph. He sleeps under the sod of Texas, near the margin of the Rio Grande, while his spirit has soared to the companionship of the brave and good in the eternal world. This small tribute is from one who knew him well, and knew him but to love."

Amongst our physicians,

DR. JAMES GUILD, SR.,

stands most prominent. He was a native of Tennessee, and came to Tuskaloosa in 1821. Here, in the early settlement, he found a medical faculty consisting of several good practitioners, but only one of whom had ever attended collegiate lectures. He entered at once, at a very early age, industri-

ously into the practice; and, as he says himself, the first six or eight years of his professional life was a hard struggle for an honorable subsistence. His habits of life, however, and his strict attention to business brought him finally into the front rank of the profession, and for sixty years he occupied a place of undisputed pre-eminence as a learned and scientific physician.

Dr. Guild was thoroughly identified with the rise and growth of the city; and though beginning life with moderate means, he had such eminent success as a practitioner as enabled him to rear and educate a large family of children; to all of whom he gave the very best opportunities afforded by the schools and colleges.

Dr. Guild was exclusively devoted to his profession and seldom turned aside from the daily routine of his practice. He invested his means as they increased gradually in land and slaves until, before the war, his property had accumulated into a handsome competency, notwithstanding the heavy drain upon it for educational purposes.

As an exception to this exclusive attention to his profession, Dr. Guild was induced twice to represent the county in the State legislature. In 1833 he was elected to the senate, and in 1845 he served one term in the house of representatives. This mingling in politics was not suited to his tastes, and was never a matter of his desire. There were times, however, when his party—the Democratic—found it necessary, in order to be successful, to select its candidate with a view to popular favor; and Dr. Guild's uniform popularity pointed him out, on the two occasions referred to, as the man most certainly able to carry the elections. He was literally forced into the political arena—entering it with reluctance and quitting it with alacrity.

Dr. Guild's popularity as a physician was such as to cause him frequently to be summoned to the remotest corners of the county, and often to the adjacent counties. In cases of urgency, such were his charitable inclinations, he seldom failed to go.

His mode of travel was horseback—he seemed perfectly at home in the saddle. In fact, I do not remember to have ever seen Dr. Guild in a vehicle of any kind, except, perhaps, in a family carriage, enjoying an evening ride. His horses were ever of the finest stock and good walkers. Even at the age of eighty years, he rode with all the ease and grace of a youthful Parthian.

As a notable instance of Dr. Guild's benevolence and charity in his practice, a little fact came into the knowledge of the writer recently, touching one of the doctor's visits to an adjacent county, whence he had been called to amputate a leg. The parties were not rich, and suffered considerable anxiety touching the amount of fee that they expected to have to pay so eminent a physician, summoned to ride a distance of forty miles. But the money had been gathered together to a liberal amount, and still there was some apprehension that there would not be enough. However, to the great relief of the parties interested, when asked the price of his visit, the amount named by the doctor was not half as much as had been provided for the purpose.

Dr. Guild married, in early life, a daughter of the late Marmaduke Williams. Amongst his many worthy children there is one especially deserving appropriate mention here, from the exalted position to which he was called during the late war.

DR. LAFAYETTE GUILD

had attained such eminence in his profession, at an early age, too, as to authorize General Lee to invite him to a place upon his staff, as his medical adviser. In this capacity, serving near the person of that illustrious chief, Dr. LaFayette Guild shared the perils, while reaping little of the glories, of the war. But in the history of General Lee's marvelous campaigns, his chief medical adviser will appear conspicuous on the rolls of renown; and thus the name of a native Tuskaloosan will adorn the annals of a time made luminous by swords and rifles flashing in the glare of blazing magazines.

Dr. James Guild, Sr., died in 1886.

DR. JAMES HULLUM

settled in Tuskaloosa as a practicing physician in 1824, and stands next, in the "order of his coming," to Dr. James Guild. He was young and handsome; distinguished by the uniform neatness of his attire, the propriety of his earlier demeanor, and the general regularity of his habits. Without any peculiar dash of manner, he was a great favorite in society, and soon became extremely popular as a physician.

There is a tradition of disappointment in a love affair connected with the history of Dr. Hullum, in which he is represented to have had at one time a fair hope of winning a very lovely girl who had inspired him with tender emotions, but a more successful rival carried off the prize, and from that time a deep and stubborn melancholy took possession of this elegant young man, and he gradually withdrew from the society of females. He was

naturally of gloomy disposition. His face indicated this. He had deep passions and strong prejudices. This was developed in the lively interest he took in political affairs. He was a very fierce assailant of Seth Barton, and entered vigorously upon efforts to defeat him for Congress. He was a Whig, and one of the most steady and stubborn of his party, and remained so up to the time of his death.

As a physician he stood high, both in the community and with the medical faculty. His practice was large, and a great part of it was of a sort that yielded him but little compensation. He attended on the poorest families, often without the remotest prospect of remuneration.

In the latter part of his life Dr. Hullum was afflicted with paralysis. He abandoned the practice of medicine and retired to a handsome farm in the vicinity of Tuskaloosa, where he spent the last years of his life in comparative seclusion. But even in this retirement his house was open to his numerous friends, and was frequently the scene of the liveliest and most agreeable social reunions. Dr. Hullum was noted for his liberality, charity, and hospitality, and died greatly regretted by those who knew him most intimately.

He had accumulated from his practice a handsome competency, but his estate went to decay, and, eventually, proved to be insolvent. He died in 1869.

About the same time with Dr. Hullum came

DR. DORIC S. BALL.

He was a nephew of William Toxey, at that time one of our leading merchants. Dr. Ball was well educated, and took his place in society as one of

the most accomplished young men of the day. With his literary information he had a commendable ambition, and he was not backward in his claims as a leader of fashion. His appearance was fascinating, especially to young persons, and he was not long in exciting a lively interest among the ladies. He married Miss Harriet Jemison, a lady of fortune, then one of the reigning belles of Tuskaloosa, and this circumstance, perhaps, made him a little careless of his practice as a physician. He devoted himself more to the ease and comforts of domestic life and to the charms of the gay circles than to the more laborious routine of professional life; consequently he did not reach the eminence as a physician in Tuskaloosa which his learning and genius authorized his friends to claim for him.

He removed to New Orleans. In the latter city he devoted himself energetically to the practice of medicine and soon took rank among the leading practitioners there and maintained a fine reputation in the medical fraternity up to the time of his death, which occurred, we believe, in 1870.

The name of Doric S. Ball still awakens in the minds of old citizens of Tuskaloosa many pleasant recollections. Bold and dashing as a young man, charitable and magnanimous as a citizen, he made the most favorable impression upon his acquaintances and left tender memories with his friends.

In the history of the medical faculty of Tuskaloosa,

DR. REUBEN SEARCY

affords the subject of an interesting sketch. He presents a fine specimen of success achieved by un-

tiring industry and energy. He entered upon his business career with a full knowledge of the fact that he had to work his way through the world, and resolutely approached the task with sleeves rolled up.

He came to Tuskaloosa at a very early age, in 1826. For one season he was clerk on the steamboat Tuskaloosa (built in Tuskaloosa by Captain Dearing). He engaged afterward, and was employed for one or two seasons, as second engineer on a steamboat (running upon the Alabama River) of which Ned Brown was captain. Returning to Tuskaloosa, he engaged in teaching school, and began in North Port, where he taught about one year.

Young Searcy had in him the elements of a good teacher, possessing several qualities very essential to success in those early times. He had a wild set of boys to manage. It was sometimes necessary to knock down and drag out, or rather—*drag in.* There were *primitive boys* in those days, just as there were "giants" in other days.

My first recollection of him is connected with a little school-house on the brow of the bluff overlooking Leach's Foundry, not far from the old oak tree that stands in the rear of Smallwood's new livery stable. The young teacher had seen somewhere in his reading the celebrated line, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and he was determined to profit by the philosophy. There were to be no *spoilt children* so far as he was concerned. The doctor was young then, and slender, and trim—and was equally ready for a foot-race or a fight, if need be; and on more than one occasion do I remember him entering energetically into a trial of fleetness to catch and bring back a refractory fugitive.

Bynum Glover and 'Till Brown were incorrigible imps, and Sandy Glover was hard to beat, in the same line.

The writer of this article takes this occasion to express his gratitude to Dr. Searcy; for at this school he was pretty effectually drilled through Rudiman's Latin Grammar, and that without charge on the part of the teacher.

With the money made by teaching, young Searcy was enabled to study medicine; and having adopted that as a profession, he entered upon the study in the office and under the instructions of Dr. James Guild, Sr. In due time he graduated, opened an office in Tuskaloosa, and made his way slowly but certainly into respectability and prominence as a practitioner.

Dr. Searcy, like most men who become popular, was not proof against the allurements of politics. In 1838 he was induced to become a candidate for the legislature, and was elected. At the same time, Benj. F. Porter, Jabez Mitchell, and Marmaduke Williams, sturdy old Whigs, were also elected. At that time politics was an intensely exciting subject, and the Whigs were in the ascendency in the county. This success speaks well for the popularity of Dr. Searcy at that time, especially as Benj. F. Porter, Jabez Mitchell, and Marmaduke Williams were strong men, intellectually and otherwise, and the chosen champions of their party.

But one term did not cool the political ardor of our friend. He was in the field again the next year for re-election, and [a thing that has happened to some other men in *our* recollection] the doctor was defeated.

By this time he began to discover the fact that whoever allows himself to be drawn aside from

the regular routine of his professional business into the perplexing channels of effervescent public affairs is bound to be a loser in the end. He found that party excitement, with its accompanying bitterness, was alienating from him many of his most substantial friends, and that his practice as a physician was diminishing materially. At this discovery he became a wiser man, and recommenced resolutely his professional career. His practice was not long in assuming its old proportions; and he at once assumed and occupied, both with the profession and the community, a high stand as an eminent, popular, benevolent, and industrious practitioner of medicine. He continued engaged in professional labors, with an energy unabated by the advance of years, until his death in 1887, when he was not far from the age of eighty years. His son, James Searcy, practiced as his father's copartner for several years, and now occupies a conspicuous place among the members of the medical profession.

Dr. Searcy had been one of our most useful citizens. In the way of city improvements he built two handsome two-story brick houses, on Market street. He was one of the trustees for the Hospital of the Insane, and gave much of his time to that establishment.

He married early in life, and had the misfortune to lose one of his sons in the war. Lieut. Reuben Martin Searcy, his second son, a gallant young officer, was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro, after having acquired the affection and excited the admiration of all who knew him.

DR. WILLIAM A. LELAND

came to Tuskaloosa from Virginia, his native State. Though an educated man and a graduated

physician, he spent several years of his life in Alabama before he engaged exclusively in the practice of medicine. He was possessed of a liberal share of worldly means, and was somewhat giddily devoted to the pleasures of high life, seeming to care but little for business. He took especial delight in fine horses. He had a passion for fox-hunting, and entered into this charming (?) recreation with all the energy, vivacity, and delight of a youth.

About —— Dr. Leland entered upon his professional career. He was not long in establishing a reputation, having become the favorite and trusted medical adviser of a large number of families.

Dr. Leland was a man of peculiar habits. He had an abstract and rather solitary look. Austere to strangers, he seemed to keep all men at a distance, excepting his especial friends; with these he was genial, communicative, and confiding.

Dr. Leland was an original thinker. He believed in the dogmas of the schools only so far as they are sustained by experience and practice. He took nothing for granted simply upon authority, however highly esteemed; and he hesitated not to reject many time-honored professional theories.

This independence of thought in a professional man is an element to be admired. Incredulity leads to serious investigation, and it is not every theory that can stand the test of practice. Only great minds make great discoveries. Geometry may be invincible, but humanity is a problem ever mysterious, and ever challenging new solutions.

Dr. Leland seems to have discovered in his long and successful practice that to *cure* is not the greatest duty of the medical fraternity; that there is another and higher duty, invaluable to human-

ity, which is, to *prevent*. Now, there is nothing new in this theory, but the difficulty lies in putting it to practice. A healthy person is not likely to think of the probability of becoming diseased, and it is not the healthy man that resorts to the physician. It is only when the bones ache and the body shivers that the services of a medical man are required. Nevertheless men may be taught to act and to think after a new fashion and the whole system of medical treatment may be changed. If there is any truth in the vulgar old adage, that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," whoever may be so successful as to lead men to the general adoption of the preventive remedies will deserve the thanks of his generation.

Dr. Leland professed to have discovered a specific preventive for yellow fever, and proposed to give the Faculty the benefit of this valuable discovery. He visited Washington city and made an effort to induce the Government to take interest in the subject, so far as to aid him in testing his theory; but it is believed that the Government declined to take action. Dr. Leland died soon after, and his theory, whatever it was, followed him to the grave.

TUSKALOOSA BARDS.—No. 2.

REV. ALBERT A. MULLER, D. D.

I have no hesitation in expressing it as my opinion that the "Sunset at Rome" is the most elegant and highly-finished poetical production that ever emanated from any of the gifted bards of Tuskaloosa. I find it in the *Southron*. It is there noted as a "prize poem;" but I know nothing of its history further.

I have a vivid recollection of its gifted author. He was pastor of the Episcopal church at Tuskaloosa in the earlier days. Whether he was the first pastor or not, I am not able to say; but he was the officiating clergyman in that church when I was a very small boy. He was a great favorite in society when the Fields, Perkins, Saltonstalls, Starrs, Snows, Minors, Penns, Guilds, Inges, Colgins, and other distinguished families led the gay circles of our young and bustling community. *He was the boon companion of Seth Barton.*

To apply the words *boon companion* to a clergyman does not appear to be the right phrase; nevertheless, it is in this case true, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Muller was a man of very distinguished appearance; above the medium height, full fleshed, and rotund of body; large, round face, with a noble expression about the eyes and brow; of a sedate and stately movement in his gait, even on the streets, and in the pulpit profoundly solemn and devotional. His voice was musical and his elocution faultless. His reading was enchanting, his sermons grand. He was a model minister of the Gospel in manner and education, and was at one time almost adored by his church-people. This is

not wonderful; the mind that conceived and the pen that polished this gem of poetry could not have been less than commanding. The inspiration of his intellect showed that his was of kin to the diviner casts of mind. But before I speak of him further let us read the poem.

SUNSET AT ROME.

A PRIZE POEM.

BY A. A. MULLER, D. D.

"Roma lieta rideva e pareva ch'ella
Tutti i raggi del Sole avesse intorno."—*Tasso.*

A day hath pass'd in Rome, and round her spires
The farewell sun hath lit a thousand fires;
Vanquished his strength, the blazing god of day
Sinks from his throne, and hides each quiv'ring ray.
He smiles no more on earth, yet round his shrine
Gleam the last beauties of his bright decline,
While round each crimsoned cloud, in triumph play
The transient flashes of expiring day.
That blaze of glory, which at noon unfurl'd
Its gorgeous standard to the gazing world,
Is quench'd not; now its mellow'd light
Falls on the far-off Tuscan's rocky height,
And sends its last blush o'er the yellow wave,
Where Tiber winds beneath Metella's grave!
See from yon Alban mount, the deep red glow
Throws its broad radiance on the vales below;
While shadows from the Tarpean summit fall
O'er the dark ruins of the Cæsars' hall!

Twilight is round me! and each vestige gone
That mark'd the god in beauty as he shone,
Save, where reflected from his buried car,
One ray yet lingers in the vesper star:
Lone sentinel within the silent sphere,
He hails each planet of the viewless air;
And comes like hope to shed his soften'd light
O'er the dark bosom of affliction's night.

Far-fam'd Italia—Saturn's star-crowned coast,
Thus has thy sun gone down—its brightness lost!
That orb, that with thy morn of beauty came,
And rose resplendent o'er thy early name,
No longer lives, nor glows with light refin'd
O'er the lost empire of thy perished mind.
That source and center of Promethean fire,
Whose touch ethereal tuned Apollo's lyre,
No longer warms the soul of cherish'd song,
Nor wakes the thunders of the patriot's tongue.
"God of the silver bow," no more thy sound
Woos the lov'd Muse to haunts of classic ground;
No longer Genius leaves his lonely cell,
In thy soft myrtle groves with fame to dwell;
Nor fair Parnassian maids, around thy shrine,
Bring laurel'd wreaths to grace thy lovely Nine.

As thus beneath the ruin'd porch of Fame,
The thoughtful Muse recalls some honored name,
What faded images of glory rise .
From out the tombs where buried greatness lies:
Horatius Flaccus sleeps! oh, who shall tell
The triumphs of that name?—the magic spell
Of well-remembered odes, enchanting lays,
The pride of scholars, and the pedant's praise,
The Attic wit, whose spirit fanned the flame
That lent its fires to gild the Augustan name.

"Integer vitæ"—who shall wake again
The harp that kindled first that master strain?
Or who shall boast of satire's pointed song
While Horace sings to charm the list'ning throng?
Virgilius Publius, too—I write the name!
The treasur'd talisman of Roman fame:
"Arms and the man"—with epic skill refin'd,
Welcome such music to the classic mind:
Mysterious train of thought—what power can bind
Thy fairy movements o'er the immortal mind?
The flight of ages—space—all earth and sea
Prescribes no bounds to thy immensity!

'Tis thus the soul returns to boyhood's prime,
To rescue back one thoughtful hour from time,
To feel once more the magic of that power,
That charm'd the vigils of the midnight hour;
To hear again the clash of Trojan arms,
See fair Creusa mid her wild alarms,
And breathe with Æneas to his aged sire
The filial vows which Nature's laws inspire.
'Tis thus at Rome, the pilgrim comes to mourn
O'er faded relics Time hath rudely worn:
'Tis there—from its own pure and bright domain,
The Mind of ages comes to earth again,
While Memory, with her fondest theme, renews
Some cherish'd impress of each sleeping Muse.
Illustrious Maro—Rome still reigns for thee!
Thy fame decrees her immortality.
Gone are her glories, sunk her mighty throne,
Her kings have perish'd, and her victors flown;
Arts have decay'd, and letter'd wisdom sleeps
Within that tomb, where lie its treasur'd heaps;
Yet thy pure spirit lives throughout her clime,
To swell the measure of its deathless rhyme;
And thy proud language still adorns her page,
The charm of youth—the pride of every age.

Long may she boast the triumphs of that skill,
That wak'd o'er Mantuan chords the lyric thrill;
Long may its echoes fall on every plain,
The purest model of the Tuscan strain;
Till that proud day when o'er Apollo's shrine,
Freedom once more shall shed its fires divine;
And genius, from above its kindling flame,
Relume its torch to light the Etrurian name,
When Rome again shall rule and bless mankind,
Her empire Knowledge, and her scepter Mind!

It is conceded, I believe, that Byron's opening verses in "The Curse of Minerva" are among the noblest and grandest of his lines. I am tempted here to challenge the critical reader by inviting him to refer to Byron's lines, and compare them with those of Muller. It is a little curious that the two paragraphs contain the same number of lines, and that the imagery and tone of reflection are in the same channel of thought, yet too distinctive to permit of the suggestion of plagiarism.

Here is Byron's paragraph:

> "Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
> Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
> Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light;
> O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
> Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows;
> On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
> The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
> O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
> Though there his altars are no more divine.
> Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
> Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis:
> Their azure arches through the long expanse,
> More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
> And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
> Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
> Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
> Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep."

Knowing that Byron wrote these lines, it would seem like audacity to claim superiority for an obscure Tuskaloosa Bard. Yet I do assert that Muller's lines, as a whole, are quite equal to these of the recognized master. And I have reached this conclusion by the rigid application of the rules of criticism by which I have been accustomed to test and to judge of the respective merits of the productions of great minds.

It will be seen, too, that throughout the whole of Muller's poem there is no flagging of thought nor lagging of lines: the heroics are admirable; the stately tread of the master is maintained to the end; the march is magnificent, the sweep of the imagination sublime, while the aptness and delicacy of the classical allusions are refreshing to the devotees of the old poets.

If there be an elysium where those great spirits do congregate after death, I verily believe that Horace and Virgil would welcome to that realm the timid approach of the shade of Albert A. Muller

After this glimpse at the treasures of this great mind, piled up in ledges of gold even to the summit, it is quite impossible for one not to pursue even eagerly an inquiry as to the career of the man.

The story of his life is a sad one. It is partly foreshadowed in the phrase heretofore used in this sketch: *"He was the boon companion of Seth Barton."* Seth Barton, elsewhere referred to in these notes, was a magnetic character. Of great force of intellect and commanding elegance of person, he ruled potentially in the circle of his own associates, absorbing into his own way of thinking and acting all who approached him as familiars. Though a recognized debauchee, he was neverthe-

less a leader in Tuskaloosa society; an especial pet with the women. He would fight a bully on the streets in the morning, wash off the blood and mud and array himself like a prince for dining; and afterwards preside at the piano in the parlor at night, and there sing "Robin Adair" with a voice so melodious and an emphasis so touching as to throw the gay circle surrounding into ecstasies of delight. Muller was one in this charmed and charming association; himself far more highly accomplished and no less captivating than Barton. He was convivial in his nature, emotional in his impulses, yielding in his temper, but craving in his desires, and ambitious in his aspirations as well to dazzle as to rule. He forgot, in measuring himself with his companion, that Barton was a man of the world, a lawyer and a politician, and therefore allowed privileges and the indulgence of humors from which a man of God must be rigidly debarred.

And so he fell under the cloud, for what particular sin it is needless to inquire, and in the end he was driven from his church and out into the world; and, at his departure from Tuskaloosa, some fair Juliet, with clasped hands, *might have* exclaimed: "Romeo's banished!"

In the *Southron*, 1839, I next hear of Muller, as one of its contributors, his residence being therein noted as *Clarksville*, Tenn., where, it is believed, he was officiating as a clergyman, having been received again into favor.

But his road was thence a downward one; wafted from church to church, from place to place, a fallen and still falling man, until we find him at last struggling for a mere subsistence as a literary drudge in the city of New York.

This information I derive from a letter from the

late Dr. Tutwiler. This letter is characteristic of one of the noblest traits of the amiable writer of it, viz., the fond and affectionate interest he ever felt and manifested in the fortunes of his old pupils, and even of old transient acquaintances. I give the greater part of the letter, for reasons which will be obvious upon its perusal.

"GREEN SPRINGS, ALA., Feb. 28, 1872.

"I have lately seen some notices by the press of reminiscences of the early history of Tuskaloosa by yourself, and a hope expressed by some editors that you would put them in book form. The only sketch I saw was, I believe, one of Parson Harris and an allusion to Price. I well remember the advertisements of the latter informing the public when his '*thrashing machine*' would go into operation, and inviting all parents or guardians who had any of the 'devil's incurable' to send them to him.

"Tuskaloosa had many celebrities at that time. Many of your contemporaries and associates might well deserve a place in such a record. A. B. Meek, Geo. D. Shortridge, Burwell Boykin, Frank Bouchille, McMullen, Davenport, and others now no more, and some among the living.

"*You remember, no doubt*, REV. ALBERT MULLER, a man of decided genius and of fine poetic talent, but deficient in those moral qualities which a minister, above all others, is expected to possess. In 1858 I received from him, then in New York city, a most touching appeal for some small pecuniary aid. He was *eking out a bare subsistence by occasional literary drudgery connected with the press*. He seemed to be deeply penitent, and said that he had found God far more merciful

and ready to forgive than his fellow-men, and he felt that he had been forgiven. I sent him some money through the Harpers, for which he expressed great gratitude, and said that perhaps some of the old students of the University who had attended his church in Tuskaloosa, mentioning particularly Boykin and Shortridge, might through my intercession be induced to send some 'memorial to an aged penitent and sorrowing friend.' I never had an opportunity of communicating with them, and soon after this I lost sight of Mr. Muller, and, although I made inquiries, could learn nothing of him. What a fit subject 'to point a moral.'

"You remember how much his 'Sunset at Rome' was admired; and I believe that one of his lyrics was attributed to Moore, and published in an American edition of his poems. Then there were Levin Powell, Robinson, of the *Monitor*, General Crabb, Judge Minor, Captain Stone, the Saltonstalls, Dr. Robert Kennon, and others not now remembered. An interesting volume might be made." * * *

Muller's letter to Dr. Tutwiler bears date 1858. The unfortunate man might have been then falling into decrepitude. (We have seen him in the height of his popularity at Tuskaloosa, in 1824, probably earlier.)

It is said that Cowper, on one of his nights deepest of gloom and despondence, groaning on the edges of the very purlieus of insanity, gave utterance to that mighty shout of joy and gladness, the "Ride of John Gilpin;" and then started on his immortal rounds of travel that *knight of merriment*, along the avenues of Time, through to the ages remote. By this reflection we are taught that,

to high poetic genius the hours of gloom and despondence, whether brought by blasted hopes or awakening remorse, are the times most apt for the potent outbreak of that ethereal fire that glows in the poet's soul. If this be true, in those long years of Muller's misery and wandering, alternating between hope and despair, plenty and want, honor and disgrace, sin and repentance—in those long years of sorrow and woe unutterable, what flashes of divine light must have burst from the richly illumined mind of Albert Muller! In this literary drudging to "eke out a bare subsistence," what lyrics and songs, laden with immortal sweets, might have been bartered for bread and wine—songs destined to die in the flapping corner of some village newspaper, and to float unheard adown the yellow waters of the Stygian river to the gulf of oblivion! Have we not already seen one of Muller's lyrics gathered into the golden fold of Tom Moore's melodies, echoing the soft, sweet music that made it of kin to its murmuring mates?

In those *thirty* years of dreary and miserable wanderings, even at the rate of one line a day, he might have left us an Iliad, singing of softer beauties than Helen's, greater daring than Diomede's, wider desolation than Troy's, and repeating and celebrating loves as pure as those of Hector and Andromache, and thundering with woes deeper than those of Priam and Hecuba.

But such are the vicissitudes of life; such is the inevitable decree, that the "wages of sin" shall weigh down the awards of merit.

SUNDAY NIGHT IN A PRINTING-OFFICE.

A BIT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY. HOW I WON IN THAT TRIANGULAR FIGHT.

In 1851, I had defeated, by the aid of the Whigs, the regular nominee of the Democratic convention in the old Fourth district. The issue in that race had been a square one—independent Union against organized Secession; the latter mischievous doctrine having been then recently vitalized by the Nashville convention, of which my competitor had been a distinguished member.

In 1853 the Democratic leaders denounced me, and by a convention had nominated Gen. Syd. Moore, of Greene County, as their candidate. The Whig leaders, thinking it a good opportunity to elect one of their own favorites, held a convention and nominated Col. Steven F. Hale, also of Greene County, as their candidate; both these gentlemen had acquired reputation in the Mexican war. I stood alone, with no organized forces. Not only did the leaders on both sides denounce me, but *all the newspapers in the district, thirteen* in number, were hostile to me; the Whig press being for Hale and the Democratic press for Moore!

The newspapers had been particularly venomous in their assaults upon me—but they were all "weeklies." I carried them in my pocket, and on the stump I issued my "daily" in response. My pen was a red-hot wire, and I think I did some pretty smart scorching.

The issue in 1853 was the same as in 1851—"independent Union against organized Secession. I never allowed this issue to be lost sight of, and the result was a UNION TRIUMPH.

The race had been a fierce one, and the labor incessant. The regular canvass had closed on the

Wednesday previous to the election. Meantime, each man was at liberty to go where he pleased, and look after his affairs, on a still or wild hunt, as he might elect.

I had made plans to skim the entire district during the remaining four days. Riding all Wednesday night, I made a speech at Butler, in Choctaw County, on Thursday at 10 o'clock. I found the state of things there absolutely appalling! The two old parties were rigidly organorganized, the Whigs for Hale, the Democrats for Moore! I told the people, who turned out well to hear me, that they would have to occupy a back seat in Congress if it should so happen that they had refused to vote for the man who should be elected; but that, nevertheless, they might rely on my generosity if they would *comp.* with me on fifty votes in the county! remarking that I might need about that many votes from Choctaw to save me. In other words, I said, "If you will give me fifty votes in this county, I will recognize you as part of my constituency."*

Notwithstanding this square and gruff way of talking to the people of Choctaw County, they were rather amused than indignant, and when I drove out of the village I left the crowd in a good humor, with many a cordial hand squeeze, but with more averted eyes.

I was at Livingston at midnight Thursday, where I was advised that General Moore had taken a fly up into Fayette, the county of my residence.

*Note.—As a singular coincidence it may be noted that Choctaw, in 1853, gave me exactly fifty votes, and hence this speech of mine was ever afterwards considered as prophetic. It will be seen, by accurate calculation, that if these fifty votes had been taken from me and given to General Moore I would have been defeated; but if they had been divided between the two competitors, I would still have been elected without a single vote from Choctaw.

I immediately took horse, and was at Gainesville by daylight Friday morning. There I got a fleet team and a close carriage, so that I could sleep and be driven at the same time. I made two or three short fence-corner speeches on the way between Gainesville and Carrolton, at which latter place I got a fresh team, and continued my journey, so that I was within twenty miles of Fayette Court-House Saturday at daylight. I ran up on General Moore at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, at Hester's precinct, eight miles north of Fayetteville, where I found Col. Joe Terry on the stump making a rousing Smith speech in reply to General Moore's.

My advent on the spot was better than any speech I could have made ; so that I simply circulated among the crowd until towards sundown, when I rode back to the village, in company with General Moore.

I had not been in bed since Tuesday night! Yet I felt as fresh as a rose.

Before daylight next morning, Sunday, I was on the road to Tuskaloosa, where I arrived about dark.

When I reached Tuskaloosa my friends advised me that there was a certain very damaging report circulating throughout the county, touching one of my votes in Congress. Learning precisely what it was, I saw that it was a falsification of the records and the fact, and that it was very important to have it contradicted and explained.

It was now Sunday night, and the election next day! no railroad, no telegraph—a circular was the only practicable remedy.

Not anticipating the slightest difficulty in having a circular printed, I went to the residence of Marmaduke J. Slade, the proprietor of the *Inde-*

pendent Monitor, a Whig paper, and told him I wanted a short circular printed in his office, to correct a very damaging report; and I was quite surprised, as he declined to do the job, upon the plea that it was Sunday night, and that he was a member of the Baptist Church! He absolutely refused to print the circular! I felt some displeasure at this refusal, and believed that his excuse was a subterfuge, and that his real objection was a political one, for he was a very warm supporter of Colonel Hale. I then went to Mr. James Warren, the proprietor of the *Flag of the Union*, the Democratic paper, and requested him to do the job. He bluntly refused, offering no excuse, excepting that he was a Democrat, and that it would not "hurt him to see me beat—out of my boots"—as he was pleased to express it. I admired his candor and swallowed his impertinence.

I charge this partisanism on his part to the hard terms of Democratic task-masters. Warren doubtless thought that his refusal to print my circular was a great partisan merit. Yet it denied fair play.

But it was Sunday night and a circular must be printed. I felt the impending crush that would fall upon me if the story remained uncontradicted, for I had counted myself ahead in the race by a mere "neck and shoulders"—and that, too, outside of this new and perplexing development.

I went again to Slade, and requested him, as he could not work on Sunday, *to let me have the key to his office!*

"What good will that do?" said he.

"I will print the circular myself," said I.

He looked at me incredulously and quizzically, and said:

"Well, if you will agree not to go into the office until after 12 o'clock you shall have the key."

"I will not touch a type until Monday morning;" and so I got the key and hurried away.

Now, I had once been the editor of this same *Independent Monitor*, and during the time I had been so much about the office I had learned how to set type—I could not do it with facility, but I knew the *modus operandi*, and the location of the letters in the boxes.

Having provided myself with matches and candles, I sat upon the steps at the office door until the clock struck 12.

It was a sweet, balmy night, peculiar to August, not hot, but luxuriously soft, and moistened by the breezes that swept over the placid waters of the adjacent river: while the ancient city of Tuskaloosa was as still, as silent, and apparently as dead as Pompeii after the eruption—excepting that instead of the roar of Vesuvius the shell-like murmur of the distant falls of the Black Warrior River sighed wistfully among the branches of the oaks that lifted their heaving bosoms towards the moon-lit cloud banks of the melodious sky; and there I sat, on the dilapidated steps of that printing-office, a restless atom of humanity, degraded from a poet to—a politician!

It was 12 o'clock. I entered the office, lit two candles, and put one on either side of me on a long primer case, seized a composing stick, and began my job. I had not written the circular, but composed it as I set up the types. This mode of operation tended towards the condensation and brevity of the paper, and at the end of two hours I had a stick full of types. I had read it over in the stick, line by line, and had it satisfactorily complete, punctuation and all; but my practice in the art had not extended to the delicate task of re-

moving the types from the stick to the galley. I knew that the thing had to be made wet, by a sponge, artistically; but having no sponge at hand, I dipped my handkerchief into a basin of water and applied it to the types until they were well saturated.

I protest that I took infinite pains and care in the performance of this operation. I maneuvered with eyes wide open and with hands nimbly alive to the delicacy of the task; so that I succeeded in lifting out the types, and held the contents in my hands, freed from the stick. but as I was about to place the types on the galley my right elbow hit against something in the way, and the types fell in a disjointed mash before me!

To say that I was worried, but mildly expresses my feelings; and now, after long years, looking back on the situation, I feel in my soul that my conduct on that occasion, at the great Judgment, will be held as an atonement for many a little sin, for if under those trying circumstances I denounced anything it was simply the luck! But I am forced to confess that never in all my life have I confronted a pie with a more completely subdued appetite. It was now 2 o'clock in the morning!

Leaving the pi to be devoured by Mr. Marmaduke J. Slade, at his leisure, I seized the stick and began speedily to reconstruct the overthrown paragraph, and the job was done, so far as the typesetting was concerned, by 4 o'clock. Day was then breaking! The circular was short—only about fifteen or twenty lines—and had this very imposing head-line, in large letters:

"HEAD THAT LIE."

About this time, much to my gratification, a young man by the name of Hill, one of the em-

ployes of the office, came to my relief, and took charge of the job, putting it on the press, and working off speedily several hundred copies.

In the meantime fifteen horses had been put under saddle, and these were mounted by as many reliable men, with proper instructions.

In order to give the affair an exciting turn, I directed the squad to be drawn up in line, in front of Washington Hall, and I told the men each to start off on his respective route with as terrific a whoop as possible! So that the city was startled from its slumbers about sunrise by the tremendous clatter of the rapid hoofs of the horses, and the far-reaching shouts that echoed along the streets: "Head that lie!" "Head that lie!"

Many a window was thrown up, many a neck, head, and arm reached out, in amazement at this unusual scene, so that by the time breakfast was over the excitement had reached the point of absolute consternation. The enemy was confounded, and so opened the labors of the day in a panic. The notable departure of fifteen horsemen from the city at such an hour in the morning, each under whip and spur, created the liveliest sensation of the times; and the rapid organization of "Smith's Cavalry" was for a long time the mysterious theme of chimney-corner conversation.

That the *circular saved me*, is deducible from the fact that at one of the precincts, thirty miles away, which my circular did not reach until after nearly all the ballots had been deposited, there was a falling off of upwards of twenty votes of my calculated strength; a corresponding loss at the other precincts in the county would have left me 300 behind! As it was, in the whole district, I was only

85 votes ahead of General Moore and 250 ahead of Colonel Hale.

Heaven bless the man that first invented types!

THE SABLE BARD.

We have a story about Æsop, that he was a slave; also that he was deformed in body. He might have been *short* in stature, judging from the brevity of his discourses, and if wit be soul, then the greater part of Æsop was soul. So, Terence was a slave, but we have no knowledge as to the color of either of these illustrious characters, and posterity does not seem to have been over-anxious on this question.

ADAM, THE RHYMER, was a notable character. He was a negro, extremely black, of bulky frame, low stature, with a very large, bald head. He was the great literary ornament of New Town. He spoke in perpetual ryhme. He never pretended to answer or accost any person except in rhyme. Sense was nothing to him, but sound everything. In his manners he presumed largely upon the privileges of genius. Terence, in his master's pavilion at Rome, a recognized favorite, was not more complaisant. But Adam's impudence was too merry to be offensive. He made free with everybody, high and low, but was always polite, with hat lifted. A joke was expected when Adam was about, and all were prepared to tolerate and to laugh. Adam was utterly without education, but unquestionably a genius in his way. The leading characteristic of his mind displayed itself in an effort to exhaust the diction-

ary of similar terminations ; an example will illustrate :

> Lawyer Jack
> Is all the crack,
> And sharp on track :
> He'll clear you, smack ;
> Charges a stack ;
> But if you lack—
> God save your back
> From Glover's twhack ;
> High diddle, ho diddle—Paddy whack,
> Colver, give old nig a snack.

The reader is assured that this is not manufactured for the occasion. It is genuine, almost word for word, as it fell from the lips of the old bard, fifty years ago. I recall it, of course, from memory, but it comes as fresh as if the words were uttered yesterday. Be it understood that these rhymes were circulated as common property, and often repeated by the boys and girls in the village; hence the readiness with which they are now recalled.

As a study in poetry more learned pretenders might profit by noting that in Adam's ten lines, as above, of continuous ryhmes, not one of the terminating words is duplicated. This is an attainment in the art of poetry.

It is a fact, in connection with Adam's knack of rhyming, that he could string out these jingling lines with the greatest ease and with wonderful rapidity. He was always ready to lay a wager that he could furnish *ten* ryhmes to any ordinary word. I have seen him tested repeatedly, and he seldom failed, but he seemed to know by intuition when a *hard* word was presented ; he would decline any word that could not be readily managed by his process.

WILLIAM H. JACK, the person referred to in the first line, was a young and brilliant lawyer, who had established a fine reputation at the bar, and was extremely popular. WILLIAM Y. GLOVER was sheriff of the county, and at that day the whipping-post was frequently brought into use as a terror to evil-doers.

ELISHA COLVER, the person referred to in the last line, kept a small grocery with an occasional lunch, and to the bounty of this good-natured man Adam was often indebted for something to warm the inner man and stir the poetic fires of the sable genius. Colver was a merry soul from the Emerald Isle, and he cultivated Adam's rhyming propensities with genuine enjoyment.

Colver was a solitary man, and is remembered chiefly from a singular affection which he cherished for an old tom-cat, which was his only bosom crony. So great was his fondness for this cat that he employed Davenport, the portrait painter, to paint the animal's picture, in oil, life size. This picture swung on Colver's wall until the day of his death; and was seen by the writer somewhere in the city as late as 1850. Who is now the happy possessor of this singular portrait?

Let us have another example :

Remsen, Peter,
Is no bug-eater ;
Because the creeter
  Very well knows,
  As I suppose,
That bacon and greens is sweeter.

To say of a man that he is no "bug-eater" simply means that he is sharp. Remsen was a New Town merchant, and of reputation as a sharp trader.

But Adam had a spice of satire in him, and was not very particular how and where to strike.

Here is one of his hits :

> Dr. Purnell
> Physicks well,
> But sends his patients all to h—l,
> Ding dong dell,
> Ring the bell,
> Open the gate for Dr. Purnell,
> Who carries about a brimstone smell.

DR. PURNELL was a resident of New Town, where he had an interesting family ; he was popular as a citizen, and highly esteemed as a physician.

THE BEAR FIGHT.

ELISHA COLVER was a character in his way. I have already referred to his strange fondness for an old tom-cat. After the decay of New Town Colver packed up his remnants and established himself in Old Town. His ever faithful cat was still his favored companion.

Colver never had a clerk in his establishment, for old Tom Tabby was always on hand for a vacancy ; and in Colver's absences Tom would take his seat on the counter, about the center, where he would sit with all the gravity of an alderman officially dispensing the judicial functions of an absent lord mayor.

Soon after his removal to Old Town, Colver added a third party to his family circle, in the person of a young fellow familiarly called Bruin ; something of a savage—in fact he had to be chained to a post, so vicious and uncivilized he proved himself to be. By degrees, however, Colver tamed the savage into terms of tolerable civility ;

but did not allow this new attachment to interfere with his affection for his cat.

Indeed Colver's passion for wild beasts proved that he had mistaken his vocation. He should have been the master of a menagerie, or a lion-tamer. He had among his playthings a high-land terrapin, which was constantly perambulating his shop. He had endeavored to tame a mole, and on his mantel-piece were jars of curious natural phenomena of the animal kingdom preserved in spirits. He had procured the skin of an enormous rattle-snake, had it stuffed and hung up in his bedroom, and had swung its *rattles on his watch-chain.* I verily believe he would have gone into the anaconda trade, and would have kept pet snakes, but for his veneration for St. Patrick.

But Colver's pet bear having grown to be something of an elephant, he concluded to bring him to the slaughter, and appointed a day for that purpose. He gave public notice that Bruin was to be killed and served up into a great lunch. But first, as affording a promise of excitement and amusement, he invited the people from town and country to bring in their best dogs, and that there should be a great dog and bear fight on the occasion, if any were willing to risk the conflict. The spot selected was an open space afterwards known as the residence of Professor Stafford (this part of the town was then without buildings), where the whole town of men and boys assembled, with any quantity of dogs—"Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart." A circle was formed by the company, to the center of which Colver led his bear, and when the chain was taken off a wilderness of dogs eagerly leaped upon poor Bruin. For awhile the conflict was terrific, and seemed to be agains

the savage; but every now and then some lacerated whelp would leap from the embrace of the furious animal, and limp howling from the ring. Bruin would rise on his hind feet and slap huge curs right and left and send them sprawling from the battle. Then he would embrace a more stubborn and ferocious bull-dog, crush him to the earth, rip him with his crimson claws, and grind him with his teeth that seemed to flash with the vivid whiteness of lightning. Once rid of his larger foes, he would wheel around like a top and send dozens of the smaller fry limping to the rear, until at last he was fairly master of the field.

The scene that ensued after this positive victory partakes much of the ludicrous. The crowd had not once thought of the emergency of facing without arms an infuriated bear. They had been so preoccupied with the idea of the fun of the fight that the thought of personal danger had never occurred! In fact nobody supposed it possible for the bear to survive the onslaught of fifty dogs!

PAUL, THE TINNER.

One of the most notable characters of Tuskaloosa in the early times was James Paul, the tinner. He is chiefly to be remembered for the fact of his having made a large fortune from a very poor and humble beginning. He came to Tuskaloosa in 1819 (or 1820) from Tennessee; and had nothing but a rude set of tinner's tools, and perhaps money enough to buy a few boxes of tin and a roll of wire. But he was an incessant laborer. His hammer was heard at all hours of the night,

and it was the wonder of the town how and when he slept. He was rather a good-looking man, with large head and marked physiognomy, of solitary and secretive habits, and a look of incredulity, as if he was suspicious of mankind. He was by no means a favorite, but the especial aversion of his immediate neighbors, whose incessant complaints were sometimes mingled with wicked and not very elegant expletives, chiefly leveled at his turbulent hammer, whose vociferous clatter pursued them to their beds at midnight, and aroused them before day in the morning.

Paul had so long cultivated friendly relations with the primitive implements of his trade, and had such a passion for the old-style way of manufacturing tin by turning the edges and fashioning his ware with the greatest possible clangor, that he resolutely resisted the innovations of improved machinery, and rejected the proffer of *saving labor*, at the expense of giving up the dulcet notes of his everlasting hammer.

Paul was exclusive in his habits; an aristocrat of the laboring order. He worshiped a sheet of tin outspread in its glittering proportions as the true representative of fortune.

Paul's vessels were made by his hands; he had the industry as well as the monopoly, and could fix his prices. His little shop was in a frame building, about sixteen feet square, on the south side of Main street, nearly opposite the State Bank building; but Paul's shop was there long before this latter building had been erected.

From this locality of Paul's shop, I am enabled to trace a personal intimacy between Captain Otis Dyer and James Paul in those early days; for Dyer's storehouse gabled on Market street, near

Berry & Horner's corner, and running west some fifty or sixty feet, the back doors of Paul's shop and Dyer's store, in the rear of each, opened near one another. I have seen these two persons together often—seemingly confidential friends—somewhat resembling each other in person, both being large, well-developed men.

Paul, while in and about his shop, invariably, in warm or cold weather, appeared in his shirt-sleeves, with a workman's apron on, fitting well up over his shirt collar, close under his chin. On Sundays he put on a long sable frock-coat and came out on the streets clean-shaven, with his huge shirt collar rising above his ears. His head was quite bald, his face large and rugged, with prominent nose and black eyes. His person denoted a first-class man in its outer developments. He had no wife, but every housewife in the town knew him, for his cups, buckets, milk-pans, coffee-pots and wash-basins formed the chief culinary wealth of the entire town.

No, he had no wife, nor did he seem to care for women. Had some superior being brought into his shop an Eve, radiant with loveliness, as a free gift to Paul, his hammer would not have suspended its terrific clang unless she had said: "Good Mr. Paul, I want to *buy* a coffee-pot," or such words as those; then he would have left his bench, turned to his shelf, and exhibited his wares, saying: One quart, one quarter; two quarts, two quarters; three quarts, three quarters; four quarts, one dollar!" Upon the closing of the trade he would clamp the money between his thumb and palm—as if he was trying to *feel* with his horny nail for some alloy in it before depositing the coin in his pocket—being all the time utterly oblivious of the bright eyes and sweet

voice near him, and without the slightest emotion arising from the touch of the beautiful and delicate fingers that had handed him the money.

It is no wonder, with these habits, these prices, this monopoly, that Paul grew rich and kept himself so closely confined to his little shop, which was indeed a mint to him.

The first thing that seemed to startle Paul from his silvery dream was the arrival of a Northern man, by the name of McKenzie, in town with a large cargo of ready-made tinware.

Paul stared wildly at this, but hammered away. McKenzie took the market from Paul and held it for a while, his prices being far below Paul's. Then came another man in the trade named McCrory, a coppersmith, and established a shop; so that now there were three rival shops in the town. Paul stared and hammered on as before, while the house-wives all rejoiced. But McKenzie's popularity subsided in a little while; his wares, though cheaper, were not substantial. Paul's were all *hand-made*. McCrory, being in the coppersmith line, gave his time to the manufacture of stills—for whisky and brandy—and this did not interfere seriously with Paul. He recovered his grip and re-established his old exorbitant rates and hammered on as diligently as ever.

Doubtless Paul's wealth at this time was exaggerated; a few thousand dollars probably might have been the uttermost of it. Nevertheless, in the estimation of many it was marvelous. The boys all thought that Paul manufactured fourpence pieces and nine-pence pieces out of the drippings of his solder-box. Some said he had a barrel of silver coin made out of the solder drippings under his work bench! As encouraging such tales

Paul never left his shop to walk out, even on Sundays, without carrying pistols in his pocket. This he would take occasion to let any of his strolling companions know, by now and then pulling out his weapon and shooting a squirrel or a bird on the wing. It is said of him that he could kill a squirrel with a Derringer forty yards off. (There were no revolvers then).

So the story went around that Paul always carried pistols about him on his walks out, for *fear of being robbed.*

Such were some of the tales in full circulation about Paul in those early days. He was a walking mystery—something to be avoided.

Adam, the Rhymer, had a song on Paul, which was quite well known to all the youngsters, running thus:

Paul, the tinner,
He'll be winner
Or I'm a liar!
After awhile
He'll have a pile
As high and higher
Than Sims and Scott or Captain Dyer.

All night long
You hear his song,
Tink-a-tink-a-tang!
In the morn,
Fore day's born,
Tink-a-tink-a-tang!
He never sleeps except on Sunday,
And steals a lap from that for Monday.

Paul, the tinner,
Cooks his own dinner;

And that's the why,
'Twixt you and I,
He grows no thinner.
He'll stick to that,
It makes him fat—
The round old sinner.

Nobody could say he had even seen Paul's money. There were no banking houses then in Tuskaloosa. If Paul had a banker, it was Otis Dyer.

But Paul began to buy up small parcels of land, and now and then a slave or two. His lands grew into plantations; then there was no longer any mistake about his wealth. Still he clung to his shop, still he wore his workman's apron, still his hammer "made the night hideous."

Paul's shop had survived McKenzie's, and suffered no backset from McCrory's, but his doomsday at last came. This was upon the advent of VELINA HART, who rattled into the town one quiet morning, in the van of two large road wagons, one laden with his family and furniture, and the other with a stock of tin and copper and a bran-new set of *labor-saving machinery* for the manufacture of tin-ware, things that Paul had never seen.

Now, VELINA HART was a worthy rival of Paul. If he could not keep up at night with Paul's hammer, he more than supplied this deficiency by the nasal clatter of his tongue. He entered the town singing vociferously.

HART at once rented a shop, swung up his new machinery, and went vigorously to work. His person was picturesque; he was small and thin, angular and lank; dressed in blue jeans—a coat of villainous cut and fit, long, swallow-tailed, and *woman-made*, reaching to his heels!

When Hart had fairly established his shop Paul paid him a visit. The new machinery had been mounted. There were wheels and rings set in motion by which, as Paul could observe, the whole day's work of the hammer and arm could be accomplished by the machinery in an hour!

It was demonstrated to Paul that Hart with his machinery and the help of one or two of his little boys could make more vessels in *a day* than Paul and his hammer could make in *a month*. Paul was dismayed; his monopoly was dead.

Why was Paul dismayed? He had the means and could at once have supplied himself with an outfit of this new machinery. But Paul now found out a secret—that he cared really little for the rapid turning out of vessels for the market. He had grown accustomed to a certain routine which he could not give up. He had seen Hart make a coffee-pot from the flat sheets of tin, complete in all its parts, from handle to spout, *without the use of the hammer!!* What? Could Jimmy Paul be contented now, after so many years of assiduous cultivation of the sweet tinkle of that melodious instrument, the everlasting hammer, to give up the soothing harmony? What else could keep his soul serene through the long winter nights and the sweltering summer days? How else could he torture his neighbors? "Give up the hammer?" said Paul. "Never! never!"

Could Jimmy Paul now go quietly to work making coffee-pots by wheels, rings, and clamps? Never. What would become of his stalwart right arm and his nimble wrist without the five hundred accustomed ups and downs for every coffee-pot? The muscles would rust out, and the very fountains of his elbow grease be dried up forever.

Pondering thus on the disturbed situation, Paul rose from his seat, took up his hammer affectionately, swung it round and exclaimed: "I now begin to understand what that big buck nigger at the theater the other night meant when he said, 'Othello's occupation's gone!' Oh, thou faithful hammer,"—continued Paul, soliloquizing; at that moment there was an audible rap at Paul's back door, which being opened, in stepped Capt. Otis Dyer, pushing his cane in before him and saying, with a tone of some little anxiety, "What's up, Paul? I thought I heard somebody in here making a *stump speech,*" and Dyer looked around as if expecting to see Seth Barton or some other accomplished slang-whanger in the room spouting.

Now if Paul did not blush it was not because the occasion was not a very proper one for such a demonstration. But Paul did blush, and the presence of the burning crimson on his large rugged face was intensely visible.

He had been fairly caught in the *act oratorical,* and that, too, by Otis Dyer, the last man on earth before whom he would have been disposed to make a display of his enthusiasm. "What's up?" continued Dyer.

"Nothing," answered Paul.

"Yes," said Dyer, "there is *something* up."

"There is *nothing* up, captain, excepting that I am *going to shut up shop.*"

"Glad to hear *that,*" said Dyer. "Get out of the d—— filthy place as quick as you can, and be a gentleman; you've got plenty." Now, that was Dyer's way, and that was Dyer's speech; short and pointed.

There was a pause. "My mind's made up, captain," said Paul. "You *see,* the world is in a

good way of being turned upside down. This lot of new labor-saving machinery up here at Hart's supplies the place of *twenty* laboring men, and thus puts them out of work. Twenty laboring men feed twenty poor families, do you *see?* Then these twenty poor families are deprived of their bread and butter by this new invention! You *see*, by the figures (you're good at figures, captain), if one set of machinery upsets twenty poor families, one thousand sets will upset twenty thousand poor families, and so on up in the millions, *you see!*"

"Yes," said Dyer, "I do see, but that makes the goods cheaper."

"Yes," said Paul, "there's where the thing hurts."

Captain Dyer, feeling his way with his cane back into his sanctum, pondered on the probabilities of the effect of labor-saving machinery, while Paul continued his melancholy musing, whispering this time: "Woe, woe unto ye, ye musical fraternity of tinkers! you shall be scattered abroad over the face of the earth, like unto the Jews, saving the money, and the untimely lack of circumcision."

Paul had not then seen the *sewing-machine!* If he had, he might have exclaimed with equal warmth, as a kind-hearted humanitarian: "Woe, woe, unto you, ye nimble-fingered matrons and light-hearted maidens; woe unto you, I never begrudged you a dollar for the making of a shirt; but ye will live to see the time when a small round coin no bigger than a drop of solder from a tinker's iron will be all ye can claim, and all that ye will receive for the making of a shirt!" But Paul did not pursue his philosophic cogitations beyond the legitimate domain of tinkerdom.

He shut up his shop, gathered together his means, lingered a while in and around Tuskaloosa, and finally departed from the State.

* * * * * *

Had Paul, such as he was, fallen into the hands of Charles Dickens, with the characteristics really forming the man, and with all his surroundings, that ingenious writer might have made Paul the center of a romance at once instructive and charming to mankind.

But Dickens did not find Paul, and so this solitary man is left, without an artist, to make his own history; and out of such materials as do sometimes contribute to construct a tale illustrating the fact—

"That truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction."

Paul had little to do with the frivolities of charity, and was proof against the amiable weaknesses of benevolence. But he had the merit of attending well to his own business, and of leaving the affairs of other people to their own management. He never married, and no child was ever named after him, either for admiration of his character, tender recollections, personal peculiarities, or the hope of a legacy; but if he was not gifted in the cultivation of the affections, he had the gratification of counting his coins; and if he was not versed in geography, he had the consolation of knowing that he had discovered practically the philosopher's stone, and had actually transmuted tin into gold.

That he had labored for the love of labor is evident from the fact that long after he was rich he worked at his bench until midnight. With the annual income of thousands, he would toil an hour

for a dime! This labor could not have been prompted at his age by avarice; it was rather the habitual *scorn of idleness;* and to that extent it was a merit that should be recognized and commended; and a virtue that should be allowed, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins.

It is said of Mr. Paul that, after he had grown rich, he took up a notion to visit Europe. For that purpose he purchased a fine saddle-horse and made preparations for the *journey*. The story goes on rather extravagantly that he traveled on horseback to New York, and having remained there a day or two, he ordered his horse and inquired the *road* to London! Upon being advised that he would have to go thence by *sea* he expressed great amazement, abandoned the trip, and came back to Tuskaloosa, a *wiser*, if not a better, man.

While preparing for this journey to Europe, somebody asked him when he was going to start? He replied: "As soon as I work up the two boxes of tin that I have on hand." His fortune was then going into the hundred thousands!

PAUL, THE TINNER—II.

In the extreme south of Texas, on the borders of Mexico, where flows a river, there was a straggling village of two or three hundred population, consisting of the lowest order of human beings, worn-out tramps, escaped convicts, runaways from the States, some full-blood Indians, men and squaws, with a lot of transient Mexicans, who strolled over occasionally from the village on the border beyond.

The village was built up out of shrubby logs, more properly sticks, daubed with mud; here and

there was a rather substantial frame, and one or two rock cabins. Among the business houses liquor shops predominated.

In the midst of this village, on the corner of a square, over a bluff, there stood a small one-story frame house, somewhat prominent, and having the appearance of a substantial foundation, with one glass window in one end, and a painted shutter to the door that opened in the street. Over the door of this house was a sign, conspicuously displayed, in red letters—

PETER, the Tin Smith.

Inside of this house, which had but one room, there was a row of shelves filled with cups, basins, buckets, pans, and coffee-pots. There was a workman's bench reaching across one end of the room, on which there was discernible a lot of tools, and the implements of the trade, with a rude three-cornered stool in front of the bench, near which was mounted a pair of long, tinker's shears, close by a soldering box and irons. There was a cot doubled up in one corner near the fire-place, on the hearth of which was a small skillet, with some other culinary vessels. Some boxes and kegs were piled around promiscuously, and a single chair appeared in the middle of the room, as if waiting gloomily for some very occasional occupant.

On the stool in front of the bench sat a man some sixty years of age, corpulent up to the weight of 220, with a large rugged face and very black eyes, a ponderous nose; massive head, perfectly bald, the only hair about it being the locks which hung from the back part of it, extending all the way between the ears—this was snowy white.

This old man was absorbed in his occupation—making coffee-pots. He seemed an automaton—so silent, still, and so steady—the only perceivable movement about him being the machine-like motion of his right arm as it rose and fell, lifting a small hammer with which he was incessantly belaboring the tin. A close observer might have noted occasionally a sign of restlessness, as the old man would sometimes lay down the hammer and sit as if listening to something in the wall or to an outside tread, an approaching or a receding footstep; and he would sometimes turn himself clear around on his stool and survey with restless eyes the fixtures in the room, as if some lurking suspicion was running through his mind, exciting his lips to tremulousness and brightening his eyes with an unearthly glitter. Then he would resume his labors and work on listlessly without particular vigor, but as evenly and smoothly as if he was run by wheels wound up in his body, after the manner of a clock.

There was a good supply of wares on the shelves in the shop, but the custom was not lively, nor did the old man seem greedy of gains from this source; he cared little for sales, and put himself to no trouble to accommodate; nothing short of an application to buy would rouse him from his labor, or call him from his bench.

"Good Mr. Peter, I want to buy a coffee-pot!" At this appeal the old man would leave his bench, turn to his shelves, exhibit his wares, saying, habitually: "One quart, one quarter; two quarts, two quarters; three quarts, three quarters; four quarts, four quarters—one dollar." When the bargain was struck he delivered over the ware, seized the proffered coin, clamped it vigorously

betwixt his thumb and palm, pressing it as if trying to sink his thumb-nail into the eagle-bird that adorned it—to make it scream before consigning it to its cage.

The reader has now doubtless discovered what I have attempted but thinly to disguise, that this old màn, Peter, is no other person than Paul, the Tuskaloosa tinner!

Now, why did Paul establish himself in this remote village, and live in this queer manner?

The reader will be good enough to understand that upwards of twenty years had elapsed since Paul was last seen in Tuskaloosa. He emigrated from Alabama to Mississippi, where he established a large farm, not far from Columbus, and continued to grow rich, thriving in agricultural pursuits.

Paul had a refractory man-slave whom he found it necessary to punish repeatedly. This slave disappeared mysteriously, and his supposed remains were found amidst the ashes of a burned brush-heap.

Paul, not being very popular, and having been known to have punished this slave repeatedly before, was suspected of having killed and made way with him. He was indicted for murder, and fled the country.

A very large reward was offered for the capture of Paul, and, induced by this, a party of old Tuskaloosans, who had known Paul intimately, put themselves at once upon his trail, and after a long while found him at this village, in the far south of Texas, as above described.

While Paul was sitting in his usual place, pursuing his occupation, keeping his soul serene by the melodious tinkle of that everlasting hammer, who

should present themselves at the door of the shop—who, but Charles G. Picher and —— Skinner! Paul heard them enter, but did not raise his head or stop his arm until Picher touched him on the shoulder and said: "How are you, Major Paul?" That Paul was startled at this can not be denied; he arose at once and looked at Picher stolidly in the eyes; then, glancing at Skinner, he said: "I need not ask, no—no—I know your business. I know you both. Well, make as little noise as possible. I will go with you, cheerfully, for I am innocent." Paul's right hand, that had been so faithful to that hammer, was not stretched to either of his visitors. There were no greetings, no expressions of cordiality or gladness on his part. He touched not the extended hand of either, nor frowned, nor scolded, nor did he exhibit emotions of either sorrow or regret. But his manner was the very sublimity of an indefinable, unutterable contempt.

"All right, major," said Picher, "we take you at your word; we are your friends, and we'll see you out."

In the meantime Skinner closed the door, and the two visitors had exhibited formidable firearms.

"Just turn the key in that door, if you please," said Paul; "let us have no intruders. Allow me to change my shop clothes and I will go with you at once."

"Certainly, major," said Picher; and Paul stepped into one of the corners of the shop, lifted the lid from an old box, took out a suit of black clothing, among which was a handsome, long-tail frock-coat, and, with as little delay as possible, proceeded, in the most quiet manner, to change his clothing.

Paul's shirt was always clean; he changed that invariably every morning; and it may be stated here as a fact, as little a thing as it may seem, that Paul had been noted at Tuskaloosa for his peculiar neatness in the single matter of his shirts. They were of the best *Irish linen*, of the best make, with the fullest and broadest old-style ruffles. His shop apron covered him well from his throat downward, and so his ruffles always remained untarnished through the longest day's toil. When Paul had arrayed himself in his sable suit he presented to his captors the appearance of a genuine looking Wall-street millionaire. Paul then proceeded to fasten up his doors and windows, adroitly removing the key into his pockets ; put on a glossy silk hat, took up his ponderous ebony, gold-headed walking-cane, and said, "Ready!"

This was the only word he used, when, stepping upon a plank in the same corner where his clothes-box was located, standing perfectly upright, he thundered upon the floor with his ringing cane, and, as a flash of lightning, he sunk through the floor. The orifice through which he disappeared was closed so instantaneously and so silently that the opening had not been seen by the bewildered detectives !

Paul, anticipating pursuit, had prepared a subterranean retreat which was quick, safe, and certain.

No pen could adequately depict the exact countenances of the two detectives at the occurrence of this momentous event. Perplexity, amazement, bewilderment, are words too circumscribed in their meaning to convey the full description of their feelings; they were the paralyzed fixtures of a stupendous consternation !

Picher looked at Skinner, and Skinner looked at Picher, with eyes jostled of their internal fires, the disjointed sparks striving in vain for concentration. Their lips were sealed but tremulous, and their tongues were palsied !

How long our heroes remained in this fixed attitude was hardly known to themselves.

"By gosh !" was Picher's first ejaculation, feeling for his snuff-box.

"Gone," said Skinner, "by the holy Moses !" relapsing, by spasmodic jerks, into silence.

Still the two men remained in their respective positions—one on the stool, one on the chair—each fearing to move lest that mystical floor should open to devour him.

Picher, from the wreck of his broken fortunes, had retained possession of an ancient gold snuff-box, which he carried about with him as a remainder of his former happy and prosperous days. This he drew from his right-hand vest pocket, and, helping himself to a teaspoonful of the revivifying powder, handed the box silently to Skinner. Now Skinner partook liberally, but not anticipating happy results ; his nose, from the very habit, was snuff-proof.

"Pack it in, Skinner," said Picher ; "pack it in ; nothing less than thunder can get us out of th-this-s," at the same time uttering a blast from his expanding nostrils that served at once to lift him from the stool and to fill the room with a sort of shimmering chime—the tinkling echo of a thousand rims of ready-made buckets, basins, and coffee-pots !

While Skinner's nose resolutely refused to *see* the snuff, Picher's had lifted him out of the realms of lethargy.

"We must get out of this," shouted Picher. "Certainly," said Skinner, as if waking from a dream.

"Get out of this? by the holy Moses, yes," said Skinner, springing out of his chair. "But how? that's the mischief."

Making for the *front door,* the painted shutter of which formed a striking contrast with the dingy walls around, Picher found it locked and the key gone! Rushing to the back door, he found the same condition of things—locked, and the key gone! No force could compel, no persuasion could induce either of the doors to fly open. Then Picher started toward the window, but paused suddenly! Now, that window (the only one in the house) was located precisely in front of the spot whence Paul had disappeared! The soul of Charley Picher was not equal to the invasion of such mysterious precincts.

"Burst open the window, Skinner, said Picher.

"By the holy Moses, narry time," said Skinner.

"By Gosh, then," said Picher, "I'll break away the door-lock," and, seizing Paul's hammer, he started to execute his design. But just as Picher clutched the handle of the hammer, a voice sepulchral, from beneath, exclaimed:

"*Drop that!*"

Picher's knuckles relaxed a little, and he hesitated.

"Drop *that hammer!*" repeated the voice, and the hammer rolled heavily on the floor!

* * * * * * *

—Not reluctantly—not reluctantly, I leave these detectives in that enchanted castle. How they got out of it must be left to the tell-tale pen of some future historian.

N. B.—I request the amiable reader to draw his pencil through the word *castle* in the last foregoing paragraph and insert the word *tin-shop*, but I insist that the word *enchanted* be allowed to remain in its place, because I rather like the phrase "*enchanted tin-shop.*"

* * * * * * *

My further information concerning Major Paul runs thus:

Paul succeeded in eluding his pursuers for a long time, but he was, in the end, circumvented; and, like the gallant Numidian, Jugurtha, who so long resisted and defied the legions of Rome, he at last fell into a trap, and yielded to stratagem what he denied to force; he was captured and delivered over to the authorities of Mississippi.

It is said that the evidence against Paul, though possibly not conclusive, was such as to put him in supreme dread of a trial, and that he spent the whole of his large fortune and the remainder of his life in fighting *off a trial:* dying at last, ruined in fortune, broken in heart and body, with a cloud of suspicion resting upon him higher and mightier than any monumental stone that money could purchase or friendship dedicate.

THE UNIVERSITY.

In 1824 the land now occupied by the University buildings was a cotton plantation, run by Major Wm. M. Marr, a wealthy farmer. His house stood on or near the spot where the steward's hall (now know as the Hospital) stands. His negro cabins were located along the brow of the hills overlooking the ravine running north toward the river; at the foot of this ravine issued numerous springs of delicious water; the largest of these springs was known by name as "Marr's Spring."

Major Marr afterward removed to "New Town," where he built a commodious cottage, in which he resided, having established a large plantation on the Warrior River, three or four miles southwest. He was an enterprising man, and continued to grow rich; was the father of a large family of sons and daughters, among which may be noted the following: Annie, the oldest daughter, became the wife of Samuel B. Ewing; Agatha became the wife of Robert S. Inge; Sarah became the wife of Thomas L. Carson, and Tennessee, the wife of Dr. Nathaniel Venable; all of these were distinguished families, and have representatives now widely spread, not only in Tuskaloosa, but in other communities.

At precisely what period Major Marr left these grounds is not known, but as early as 1829 there were preparations being made for excavating for the foundations of the college buildings; at the same time the adjacent quarries were being worked for stone for this purpose. It may be stated here that these quarries furnished stone for the foundations of the State Capitol and also for the State Bank building.

In the spring of 1831 the college was thrown

open for the reception of students; and on the first day there were present on the ground about thirty-five boys, amongst which the writer was one. It is now quite impossible to supply an accurate list of these boys, from the fact that many came in afterwards and were put into the classes without regard to the exact date; but of those present at the opening may be mentioned—

A. B. Meek, Marion Banks, George D. Shortridge, Burwell Boykin, John D. Bracy, Whitmel Rives, Wm. A. Cochran, and Wm. R. Smith. At this present time of writing (1889) there are but two of those thirty-five boys known to be living, to wit, Dr. Wm. A. Cochran and Wm. R. Smith.

The average number of pupils for eight years did not exceed ninety.

Of the faculty-elect at that time there were present only two—Henry Tutwiler, professor of ancient languages, and Gurdon Saltonstall, professor of mathematics. These two conducted the examinations and decided upon the fitness of the applicants; but it is believed that no applicant was rejected on the ground of deficiency of learning—all were admitted; and, as a consequence of this, it may be said that for the first year of the college the institution assumed rather the cast of an "old field school" than of a university, for there were many of the boys not sufficiently advanced to enter regularly even the freshman class.

At that time there were two large dormitories—the Washington on the west and the Jefferson on the east. The steward's hall was finished. There were four handsome three-story cottages for the use of the professors, and a chapel. The rotunda was not then quite completed, but was in a condition to be used for the purposes of public ex-

hibitions ; and the upper story of that building was already beginning to be stocked with a library. The foundations of all these buildings were laid in stone from the adjacent quarries on the college lands.

The dormitories were three stories high, with basements, affording ample accommodations for about one hundred students. The president's mansion had not then been built.

DR. ALVA WOODS,

the first president of the University of Alabama, had all the advantages of early education afforded by New England colleges in his day.

Among his classmates are named George Bancroft, the great historian; Caleb Cushing, the successful lawyer and masterly politician. With such bright minds as these to compete with, he nevertheless graduated with a good share of collegiate honors, and made haste to put on the literary harness.

We find him, at an early day, occupying a chair as one of the professors in the Columbian College, in the District of Columbia, and in this position acquiring such reputation as to attract the attention of observant minds. Letters are to be found amongst his papers from such men as Henry Clay; and laudatory epistles concerning him from such men as Edward Everett, Richard M. Johnson, and the president of Harvard College.

It is evident that Henry Clay took great interest in young Woods, and that he used his influence to make the brilliant professor president of Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky. In one of his letters to Woods, Mr. Clay says: "I have received

information from Lexington that the impression you made there is quite favorable to you."

The president of Harvard, in a letter, says of him (Woods): "He is a ripe scholar, a good disciplinarian, without any tincture of severity;" * * * "in manners very gentlemanly," etc. Edward Everett speaks of him thus: "I state with great confidence and cheerfulness that I consider his talents, attainments," etc., "to be such as to be rarely found in one man. He has had the advantages of traveling in Europe."

Richard M. Johnson, to Governor Moore, of Alabama, says: "Dr. Woods is, by education, a pious, orthodox Baptist, but of most kind and catholic spirit to all; I never knew a man who had less of bigotry."

In 1828 Dr. Woods was installed president of Transylvania University. He added much to his reputation by the successful management of the affairs of that institution. It is said that when he took charge of that university, there was but (so to speak) "a handful of students and that the roll rapidly run up to the number of 150." But the college building about this time being destroyed by fire, a check to the prosperity of the institution was a necessary consequence. It was during this confusion of affairs at Transylvania that Dr. Woods was elected president of the University of Alabama, in 1831.

It seems to have been understood at the time of his acceptance of the position as president of our University that he would be allowed to remain at Lexington until the completion of the unexpired term of his office. Thus it happened that he was not present when the University of Alabama was opened for the reception of pupils. It was not

until several weeks after the organization of the classes that Dr. Woods made his appearance in Tuskaloosa.

Dr. Woods was graciously received by the professors and students, for he was heralded by a fair fame; and honors, well and recently acquired, were thick upon him, so far as the public voice was concerned; and thus he took his place as head of the institution under most favorable auspices.

As he appeared to the writer, now nearly sixty years ago, he was of medium height, compactly built, of robust health, with round face, fairly handsome; a well-shaped head, high and somewhat bald, and florid complexion. He wore glasses habitually. About him there was a deliberation of manner that might well be called hesitation; as if, indeed, he was constantly meditating upon every movement of mind and body. His feet fell very lightly as he walked, and his restless eye indicated that his ear was in suspense. There was an air of vigilance about him that threw one on his guard against a watchfulness which appeared almost offensive. With such a characteristic it is quite impossible that he should have inspired the boys with any feeling akin to affection; on the contrary, he was an object of awe.

Nevertheless, there was an intellectual halo about the president. That he was a fine classical scholar, in the book sense of the term, remains undisputed. He was then young, not above thirty-five. He was a minister of the Gospel—of the Baptist Church—and occasionally preached at Tuskaloosa. His sermons seemed to be fair specimens of gracefully expressed religious meditations, delivered without much energy of action, in an oratorical sense. He was not entirely at home in

the pulpit, as it appeared to a close observer, and seemed to be relieved when he got through a sermon.

Dr. Woods's baccalaureate addresses were written in fine English, disclosing a wide scope of information, and a capacity to grasp the grandest themes.

But besides the intellectual halo surrounding Dr. Woods, there was one more celestial—his charming wife. She was the very

"Phantom of delight."

It was understood that she had been a Massachusetts belle—very noted in her day in that aristocratic realm.

How well and vividly do I remember this enchanting woman! Her beauty was without a flaw; and her graceful and gracious manners carried her straightway to the hearts of the students. It was quite impossible to spend an evening in her presence without softening toward the man on whom she had lavished the boundless wealth of her loveliness. Pinkney's toast might well have been written to her:

> "I fill this cup to one made up
> Of loveliness alone;
> A woman of her gentle sex,
> The seeming paragon;
> To whom the better elements
> And kindly stars have given
> A form so fair that, like the air,
> 'Tis less of earth than heaven."

There are a few persons still living in Tuskaloosa who remember this captivating woman.*

Dr. Woods was very diligent in the faithful discharge of his official duties. He came up to the

* Almira Marshall, daughter of Josiah and Priscilla Marshall, of Boston, was married to Dr. Woods on the 10th of December, 1823; and died in 1863. It is written and printed of her that "her loss was universally deplored, and by none more than the poor and lowly, to whom she had endeared herself by her long-continued deeds of charity and love."

full measure of the expectations of the trustees of the institution. His baccalaureate addresses were always received with applause; and every courtesy was extended to him, such as conveying assurances of the general gratification the public felt in recognizing his eminent scholarship; but there was an undercurrent of opposition to him amongst the students which gradually extended to the public at large.

It was unfortunate for Dr. Woods to be brought into personal contrast with Professor Tutwiler, of whom, before the arrival of the president, the students had grown passionately fond; and who, until the president's advent, had been looked upon as the head of the college. There was a reluctance to recognize a new chief; this reluctance disclosed itself in many ways; and it may be said that the life of the first president of the University of Alabama was, from the very beginning, a life of storms.

If it be contended that Dr. Woods was not a success as a president of an institution of learning, that fact should not be construed in disparagement of him as a man or as a scholar, nor as casting a cloud on his memory as a worthy citizen. In all his troubles there was no impeachment of his personal integrity. Great teachers have been subjected to frivolous indignities—as illustrated most aptly by the experience of Aristotle at the court of Philip of Macedon. As the story goes, Aristotle was forced to go down on all fours and play the part of Bucephalus, while the impetuous prince, Alexander, with whip and spur, right royally rode upon the back of his teacher around the echoing chambers.

Dr. Woods left the University in 1837, in the

prime of life, and returned to his native State, Rhode Island, where he spent the remainder of his days, chiefly, it is believed, in literary retirement, in the midst of domestic comforts.

He died in 1887, at the advanced age of ninety-four years! He had outlived nearly three generations of the graduated students of the University of Alabama.

When Dr. Woods began to feel that he was not popular with the students, he became exceedingly sensitive and suspicious of supposed personalities. As an instance of this: on one occasion when he was presiding at the usual Friday-evening declamations, one of the students had for his speech Emmet's castigation of Lord Norberry. The young declaimer entered into the spirit of his speech with great enthusiasm. He played the part of the indignant patriot with ferocious intrepidity. His gestures, manner, attitudes, and voice were painfully realistic. His eyes fairly burnt into Lord Norberry's. His fingers almost blazed with Irish fire as he pointed them at the presiding judge. The enthused declaimer, under his zealous fury, advancing step by step, came within a few feet of the president. In the meantime Dr. Woods's face began to glow with ill-concealed excitement. His eyes were full of resentment. His face was all aflame with rage. "Take your seat, sir; take your seat!" he exclaimed. But the furious little declaimer persisted in his terrific onslaught until he had reached the legitimate end of his part—when he had almost convinced the assembled college that Dr. Woods and Lord Norberry were one and the same person, and that he himself was the identical Robert Emmet.

That was the closing speech of the evening's

entertainment, and the classes were dismissed. From this incident, and from that time, President Woods wore the sobriquet of "*Lord Norberry*"! The Irish question became paramount in the debating societies; and the campus of the University absolutely swarmed with enthusiastic young *Fenians*. A new scroll of fame was thrown out for posterity, on which was written, "Emmet, Curran, *and* Cicero!"

Dr. Woods thought of having the boy expelled, but the youth protested his innocence of any intention to offend: and when asked why he did not take his seat when the president ordered him to do so, he replied that the speech got the better of him, and that he "couldn't help it."

My opinion about President Woods is that he was master of a great store of classical learning, well digested, and at his fingers' ends for emergencies; a vast amount of general information on educational subjects, with a vigorous ability to grasp practical questions touching the development of mind.

Dr. Woods has left a large volume containing his "essays, baccalaureate addresses," and other discourses. I found a copy of this volume in the library of the University of Alabama in 1888, where it is so highly valued as to be carefully guarded and kept, generally, under lock and key. On re-perusing some of these papers, I am allowed to reassert my opinion touching his classical learning, his beautiful style of composition; his power to grasp great subjects, to discuss great themes, and the force, vigor, and purity of his English.

I am gratified to believe that the memory of Dr. Woods is most kindly cherished by the present authorities of the University. One of the new

Halls bears his name. In the library hangs a fine portrait of him, evidently the work of a master. I thought, when I looked upon it, that I recognized, at a glance, a very striking likeness of him as I had seen him in 1831.

JOHN A. NOOE, THE SOLITARY SENIOR.

The name of this gentleman is connected with that of Dr. Woods, in my recollection, from the circumstance of his coming to the college directly from Transylvania, in the retinue of the president. He had been a student at Transylvania, from Alabama, for several years; and such was his attachment to Dr. Woods personally that he concluded to sever his connection with the Kentucky college, and finish his education at the university of his own State. On account of his advanced standing in his classes at the former college, he was placed in the senior class at our University, and stood alone as the "solitary senior" for the entire year. He graduated in 1832; and it is but a matter of sheer justice to say of him that he fairly carried off *all* the honors of his class.

He entered college with the reputation of having been a good student; and exhibited very brilliant qualities as a debater in the societies. He was a fine declaimer and had an ambition to make a show in the world. He studied law, and entered upon the practice with energy, and speedily placed himself in the front rank of the North Alabama bar. He mingled cautiously in public life, was at one time a trustee of the University, and commanded much public attention for his brilliant parts and his extensive legal acquirements. He had a good practice in our courts, and was on the

highway to fortune when he left the State and established a law office in Memphis, Tenn. He there practiced law with success, and had achieved a fine reputation at the bar when, in the very prime of life, he was cut off by death.

DR. GURDON SALTONSTALL

was the first professor of mathematics. He was a Northern man, and a practicing physician in Tuskaloosa at the time he was appointed. I remember this professor chiefly as an elegant and engaging person, of lofty stature and benignant countenance. He was of easy manners and uncomplaining disposition; too good-natured even to rebuke a rebellious pupil for an unmitigated breach of discipline. Once, when the class was at recitation, and the professor at the blackboard expounding a shady problem, his back to the class, a rooster strutted in at the door, when an imp of a pupil seized the bird and threw it toward the professor, so that it lit upon his broad shoulders! The gravity of the class seemed in no way disturbed, and the urchin had resumed his seat, while the professor, with a quick movement of his right arm, and turning around facing the class, dashed away a few stray feathers; then, without a word, turning again to the blackboard, resumed the explanation; while the rooster, somewhat bewildered, dashing toward the door, paused at the threshold, uttered a magnificent "crow," and then strutted off into the yard to resume his time-honored occupation of scratching diagrams in the sand for the amusement of his cackling harem. If Dr. Gurdon Saltonstall ever made the slightest effort to solve the mystery of the advent of that rooster, the perpetrator of the atrocity never heard of it!

DR. JOHN F. WALLIS

was the first professor of chemistry. As in the case of Dr. Woods, he was not present at the opening, being in Europe on a tour at the time. He did not enter upon his duties until midsummer. In the meantime Professor Tutwiler, who, in addition to his legitimate duties, was a sort of drudge of all work, filled this chair, and did it willingly, gracefully, and satisfactorily.

Dr. Wallis came to the University accompanied by a beautiful woman—his daughter, Ann Eliza, just then blooming into womanhood. She seemed to have been a favored child, whose mind had been carefully trained and cultivated, not only in all the learning and arts pertaining to female education at that day, but in the classics also. Undoubtedly she was one of the most engaging and accomplished girls in Tuskaloosa; she became the wife of Mr. Arnoldus Bromby, an educated gentleman, who was for several years a tutor in the University.

Of Professor Wallis I know but little. He was of retiring and solitary habits, of dejected, melancholic appearance. He was a widower, and demeaned himself as one who had lost his heart's treasure, and had but few of those livelier solicitudes which engage the more joyous.

He was the devoted father of an accomplished daughter; and he can have no higher praise than to have been known as having made that daughter a model for her sex. He who does this is a greater benefactor to his race than the lordliest bachelor who may attain the fame of an Agazzi.

It is proper to state here that Dr. Wallis brought with him from Scotland a young man by the name

of Carlisle, whom he introduced as an assistant in his laboratory, and who, I believe, was very efficient in that department. This young man married one of the daughters of the late Dr. John L. Tindall, and removed to Aberdeen, Miss.

HENRY W. HILLIARD,

the first professor of elocution in the University, won his way to high places in the State by the force of genius. Gifted with fluency of speech, he studied elocution with vigilant assiduity, and so made himself master of the key to the human sympathies; for it is through the ear that the souls of men and women are enchanted. He studied law, early in life, and was admitted to the bar; but, being of pious inclinations, he selected the pulpit as the arena of his forensic displays; and such was his power that audiences from very small assemblies grew suddenly into vast congregations; attracted at first by curiosity, they thronged to listen, and remained spell-bound—receiving delight and imparting renown.

The young Methodist minister was thus in the enjoyment of a well-earned reputation as an eloquent orator when he was invited to take the chair of English literature in the University of Alabama. This he accepted, and entered at once upon the discharge of its duties. The selection was a good one; certainly most fortunate for the public and the pupils, and, I believe, for himself; it was a lasting benefit to him, as he made the position self-teaching. He continued most diligently, day and night, to strive to improve himself, for he had tasted the sweet morsels of applause, and was beset with a dangerous and engrossing ambition.

As a teacher, Professor Hilliard was ever at his

post. He seemed to take infinite delight in this occupation. He noted as his especial favorites such of the pupils as evinced an ambition to become orators, and never tired in his efforts to impart to them the mysteries of the art. Profoundly acquainted with all the phases of the lives of Cicero and Demosthenes, he was ever dilating upon the respective abilities of these two renowned orators, and of the matchless powers by which they controlled the times in which they lived, and how they made themselves immortal in the history of ages.

Professor Hilliard was not content, in his habit of teaching, with the mere routine of his professional duties. He often invited pupils, one or more at a time, to his office and would voluntarily enter upon some interesting topic connected with the development of mind, especially in the line of oratory. He was a charming reader, and seemed to seek opportunities to show off this excellence. His taste was good, and he knew well in what authors to find passages compact with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." I think I am at liberty to state that he was passionately fond of Byron; for I often found him gloating over the volumes of that author (then all the rage). I used to find excuses to get into his office in order to hear him read; would carry in a half-finished composition for correction, or seek instruction how to emphasize certain passages of a declamation. He always met me with a most gracious smile; and would detain me to listen to him read some favorite passage, generally from Byron, one notably—the reading of which, by him, made a lasting impression upon me.

Manfred * * * "Hear me, hear me!
Astarte, my beloved; speak to me!
I have so much endured—so much endure—
I know not what I ask nor what I seek;
I feel but what thou art—and what I am,
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice that was my music—Speak to me!
For I have called on thee in the still night!
Startled the slumbering birds from the hushed boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves and made the caves
Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
Which answer'd me—many things answer'd me—
Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all!
Yet speak to me! I have outwatched the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee!
Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness—speak to me;
Look on the fiends around—they feel for me;
I fear them not and feel for thee alone—
Speak to me! though it be in wrath—but say—
I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—
This once, once more."

The voice of the professor, in reading this speech, seemed to come from the lowest depths of a desolate heart; the tones solemnly prayerful, the emphasis happily, softly, mournfully laid upon the beseeching words, "Speak to me," so that it seemed that the very soul, laden with doubt and energized by the last accents of despair, was pleading at the feet of Mercy. I learned in that lesson all the tones and accents of despair, hope, and prayer. It was the voice of David, bewailing his iniquities, and beseeching forgiveness at the feet of Almighty God.

Professor Hilliard retained his position only two years—until 1833. It proved to be too monotonous for his active and aspiring spirit. His ambition grew to be of a turbulent nature. He yearned for the storms of active life. He had seen Cicero driving Catiline out of Rome; he had heard Demosthenes pouring out invectives against Philip of Macedon; and had seen the grand Athenian drive

Æschines into exile. These classic memories took complete possession of his soul. He had grappled the grand and sublime theme suggested by the forum of the pulpit, and had gained the smiling applause of admiring multitudes; but this became to him insipid; he longed for shouts. He continued occasionally to preach with eminent success. In the meantime he resumed the study of law and established himself in the practice at Montgomery, where he grew steadily into prominence.

It may be doubted that Mr. Hilliard found his right place—his proper arena—at the bar. His "mildness of manner" was not of the "cut-throat," "ship-scuttling" sort. The rough-and-tumble, short-sword, cut-and-thrust habits of the bar practice were not suited to the amiabilities of his nature; and although in Mr. Hilliard's day, in Alabama, pettifoggers did not abound so multitudinously as in other places and in later times, still there was even then a roughness of manner in the mode of practicing law that modest merit could not well compete with. Again, Mr. Hilliard, whose high ambition expected and demanded applause, found instead, possibly, a cold response to his happiest efforts of advocacy; what I mean by cold response is that the quiet and smiling approbation of a gratified jury, not allowed to disclose itself in open demonstrations and wild transports of delight, was not such applause as was required to appease the rapacious appetite of his ambition. And so we find Mr. Hilliard, in due time, rushing into the political arena, and *there he found his place.*

Into the memorable canvass of 1840 Mr. Hilliard entered with the greatest alacrity, participating actively in its wildest excitements, and enjoying hugely its most grotesque phases. He rode at the

head of its processions with all the commanding dignity of a field marshall, and surveyed its straggling lines of unorganized ragamuffins with all the apparent interest of a military commander arranging his troops on the eve of battle. He was ready at any moment to open the cannonades of his rousing declamation—for there were the upturned faces, there the eager ears, there the shouting voices that stirred his enthusiasm to the utmost.

Let us pause a moment at the contemplation of this gifted man in his new forum.

We have seen him in his office at the University, teaching, *con amore*, the art of elocution, of which he was so complete a master; expounding its rules with a voice so sweet and a manner so soft as to make the listening youth wonder if such perfection could be reached by another; we have seen him in the pulpit, grappling the sublime themes of the Bible, persuading with harmonious tones and threatening with warning denunciation, thus awakening the souls of men and women to a tremulous and deep sympathy in the divine truths of revelation; we have seen him at the bar, masking the hideous features of atrocity, melting the icy heart of a reluctant juror, and softening the stony eye of an unwilling judge, to look leniently upon the crime of a trembling, and perhaps too guilty, prisoner—in all these forums he was a recognized master; and here we have him on the stump! surrounded by excited multitudes, all his varied accomplishments, his massive learning and captivating arts, combined with an energy made mightier by the swelling power of enflamed enthusiasm—here we have him on the stump—a new character, with new themes, new phases, new combinations, and new ambitions!

At home in the study, at home in the pulpit, at home at the bar, he was on the stump even more at home—whether declaiming from the door-sill of a traveling log cabin or from the resounding head of an empty cider barrel! He was still the master spirit of the place, leading, swaying, and convulsing the tumultuous assembly.

In the great canvass, 1840, which brought about the mightiest politico-civil upheaval ever felt on this continent, Mr. Hilliard placed himself in the foremost rank of American orators. In Alabama he was the acknowledged head and front of the Whig party.

It had been his good fortune to have been chiefly instrumental in placing Mr. Tyler on the ticket for Vice-President in 1839, and, as a consequence, he received, in due time, recognition for this service, and was appointed *charge d'affaires* to Belgium. He was abroad about four years.

Here we see Mr. Hilliard in another arena. For this place he was admirably adapted. His personal appearance, at all times, in all places, was elegant, commanding, and courtly. He was a man to stand before the king. Caracticus at Rome, amidst powers that awed the world, was not more entirely British than Hilliard was stolidly American in the European courts.

When Mr. Hilliard returned from his mission he plunged at once into politics. Three times successively he was elected to Congress as a Whig, winning his way to success fairly by the force of his learning and his power as a stump speaker. Opposed as he was by eminent ability, his powers were sufficiently taxed to force him to great exertion. He proved equal to every occasion, and every speech added to his reputation as an orator.

His efforts were masterpieces of stump-oratory, and it is worth noting that he seldom departed from the line of dignified debate, and never allowed himself to fall into the vulgar ways of the low slang-whanger.

In his third race for Congress he was opposed by the Hon. James L. Pugh, then a young man. The canvass was heated and exciting. Pugh showed fine mettle and splendid parts, and, though defeated, he made reputation and laid the foundation of his political future. It was high praise to shine in a debate with Hilliard. Pugh did more than shine; he assumed the character of an assailant and maintained it with imperious composure and unrelenting obstinacy. This put Hilliard on the defensive, but he fought it out bravely; his vindications were complete and his success as triumphant as that of Demosthenes fighting for the crown.

We have seen Mr. Hilliard in every forum open to an American orator, excepting one. He was now about to encounter a new experience, and possibly to feel a keen disappointment on the floor of Congress.

Whoever expects to take the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States by storm will be disappointed. He had better take a bath before he enters upon the task, in order that his body may be the better prepared for the inevitable wet blanket.

Here Mr. Hilliard launched his orations; but his auditors remained unmoved! most of them scribbling under his nose; writing letters; franking documents; framing subsidies; concocting omnibus bills; devising schemes to cajole the people and swindle the Government; some of them engaged

in the more innocent employment of cracking jokes and munching peanuts—here he launched his orations, but his thunderbolts hit nobody! Our Cicero could not find his Catiline. Treason was patent, but traitors were scarce, or so effectually concealed in clouds that their protecting deities could lift them at any moment out of trouble as easily and as gracefully as Phœbus Apollo whisked off Æneas from the dangers of the battlefields of Troy.

I do not wish to be understood as intimating that Mr. Hilliard's speeches in Congress were not successful efforts; on the contrary, they were fine productions, far above the average, and were delivered gracefully, elegantly, eloquently; I simply mean to show that their reception was not such as his too sanguine hopes had led him to expect. Educated in the Athenian and Roman schools of oratory, inspired by the respective successes of Demosthenes and Cicero, and aspiring to place himself on a pedestal with these two illustrious orators, he forgot, in measuring his audience, that the Athenian swayed an uneducated mob and that the Roman fired a bloated aristocracy, and that the Congress of the United States was neither of these.

But it will not do to conclude that Mr. Hilliard's life was a failure. He figured, with distinction, in the higher places of the State; riding ever on the foremost billows of the tempestuous ocean of a life made up materially of the elements of turbulence and strife. But, while his life must not be considered a failure, it was not such a success as he might have achieved, nor commensurate with his magnificent endowments. And here we have the old story of divided pursuits, numerous occupations, and frittered energies. Had Mr. Hilliard remained steadfast to the pulpit, where, indeed, all

the stars shone upon him most auspiciously from the beginning; had he grappled the sublime themes of the Bible with his native manliness and with the same energy that he exhibited in exhausting the lesser and more trivial subjects belonging to politics, he might have left an enduring fame; he might have fairly divided the admiration of mankind with an England, a Manning, and a Wiseman; he might have rivaled Fenelon with his pen and Massillon with his tongue. As it is, all that we have left of him is a volume or two of essays, sketches, and speeches—excellent of their kind and eminently entitled to the epithet of brilliant, but wanting in the divine sparks that fire an immortal renown.

HILLIARD AND YANCEY.

I have said that Mr. Hilliard, in the canvass of 1840, placed himself in the front rank of American orators ; and he must be considered the very first in Alabama of the Whig party at that day. There was a Democratic champion in the State who may fairly compete with Mr. Hilliard as an orator—William L. Yancey. The great part he played in the civil affairs of this country which culminated in Secession, "precipitating a revolution," and, as a consequence, bringing ruin and desolation to the happiest and most prosperous people on the globe—the great part that Mr. Yancey played in these momentous events has crowned him, in the opinion of many, as the greatest orator of his day ; and I am not prepared to dispute the claim. But in the course of his political career in Alabama Mr. Hilliard had occasion frequently to meet Mr. Yancey on the stump, and it has been said that in these conflicts between these

two champions public opinion ever remained fairly divided as to which was the greater orator—party and partisan feeling being the controlling umpire.

In all that was soft and smooth and easy, graceful and persuasive, Mr. Hilliard was unquestionably the better; in all that was fierce, stormy, vituperative, denunciatory, impetuous, and scornful, Mr. Yancey excelled. Mr. Hilliard had the advantage in the extent of his having a more sweeping range of literary accomplishments, as well as a broader acquaintance with the history of nations; while Mr. Yancey had a better knowledge of men, was a more perfect master of the passions, and had ever at his command, seemingly compiled in his own mind for use upon occasion, a boundless store of apt historical parallelisms, which enabled him to enforce an argument, strengthen his logic, and invigorate his conclusions by some finely fitting classical or historical illustration. These were drawn chiefly from ancient sources, showing that Mr. Yancey had been a close student of the more dramatic writers, and was happily skilled in the learning of the mythologies. Mr. Yancey had a great fondness for high-sounding phrases; felt no scruple in the use of a plausible clap-trap—that, indeed, was a part of his skill. He could make a happy use of what is commonly called "glittering generalities," and of phrases and opinions conceded to be of Jeffersonian make-up, and he delighted in storming his audience occasionally; and sometimes, as if with banner in hand, he would shout, at the top of his voice, something about the "god of battles"—always in the most dramatic manner, and with the happiest effect.

Now it so happens when men meet in frequent discussion that, day after day, they repeat themselves to new audiences. This phrase—"the GOD OF BATTLES"—had been ringing so long in Hilliard's ears that he resolved to get rid of it. He took his time, watched his opportunity, and, on one occasion, having the closing speech, he took Mr. Yancey fairly by surprise, thus:

"I see, my friends, that it is quite impossible for you, as, indeed, it is so for me, not to be forced into raptures of delight at the magnificent displays of the eloquence of my distinguished friend. I must warn you against some of his enchanting arts. The trident of Neptune is not more potent to rouse or to calm the ocean than are the tones and phrases, manner and voice of this captivating speaker. Whether dealing in facts or fancies, histories or fables, still he seems ever irresistible. Even a few moments ago I saw this assembly driven to its tiptoes, and almost breathless, as he uttered his war whoop—the GOD OF BATTLES! Let us pause a moment and inquire, what is this mysterious power that my friend exerts in this exhibition of 'the god of battles?' At the very mention of the 'god of battles' the hair creeps on the scalp as it might be supposed to do with some community of women and children suddenly beholding in their midst some gigantic chief, with glaring eyes, bristling hair, and uplifted tomahawk! Why do we stand appalled at this 'god of battles?' Our God is the God Jehovah, the God Christ, the God the Holy Ghost. He is not the god of battles. He is the God of peace. 'Peace on earth and good-will to men.' Then who

is this 'god of battles?' Is it the Mars of Olympus, with his furious sister, Belonna, gloating over the battle-field of Troy, rioting—rejoicing in the carnival of blood? Who, then, is this 'god of battles?' I tell you, my friends," rising on his tiptoes, and giving his hand a majestic sweep as he stood a moment, grandly commanding in his attitude, "I tell you, my friends, this 'god of battles' is an *impostor* god!"

(Here Mr. Yancey sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "What do you mean by that?")

"I mean," said Mr. Hilliard, "that your 'GOD OF BATTLES,' is the devil of hell, wearing here the livery of Heaven! And I repeat that this 'god of battles' is an *impostor god*!"

At this new revelation the crowd seemed to go absolutely wild. A long shout went up that shook all the surroundings, and the assembly heaved itself into an uprising mass of living enthusiasm, with waving hats and deafening cheers, mixed with cries, "Hurrah for Harry Hilliard!" When the tumult had subsided, Mr. Hilliard said: "This monster used to be content to assume the shape of a roaring lion, 'roving about the earth seeking whom he might devour,' but now he has grown to be a god! I know him from the taint of brimstone that he leaves upon the air. He comes with flames in his nostrils and torches in his claws. Desolation marks his fiery course and famine gnaws the bleaching bones that lie in his track. He is the same false god that shouted at the heels of Alexander; the same false god that fired the fanaticism of Mohammed and gloried in the triumph of the Moslem banner; the same false god that stood by Tamerlane and gloated over the erection of that great pyramid of human skulls; the same

false god that lured Napoleon Bonaparte to light his cigar at the fires of Moscow and pave the Russian highways with the bleaching bones of the grand armies of the French people! I want none of your 'god of battles.'"

Turning to Mr. Yancey, Mr. Hilliard continued: "I do not presume to criticise the rhetoric or to dictate the taste of my distinguished friend in the manner of his speech or the selection of his epithets. We all know and recognize the power of his enchantments. They sometimes assume the charms of necromancy, the spells of the magician. These three words, the 'god of battles,' from his lips, seem the utterance of inspiration. There has been nothing like it since Cicero uttered his kindred phrase, '*pro dii immortales*.' If the Roman orator had any advantage over our friend it was because of the plurality of *his* gods; having more than one, he necessarily had more dry bones to shake up. The operation took a little more time for the performance, and the spell of the incantation was more potently prolonged! It is to be hoped that our friend will not conclude to duplicate *his* deity.

"I am inclined to think, my friends, that you will require of those who seek to instruct you on great questions a little more logic and a little less tragedy. You will not allow a public speaker at will to drop a knotty question unanswered and to cover it up by some startling shifting of the scenery of the stage.

"Now, in order that the goddess of reason may take the place of the 'god of battles,' I use the liberty of advising my friend, in a fatherly way, to take home with him to-night the dry bones of this stalwart deity and put them in a box, get a

H. Tutwiler

hammer and a few ten-penny nails, and fasten the box up! Let the nails be long and well hammered in, for it will take a strong box to keep the devil a safe prisoner." (Here there were great roars of laughter, while Mr. Hilliard continued.) "After my friend has performed this pious duty let him turn to the God 'Jehovah. Christ, the Holy Ghost'— that beautiful triune Deity, the God of peace; our God, your God, his God. Let him address his devotions to that God, and on the morrow he will come fresh to the discussion of the great questions at issue, a serener, a wiser, and a milder man."

When Mr. Hilliard made his bow and was retiring, while the cheering was venting itself in the wildest demonstrations. Mr. Yancey, who was sitting on the rostrum, arose, and, extending his hand to the speaker, said, in the most amiable way: "Well, Hilliard, you have got me *this time.* I congratulate you."

And the two champions disappeared from the crowd to crack jokes and make ready for the next conflict.

HENRY TUTWILER, LL. D.,

the first professor of ancient languages in the University of Alabama. was born in Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Va., in 1807. He and Gassner Harrison. of the same town. were the first graduates of the University of Virginia. in 1829; Tutwiler being made its first A. M. Young Tutwiler, at the suggestion of friends, taught school for two or three years after graduating, becoming quite well known in the meantime for his scholastic learning and superior qualifications as a teacher. Such was his reputation, thus early acquired, when the trustees of our University, who were looking

about for the best talent to fill their Faculty, found him and tendered to him the chair of ancient languages. This young student could not but have felt this appointment as a great compliment, as well as a God-send, to him, especially as he had made up his mind to devote his life to letters; and he at once accepted the position. He came to the University early in the year 1831, aud took up his residence on the spot, in one of the handsome brick cottages which had been completed, for the accommodation of officers. I think the young professor was in Tuskaloosa some two or three weeks before the exercises at the college began, and had created quite a favorable impression on the community. He and Dr. Saltonstall, the professor of mathematics, were the only members of the faculty present at the beginning, (as I have stated in another place).

Professor Tutwiler was altogether the most noted and marked of the first corps of professors. He was then a delicate stripling of a youth, in appearance as timid and modest as a woman—so gentle in his demeauor and so graceful and apt in his mode of imparting instruction that every boy fell absolutely in love with him. It may be asserted as a fact that the feeling entertained for him by the earlier students of the University amounted to real affection, which suffered no diminution by the lapse of time. And this was reciprocal; for Professor Tutwiler watched the career, with exceeding anxiety, of all his pupils in after-years, noting with pride the development of any excellence, and rejoicing in their success.

He took charge of the classes in Latin and Greek, and was recognized as the professor of ancient and modern languages; but he also took charge of stu-

dents in the primary departments; for in the beginning of the exercises of the University no systematic collegiate classes could be readily formed. On this account he had to do, in some way, with every boy—the least and the most advanced—and so at once he became the friend, companion, and instructor of all. In this way he not only discharged his duties as professor, but did a wonderful amount of drudgery in teaching.

The wonder with all of us was that so young a person should be honored as a professor in an institution that was then assuming such grand dimensions, and swelling out into such magnificent proportions in the way of large buildings—not many of us having ever seen anything in the shape of a school-house bigger than a moderately-sized log or plank cabin.

As one of his peculiarities Professor Tutwiler was seldom seen in or out of the school-room without having a small volume in his left hand. He had a diamond edition of the ancient classics, and carried about with him either Virgil, Horace, the Anabasis, Iliad, Cicero, Terence, or Euripides. These were his quiet companions, from which he seemed to be inseparable. He was never without a pencil; and would stop in his walks, under the shade of an oak, and enrich the margin of his book with some useful hint or scholarly annotation.

It is not too much to say of Professor Tutwiler that he was a whole Faculty within himself, even at that earlier period of his life; and that he was as much at home in the chemical laboratory as he was in his own room with the classics. He was familiar with all the sciences, and always at work. He was handy with the telescope and knew the heavens.

It was a sad day for the University of Alabama when Professor Tutwiler severed his connection with that institution.

Dr. Tutwiler left the University in 1837, about the time of the retirement of Dr. Woods, the president. Of the following ten years of his life he spent seven years at Lagrange College, in North Alabama, and three years in the "Labor Institute for Young Men," at Marion, Ala.

He established his "High School at Greene Springs" in 1847.

The success of the school at Greene Springs is well known. There has never been a more delightful collegiate resort in the South. To its management, the professor devoted his whole energies, and from its classic portals went out into the bustling world many a youth animated with an enlightened mind and bristling with an honorable ambition. Some have become distinguished, while the cruel war put out many of those twinkling lights just as they began to glow.

In this scholastic retreat Professor Tutwiler brought up a large family of children, to whom he was especially devoted. His sons were soundly educated, and his daughters brilliantly accomplished.

Dr. Tutwiler, during the time he was at Greene Springs, was twice offered the presidency of the University of Alabama, which he respectfully but resolutely declined to accept. In this we have reason to know that he was sagacious, at least in one view of the matter: Greene Springs "had made him an independent man in fortune;" for through it he had acquired very considerable property, and, at the breaking out of the war, he was comparatively rich, certainly comfortable, with property valued at $75,000.

In the course of Professor Tutwiler's life there is but one departure from the domain of letters, and that was a notable one, as it turned out. Some of his friends had induced him to become an applicant for the office of State superintendent of education, a place which he was in every respect most eminently qualified to fill; but when he found out that in this role he would have to play the part of an electioneerer he was quite amazed and staggered. I know this from a letter I have from him about this time, from which I take the following extract: "I had no idea, when I consented to become a candidate for the office of superintendent of education, that I was entering upon a political arena; but some of my friends seem to regard it in this light, and wish me to act accordingly. Now, I do not think that the office of superintendent of education has anything more to do with politics than that of president or professor of college or university. It will be very repugnant to my feelings to go to the convention at Montgomery."

These ideas and sentiments, thus expressed, will serve to show how utterly absorbing had been Dr. Tutwiler's scholastic pursuits. How, otherwise, can we account for his simplicity of thought, that an office, even such as superintendent of education, had not been placed upon the list of spoils belonging as of right to some political favorite, and therefore controllable by the recognized mode of dispensing the powers amongst the partisans?

Professor Tutwiler had not about him a particle of personal aspiration for place or power. The idea of ambition was lost in the vast expansion of his great mind. There was no room in his intellect for so brawling a thing as ambition; and it

would seem that he had no use for learning excepting for its quiet enjoyment and for the delight it gave him to impart it to others.

Dr. Tutwiler had accumulated a library of choice books before he left the University. He had the habit of making himself intimately acquainted with the contents of every book, as he put it in place on its shelf, holding the idea that the accurate knowledge of the localities of facts constituted a fine trait in the make-up of a man's capacity to meet emergencies. He was devoted to the ancient classics, and had a sublime scorn for any opinion reflecting on the characters of any of his favorites. Dr. Tutwiler was a vigilant reader and student of English, French, and German literature. Being of German descent, he had a natural leaning toward the philosophers and poets of that great people. He enjoyed Goethe and Schiller, in the original, to the last—"*fortunate senex*!"

He was always fully up with the English writers; kept abreast of Carlyle, Macaulay, and all of the crowding philosophers of his day; this I know from letters from him, in which he spoke to me freely in reference to their merits, and such other topics as the book in hand might naturally suggest. I am tempted to make one or two extracts, although it may look a little egotistical. In 1878 he speaks thus, characteristically: "I have lately been reading 'Macaulay's Life and Letters,' by his nephew, and it occurred to me how much you and Mrs. S—— would enjoy it. If I had not given my copy to my son Pascal, I would send it to you. I was reminded of you when I read, in his diary, how he read the last five books of the Iliad in one of his walks, and having to turn aside into a by-path, lest the parties of walkers should see him blubbering

for imaginary beings, the creations of a ballad-maker who had been dead two thousand seven hundred years ago—such, he says, is the privilege of genius."

I kept up a familiar correspondence with Dr. Tutwiler, during his life, having become much attached to him at the University, where he was very kind to me, showing me many favors and imparting much instruction outside of the ordinary routine. From him I learned for the first time that it "was no great merit to spell well, but a disgrace in a man of letters to spell badly;" this was putting this subject in a new but a very strong light. I sent Dr. Tutwiler a copy of my translations from Homer, with my *school "arrangement"* of the Iliad; in answer to which he writes thus: "I am satisfied that the idea of your book is a good one, and that if a boy were to read the parts you have published, and make for himself a lexicon of all the words contained in them, he would find no difficulty in reading the whole of Homer. I intend to try it in the next class I have in Homer. I hope to be able to write a notice of it during my vacation."

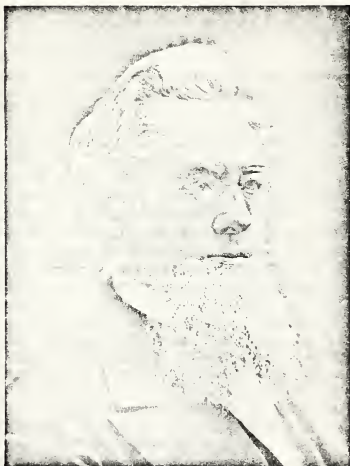
Dr. Tutwiler devoted his entire life to the rising generations of his day. Such eminent sacrifices should be rewarded by substantial memorials. The memory of such a man should never die. Tears, though abundant, are too transient to commemorate such a career; in fact, tears serve to wash away rather than to perpetuate the memory of man. Let the shaft be of such material as to hold its own in a long battle with Time, whose chief office is to deface great names and to teach the generations how to grow weary of preserving the past.

FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD, LL. D.

This is 1889. In taking a glance at the willows that droop over the river of time, I notice one of my old friends still hanging on with his head quite above the waters, resolutely refusing to go under. Oh, how pleasant it is to behold him thus, after outliving so many generations, ever distinguished above his fellows, vigorously asserting the tenacity of a great will, and symbolizing, in the evening of life, the immortality of the soul!

Frederick A. P. Barnard was the third professor of mathematics in our University. He was noted for his devotion to his duties, was the idol of his classes at the college, and an universal favorite in society.

Professor Barnard, as I remember him in his younger days, was a marvel of intellectual brilliancy and practical versatility. He could take a hand at any game, and play it well. He was conceded to be the *best* at whatever he attempted to do; he could turn the best sonnet, write the best love story, take the best daguerreotype picture, charm the most women, catch the most trout, and calculate the most undoubted almanac. He was, indeed, an "admirable Frederick." Young, dashing, and handsome (he was then in the prime of his manhood), a trifle eccentric in manner and habit, with a mind ever on science and literature, and a heart and eye bent on the enjoyment of the legitimate pleasures of the hour, he thus began a career of usefulness which has been marked by a distinction growing wider every year of his industrious life, until now (1888) he finds himself in duty bound, by his length of years and failing health, to give up the honors of a high place and



F. A. P. BARNARD.

ask permission to resign the presidency of a great institution—the "Columbia College," New York—with which he has been so long connected. I take the following note from a New York paper of late date:

"At a quarterly meeting yesterday of Columbia College, New York, the resignation of President Barnard was accepted, to take effect on the appointment of his successor."

It is not too much to say that Professor Barnard, in thus bringing to a close the labors of a long life devoted to science, literature, and to educational themes, presents to us a career altogether the most distinguished of any one of the old professors of our University. He has never been idle, and seldom out of a place of prominent usefulness.

He was born in 1809; graduated at Yale in 1828; was at our University from 1837 to 1854.

From the University of Alabama he was called to the Mississippi University at Oxford (in 1854), where, in 1856, he was made chancellor of that institution, and where he greatly enlarged his fame as an educator, until he was induced to go to New York and take the high place of president of Columbia College, where he has been for very many years recognized as the leading spirit of a circle of learned and distinguished scholars. To be the center of such a circle must have been especially delightful to Barnard. Really learned himself in any branch of science wherein he made pretensions to be learned, he was ever keenly in pursuit of knowledge of every kind—the first edge of an eclipse or the last faint ray of a departing comet was alike inviting to his eager curiosity and commanded his closest scrutiny.

While at our University he was young enough to exhibit some fondness for lighter literature, and

did not hesitate to take a hand even at poetry and at magazine story-telling. And here (to show his common-sense practicability), I will state that, when the surprising Daguerreon art was making its earliest appearance in this country, he became so keenly excited on the subject that he united with Dr. Harrington, and set up in the city of Tuskaloosa a gallery for taking pictures, and to this he devoted all the time he could spare from his University duties, making the establishment a success. An accomplished chemist, he went into this business with sleeves rolled up and manipulated the camera with such skill as to produce really fine specimens of the art, so that the faces of the belles and beaus of Tuskaloosa were speedily duplicated to the infinite gratification of the young and the old. The interest he took in such things as these, when he did take hold, was absolutely absorbing; and this he made no effort to conceal.

When Judge Meek established the *Southron* he found in Barnard an earnest coadjutor. Barnard, at that period of his life, was full of literary enthusiasm—gushing over with fancies exuberant—as much so as if he had just passed into a fledgling junior. He had a good knowledge of the art of poetry, especially as to the construction of the different sorts of versification. He could turn a sonnet after the manner of Petrarch, and could discourse learnedly on the differences of the Italian and the English models.

Fortunately, I am able to lay hands on some of his poetical productions, which, after a rigid and critical examination, I here reproduce as pieces well worth preservation. These light poems indicate the poetic temperament, as well as the poetic capacity, and the aspiration which is always in-

separable therefrom, while they disclose a disposition to strive after excellence, and to be willing, at least,, to be numbered among the bards.

SONNETS.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ———, OF TUSKALOOSA, ALA.

BY CHARLES AUGUSTUS CONWAY—[F. A. P. BARNARD.]

I. MORAL BEAUTY UNFADING.

How blessed are the beautiful! Not they
Alone, that fairest seem to outward eye:
Roses are beautiful, yet soon decay;
Roses are sweet, we cast them not away
In scorn, that thus their matchless tinctures die;
Ev'n so, though time may dim each outward charm,
The inly beautiful he can not harm.
Pure as the snows that dazzle in thy neck,
Enchantress! be thy heart: perennial shine,
Rich in the gems the priceless soul that deck,
Kindling affection ev'n in beauty's wreck;
Innocence, sweetness, gentleness be thine.
Not then a votive train, that, dwindling, speaks,
Shall tell how fade the roses of thy cheeks.

II. A VALENTINE.

As one, who loveth on the stars to gaze,
Oft chooseth out the fairest for its own,
His rapt eye nightly feeding on its blaze,
With a deep gladness known to him alone;
Nor heedeth from how far its light hath shone,
And ever must, though soft it round him plays:
Since to its worship so his heart hath grown,
He would not snatch it from its azure throne,
To mingle earth's pollution with its rays:
Thus beauty's galaxy mine eye surveys,

Yet, of all fair forms, fasteneth on thine;
Therefore do I, to cheer my weary days,
Make thee, sweet stranger, goddess of my lays,
And choose thee out to be my Valentine.

FEBRUARY 14, 1839.

These two sonnets are taken from the *Southron*.

Here is another specimen, taken from the same periodical:

A SERENADE.

BY CHARLES AUGUSTUS CONWAY—[F. A. P. B.]

[The admirers of Sir William Jones will recollect, among his lesser poems, an imitation of the style and rhythm of the Persian HAFIZ. It is the peculiarity of this rhythm to introduce the rhyme, at long intervals, before the close of the line, succeeded by a constant appendage. In the following lines, written some years since, a regular stanza is attempted, varying from the model by a more frequent recurrence of the rhyme and by a change in the first and third stanzas of the subjoined appendage. Their merit, if they have any, is entirely artificial, the structure of the stanza rendering it peculiarly difficult to manage.]

I.

Wake! Lady, wake! the night is fair;
Soft as a summer shower, I feel
The breathing of the evening air,
As through thy fragrant bower I steal;
The stars, like diamonds, rich and rare,
Glow silently: this blessed hour
To stillness and to love is dear:
How sweet their blended power I feel!
I wander, in the moonlight, where
By rippling rill and moss-grown tower,

Oft thou hast wandered, love, and there
  Full many an od'rous flower I steal.

II.

The bird of night, upon the spray,
  Is warbling; strains of love he sings;
Where moonbeams in the dew-drops play,
  And zephyrs gently move, he sings;
Where mournful minstrels love to stray
  Beneath the widely-arching grove;
Where lovers fond, and maidens gay,
  Steal off apart to rove, he sings;
And then a wild and witching lay,
  Like spirit-voices, interwove
In pale Diana's silver ray,
  To spangled skies above, he sings.

III.

The solemn clock, in turret gray,
  With slow and mournful peal, I hear,
Telling the hour, when elf and fay,
  Their mystic circle wheel, my dear:
In yon lone dell, far, far away,
  Where mists of night all shapes conceal,
Save where, sometimes, a struggling ray
  Seems fitfully to steal, I hear,
Or seem to hear, their frolic play;
  And seem to see them weave the spell
They ever, ere the break of day,
  Weave for our woe or weal, my dear.

IV.

But e'en the rapt star-gazer now
  Nods on his tube—no more, away,
His thoughts, 'mid heaven's eternal glow,
  On restless pinion, soar away:

The lover breathes the parting vow,
So often softly breathed before;
The student turns, with aching brow,
From books of learned lore, away:
All, all woo gentle slumber now,
So shouldst thou, too; my lay is o'er,
O! rosy be thy dreams till thou
Shall bid them flit, once more. away.

Here is another trifle, as Barnard no doubt considered it at the time; but it differs from the elegant trifles of most young poets in being divinely alive with such images as genius only can summons to its aid in the construction of poetry.

"Miss Trifle had told me—as all young ladies, I believe, tell all young gentlemen, who indulge in protestations of eternal love and eternal—what is the word? constancy—that if I were to return to Higginsport or elsewhere absent myself for a fortnight, I should forget that there was such a being as she, on two—two feet—in all the world. Whereupon I gallantly responded:

"'Forget thee! bid the earth forget
Its viewless track around the sun;
Forget thee! on the dial let
The shadow cease its course to run.

"'Forget thee! bid the restless sea
Forget to beat upon the shore;
Or bid the honey-seeking bee
Gather the sweets he loves, no more.

"'Forget thee! bid the needle cease
Its silent homage to the pole;
Or waters, in their glad release,
From ice-clad mountain-tops to roll.

"'Bid the young bud forget to spread
Its petals in the sunny hour;
Or summer eves forget to shed
Their dews upon the tender flower.

"'Bid yon bright stars, that have their birth
Far in immensity of blue,
That nightly smile on sleeping earth
And light up diamonds in the dew—

"'Yea! bid them all—in darkness set—
Cease ever more the world to bless;
Yet tell not *me* I may forget;
I hate that word—forgetfulness.'

"No trifle ever grieved me more than the wasteful expenditure of these stanzas. However, it served me right; for there was not a word of truth in the whole."

These poems have merits far above the ordinary efforts of amateur writers. There is no twaddle here. The thoughts soar above the dead level of commonplaces; while the epithets and figures are of a delicate selection, such as could be suggested by genius only.

These three efforts—the "Sonnets," the "Serenade," and the "Farewell"—afford evidence to me that Professor Barnard had, at some time of his life, been a close student and hard worker in the art and practice of poetical composition. Whether he had ever seriously contemplated the adoption of poetry as an occupation or not, it is quite certain that he might have achieved a success in that line, had he devoted his life to the Muses; for, besides the artistic skill displayed in the construction

of the verses, the lines and thoughts betray a most delicate poetic vein, and a lively imagination; disclosing, at the same time, a drift toward originality.

My opinion is that Professor Barnard had a hard tussle with his inclinations, before he was entirely extricated from the softer influences of poetry; and when science got the better of him, it was a great triumph to the brick-bat world.

Professor Barnard had an acute perception of the ludicrous, and a quick appreciation of the absurd in literature. This led him sometimes to the perpetration of mock-heroic poems, bordering on the satirical. I have one of these at hand, which I will produce. Cheerfulness was so constantly uppermost in his disposition that it was often difficult to pull him down to the conventional gravities of society: he was a boy at thirty!

The "Ode to a Jack-knife" might have been written by Halleck; it is much in his vein and partakes of the grave frivolities and ironical levities which distinguish his humor. This ode came to the surface in a love-story; and in order that the reader may the better appreciate the humor of the conception, I give an extract from the story, as it will serve to explain the occasion of the ode, and at the same time to show the easy-going style in which the professor, at that day, could throw off these light stories. He had discovered a "jack-knife" in his lady's work-box; whereupon, as the story goes:

"'But I do beg of you, in pity, to tell me the use of this enormous jack-knife; I can conceive no possible purpose to which those delicate hands can apply it.'

"'I will answer this one question, and then, Jerry, unless you can learn to cease meddling, I

shall insist on your putting a wall between us in fact. That knife is used to crimp ruffles. Be content with that, and sit farther away, at once.'

"In my haste, I neglected to replace the jack-knife in the work-box, but presently after, in a fit of absence, consigned it to my own pocket.

"That night I seized my pen, and then and there, 'accoutred as I was,' I sat me down and gave vent to my 'thick-coming fancies' in an effusion which I long after regarded as my *chef d'œuvre*. I mingled in it no strain of earthly love—it was all grandeur and sublimity—the outpouring of my lofty conceptions of the glorious destiny which had befallen that humble, unpretending jack-knife. The reader shall have an opportunity of judging of the merits of my performance. Indeed, I think it important to insert the whole production in this place, inasmuch as it was made the subject of one of the most atrocious attacks upon my literary character, in that pestilent journal the *Doolittle Hollow Orb of Day*, it has ever been my lot to undergo.

"Considering the grandeur of effect it was my purpose to produce, I adopted a stanza only employed by the great poets in treating subjects of a certain elevation; and I aimed, I trust, not unsuccessfully, at combining majesty of movement with majesty of thought in the following:

"ODE TO A JACK-KNIFE.

"Time was when thou wast sleeping in the ore,
 And when the massive haft that decks thee now,
 In the proud antler, on his prouder brow,
Some noble tenant of the forest bore.

"Man came and digged thee out—then fashion'd thee
 Into a jack-knife, such as boors employ

Virginian weed to cut, or truant boy
Th' inglorious birch to sever from the tree.

"Yet thou escapedst such ignoble fate,
No vulgar pocket doth thy prison make,
But fingers whiter than the snowy flake
Confine thee, as the cambric's folds they plait.

"Yet, favor'd jack-knife, all unconscious still
And senseless to thy happy lot art thou;
Nor ever know'st—like him who on thee now
Is sadly gazing—either joy or ill.

"No heart is throbbing in that iron breast,
No soul, with ceaseless strugglings to be free
And robe itself in immortality—
Its heavenly birthright—robs thee of thy rest.

"Suns rise and set, and seasons come and go,
And mighty empires totter to their fall,
And blood-stained despots triumph—yet of all
Thou'rt heedless; would I were a jack-knife, too!

"As a matter of course, I published this sublime ode in the *Pettiboneville Orient Sun*. I will not quote here the complimentary remarks with which the editor of that journal accompanied the publication; nor even his notice of the pathetic and touching melancholy breathed in the final aspiration."

But we are not allowed to conclude that the specimens here given are Barnard's best; these are fifty years old (he might have written an Iliad in the meantime); neither are we permitted to conclude that his labors in letters were confined to elegant and ingenious poetical trifles. As early

as 1830, he had published a treatise on arithmetic, and one on grammar in 1834. In 1855 he published letters on "College Government," and an elaborate report on "Collegiate Education."

For some of these statements I am indebted to Mr. Garrett's very reliable "Book of Reminiscences," and from which I copy these further items of information :

"Professor Barnard was a very industrious and prolific writer. Besides contributing many articles to newspapers, he wrote for the magazines, especially for the *American Journal of Education.* From science and literature, he would expand into the most graceful humor, as the occasion might justify. At other times he was grave and didactic. Some years ago he took orders for the ministry in the Episcopal Church."

Mr. Garett says, further :

"Besides his superior qualifications as a scholar, Professor Barnard was a bright Mason. On the 24th of June, 1841, he delivered an address before Rising Virtue Lodge, Tuskaloosa, on 'The Claims of Masonry upon the Respect and Veneration of Mankind,' which was published in a pamphlet at the request of the lodge.

"On the 11th of July, 1854, the anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Professor Barnard pronounced an oration of great merit, entitled 'Art Culture : Its Relations to National Refinement and National Morality,' which was published in a pamphlet of forty-three pages.

"The commissioners at the Paris Universal Exposition severally made reports, which were published in six volumes by order of Congress. The third volume, profusely illustrated, consists of the report of President Barnard, on the 'Machinery

and Processes of the Industrial Arts and Apparatus of Exact Sciences.' It is a very elaborate paper of 650 pages, in print, justly placing him in the front rank of men of science in this or any other country."

PAOLI PASCAL ASHE

was the first steward of the University. He was a native of North Carolina, a descendant of Governor Ashe, of Revolutionary fame. He was an educated gentleman of the old school; and had been largely engaged in cotton-planting. He was the father of a large and cultivated family of sons and daughters; his oldest son, Thomas S. Ashe, has long been a distinguished citizen of North Carolina, and has repeatedly represented that State in Congress at Washington; and was also a member of the Confederate Congress at Richmond; always greatly esteemed in public aud private life. Professor Tutwiler espoused Julia, one of the daughters, and thus this lady became identified with the history of the University and shared with her husband the admiration and esteem of the students.

Amongst the brightest of the students of the University, of the first set of boys, was William C. Ashe, the second son of Paoli Ashe. He became a physician, practicing his profession with success at Demopolis, where he died in the bloom of manhood.

Another son, Ruffin, was at one time a cadet at the Military Academy at West Point, appointed to that place, in 1854(5), by William R. Smith, of

NOTE.—I intended to confine what I had to say about the professors and the officers of the University to those of them who were there at the time with me; but I make an exception in the case of Professor Barnard, because I was with him so much and so frequently while he was at the University that it seems as if he belonged to the old stock. He came in in 1837, several years after I had left the college, but while I was still a citizen of Tuskaloosa.

the Tuskaloosa district. Ruffin Ashe was adjutant of the Eleventh Alabama Infantry, in Gracy's Brigade. He was killed at Ream's Station, just south of Petersburg, Va., when the Federal cavalry made their raid to destroy Lee's railroad communications, in June, 1864. The fight was just ending, when Lieutenant Ashe received a stray minie-ball in his neck, severing an artery, and he soon bled to death. The general verdict of those who best knew his war record, from the early part of '61, was that no braver man died in Lee's army.

Mr. Paoli Ashe remained master of the steward's hall for about two years, when he retired to private life, and spent the remainder of his days in the quiet enjoyment of such domestic comforts as can only be found in the bosom of an intellectual family.

Mrs. Ashe was a member of the Strudwick family; a sister of Mr. Sam. Strudwick. She was an educated lady; and when I knew her at the University she was a most engaging matron: a fitting mother of patriotic sons and daughters. She died at Greene Springs in 1874. One of the daughters of Mr. Paoli Ashe is the wife of Dr. Carlos G. Smith, who was for several years (from '74 to '78) president of the University of Alabama.

Of the

LITERARY SOCIETIES

of the University, the Erosophic was the first organized. It was founded by Alexander B. Meek, George D. Shortridge, Burwell Boykin, John D. Bracy, William R. Smith, and others. Shortridge, I believe, was the first president (but I am not sure of this).

The PHILOMATHIC was organized, perhaps, within three or four weeks after; and soon put itself into fair rivalry. I am not able to give any further particulars as to the beginning, without some record, and I do not believe that any exists; everything of the sort having been destroyed in 1865,-by the vandal fires of the war. Both the societies had accumulated large and well-selected libraries before the war.

FRANCIS C. D. BOUCHELLE

came to the University, the first year, from some other college, well up in learning, and so far in advance of his classes as to make his course at the institution rather a matter of pleasurable formality than one of labor and study. He flashed through the college like a meteor. He captivated both students and professors by the marvelous display of his wit, a wonderful command of language, a fluency of speech, a gracefulness of elocution, and a power of declamation that amazed, delighted, and bewildered. Whether reciting the speech of another or grappling in the debates with original questions, he would rise to the heights of oratory, fairly eclipsing all others of us, blighting the hopes and withering the blooms of the most ambitious. In this department unquestionably he was beyond approach, and was voted a prodigy. He was graduated in the class of 1833, with A. B. Meek, Marion Banks, Geo. D. Shortridge, Robt. B. McMullen, Wm. W. King, and John G. Davenport. He studied law and began the practice, but died in the very blossom of his youth, the neglected Lycidas of "some mute, inglorious Milton."

Mr. Bouchelle had been elected to deliver the annual address before the Society of the Alumni

of the University of Alabama in 1838. He was at that time a resident of Canton, Miss. Being in feeble health, he visited Blount Springs for the benefit of the waters, but while there he died, and, I believe, was buried at the Springs.

At the next meeting of the Alumni Judge A. B. Meek made some touching remarks concerning his untimely death, which were published in one of the numbers of the *Southron*.

It will be seen that five years intervened between the time of his graduation and of his death. During these five years he does not appear to have achieved anything commensurate with his startling promise: and the conclusion is therefore not unreasonable that he was an example of that captivating mannerism in oratory which is at once inexplicable and at the same time illustrative of the fact that the whole art of oratory is "action, action, action," as defined by Demosthenes.

Bouchelle was about twenty-six when he died. Who can say what another year might have done for him? At twenty-six Cicero was simply a melancholic student at Rome, but at twenty-seven he had startled the world by the grandeur of his first oration.

GEORGE D. SHORTRIDGE.

Of the boys who entered the University on the first day, George D. Shortridge was the one of the most pronounced ambition. He made no scruple of expressing his designs, and affected no concealment of his lofty aspirations. He had made himself familiar with the lives of such men as Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and Benton; had learned and declaimed select passages from their great ora-

tions, and seemed already to have set himself vigorously to work to climb up to the lofty castle of renown which they had erected, with intent to make himself a familiar habitant therein. He had already accumulated a considerable library of very choice books and was a diligent reader of history as well as of lighter literature, so that his collegiate studies were sometimes made secondary to his literary inclinations, and to his more ambitious wishes to shine before his time. He was particularly fond of making efforts to show off in the debates in the literary societies, where he stood confessedly amongst the best of the orators.

Shortridge was graduated in the class of 1833, with A. B. Meek, John G. Davenport, Wm. W. King, F. C. D. Bouchelle, Robt. McMullen, and Marion Banks. He studied law and pushed his fortunes with practical energy, and very soon found himself fairly afloat under bright auspices. Early in life he was elected solicitor of the circuit court, a place above all others which an ambitious young lawyer might desire, for here he has every possible opportunity to display his powers of oratory, and it was in that department that Shortridge was ambitious to shine. It may be said simply that he filled this place satisfactorily, but made no especial reputation outside of having displayed good ability and commendable diligence.

Unfortunately, about this time Shortridge got himself mixed up in monetary affairs, having been elected a director in the Branch Bank at Montgomery. This, of course, divided attention with law and interfered with professional studies, while at the same time it led to an extravagant mode of living, inconsistent, to say the least of it, with a poor man's economy.

Nevertheless he was still the favorite of the stars, and was elected judge of the circuit court, over which he presided for ten years. Undoubtedly, then, it must be conceded that if Shortridge made life a failure it was not because fortune did not favor him. In the meantime he had married a very beautiful and accomplished woman, Miss Elizabeth King, daughter of Edmond King, of Shelby County, and the sister of Wm. W. King, one of Shortridge's college classmates; so we still see that even in the realms of Hymen this favorite of fortune found himself basking in the silvery light of the smiling auspices.

We are not surprised, after what we have seen, that in the midst of so many blessings this favored man should be inclined to indulge in some of those softer employments which leisure and happiness prompt. Shortridge was a poet. In the gloomier moments of his happier life he showed much devotion to the Muses. His efforts in that direction do not disclose superior skill in the artistic structure of his versification, but rather a yearning to see things in a poetic light and to tell his thoughts in the softer syllables of rhyme. He had a nice perception of the beautiful in nature and a heart soft enough to form a nestling place for delicate conceits, but he had no conception of the amount of labor that it requires to chisel into shapes of divine beauty the rougher images of the mind.

A man may be full of emotional ardor, may be fairly alive with the fires that melt the heart; he may be able to swoon off into ecstasies over what he may conceive to be soft or bewitching fancies; he may grope bewildered through the depths of an extravagant imagination and build air-castles in Spain more gorgeous than her own genuine Alham-

bra, but before he can make poetry he must consent to become a mechanic and to grow skillful in the management of the tools and implements of his trade. Above all, he must have the power to feel and to interpret the pulses that swell and burn in the veins of Beauty; with nimble fingers to gather up the throbbing rhymes and fit them aptly to the enchanting chords.

The only piece of poetry of Shortridge's which I am able to lay hand on is the following. I find it in the *Southron*, of date 1839:

TO ALABAMA.

I sigh for the scenes of my earlier years,
For the sweet little cot that stood in the lawn,
For the loved one who then oft melted to tears
At the tale of the griefs of my life's early dawn:
For the song of the birds which rang in the grove,
For the rush of the streamlet o'er clustered with vines,
For the shadowing oak, whose deep branches wove
A sigh to the whistle of the tall waving pines.

I sigh for the shades of thy woodlands and brakes,
For thy mountains and valleys, rich in fruits and in flowers,
For the zephyrs that move on thy rivers and lakes;
Thine odor-balmed dews, thy sweet-scented showers;
For thy wide-spread prairies, enamelled and green,
For the chase of the wild deer that over them roam,
For the glow of thy sunset which sheds o'er each scene
An halo of glory, like a vision of home.

I sigh for the girls, who, in health and in beauty,
Are the fairest and loveliest that ever charmed youth,
Who in friendship or love—in virtue or duty,
Are pure as the angels and stainless as truth ;
I sigh for the flash of their bright beaming eyes,
For the words of kind import that fall from their lips,
For the romp and the ramble, 'neath the clear evening skies,
Where the white lilies bloom and the honey-bee sips.

I sigh for the smile of those true-hearted friends,
Whose kindly regard no clouds could o'ercast,
Whose mem'ry, like hope, now soothingly blends
The visions to come, with the dreams of the past;
For the grasp of the hand I met with of yore,
For the union of soul that linked us then,
For that pledge of the wine-cup, which opened the store
Of emotions and feelings we'll ne'er know again.

Sweet clime of the South—may this be thy glory,
In peace or in war—on land or on sea—
In laws and in letters—in legend or story—
The foremost and proudest of this land of the free ;
May thine be the garden—the Eden of earth,
Where pleasure and plenty spring up from the soil:
Where religion and virtue preside o'er each hearth,
Giving incense to love, and sweetness to toil.

JULY, 1839.

Judge Shortridge had the best natural gifts. In his veins ran the blood of the best families of

Kentucky. His father was a great natural genius—an orator of the Ciceronian mould, and his mother was of the stamp Cornelian. He was proud of his heritage; and, being beset in his youth by the sore inconveniences of poverty, his kindlier nature was somewhat embittered and his generous mind was tinctured by the taint of cynicism; besides this, he was afflicted from his boyhood with a painful disease which rendered his whole life one of almost perpetual physical torment, so that it may be said, in expiation of his besetting weakness, that his errors were few when considered in connection with his afflictions.

The most important event in Judge Shortridge's life was his canvass for governor, in 1855, with John A. Winston. In this race Judge Shortridge embraced the cause of the Native American Party, and thus antagonized the legitimate Democracy. Though very many of the individual members of the old Democratic party believed in the leading doctrines of the Native Americans, nevertheless the masses of the old party hung together in support of their regular nominee; while the Independent, as a matter of course, was read out of the ranks and treated as an outcast. Nevertheless, Judge Shortridge shouldered the responsibility manfully, and bore himself through the race with conspicuous ability. He was a very effective stump-speaker. His efforts in this contest abounded in a vast amount of curious and statistical information, showing the quality and quantity of the foreign influence that had already acquired immense potency as an electoral element. He showed that the foreign population in many sections of the country already held the balance of power, and consequently controlled the elections; that thus

the American ballot-box was at the mercy of whatever whim might at that time prevail amongst the ever floating and unorganized foreign masses; he showed that the two leading political parties in the United States had already entered into competition with each other as to which should secure this foreign vote; and that these competitions tended to degrade American politics by introducing corrupt practices into the modes of electioneering.

"Already," exclaimed Judge Shortridge, "we are called on by societies, composed of foreigners, for a new Constitution! The veriest Dutch tramp, as soon as landed here, expands into a law-maker. Our Constitution does not suit him. The genius of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Hamilton—the combined wisdom of our illustrious ancestral sages and patriots—must now be submitted to new tests. The liberty that is here restrained by laws and regulated by courts of justice is not such liberty as is now audaciously demanded by the escaped jail-birds of the old countries; they must have a shelter for felons. To them the liberty to vote is the smallest part of freedom. They demand liberty to rob, to equalize property, to confiscate and divide among themselves the hard earnings of the more thrifty of our citizens. These demands are made with a supercilious arrogance that is as amazing as it is audacious; as fierce as it is rapacious!"

To such manly appeals there was but one answer: "America is the home of the oppressed of all nations of the earth—there is here room for all—let them come! Let them come and enjoy life and liberty, here, in 'this land of the free and the home of the brave.'"

Judge Shortridge was defeated in this race; and,

as a consequence, was retired to private life, where he remained, under the ban of party ostracism for the balance of his years—being then in the prime and vigor of his manhood.

The last public position held by Judge Shortridge was that of delegate to the Secession convention. In that body he acted with the seceders; but he was not as earnest as many others and was not without grave apprehensions as to the wisdom of the movement

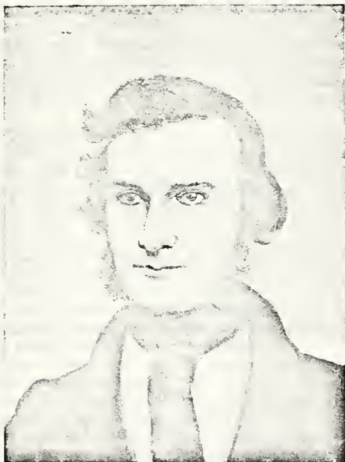
His greatest eulogy will be found in the fact that he made himself a martyr to a great cause—the cause of native Americanism; and that, too, at the time when it was still possible to check the mighty mischief which has culminated in the practical surrender of the American ballot-box to a foreign element!

BURWELL BOYKIN.

My remembrance of Boykin is much in the nature of a dream—sweet in the opening, bright and dazzling in the ascent, and precipitant in the close. I look upon him now, through the mists of tears, and embrace him with a fluttering heart. He has been missing in this world for thirty years; but during all that time he has been a great part of my inner household, and he looks down upon me from the swinging walls with those large, black, lustrous eyes undimmed, his brow radiant, and his lips benignant and placid as they were—

> "Before Decay's effacing fingers
> Had swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Burwell Boykin was the son of Frank Boykin, then of Conecuh County, Ala. The family were from South Carolina; wealthy, and of the better



Burwell Boykin.

class of the people of that State. Frank Boykin sent his son to Tuskaloosa several months before the University was ready to receive pupils. Burwell was placed in the preparatory school of one of the leading teachers, with a view of being made ready to enter the college when it began operations. It was in this school that I first met Boykin; and here our intimacy began, which grew steadily into a friendship that remained unbroken through life. We were classmates at this school, and also at the University for about three years.

Boykin was a bright boy, and became in time a fine scholar. He was ever foremost in Latin and Greek. He has often lifted me out of the ditches on the field of Troy, and was the first to open my ears to the softer cadences of the choruses in the Medea. He was the best Greek scholar in our class; and was the only one, in my recollection, who made it a habit to memorize the Greek verses. He made a declamation of the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, and used to recite it with great *eclat*. He rejoiced in the long, sonorous Greek words, and would pronounce every syllable with a full and clear accentuation.

When I was dull at the black-board Boykin would make me bright. He was dull in poetry; at least his fingers were not over-nimble in that department; and when he fell in love—as the noble fellow did—he was utterly disconsolate without my assistance. So we made a bargain: he agreed to do my problems and to help me in the choruses, I agreed to write his love verses and to teach him all the cadences of a sigh. It was a square trade, and rigidly kept by both parties. In pursuance of this compact I wrote for him

perhaps a bushel (more or less) of poems! All these have been lost, excepting two or three; one of which I now take from its dingy pigeon-hole and give it a new start towards posterity.

The history of this piece runs thus: Boykin's sweetheart had been sick, so that he had not been permitted to see her for several days. When she was understood to have fairly recovered, the following verses, copied from my manuscript, in his own elegant handwriting, were sent to her:

THE RECOVERY.

I.

Remember, love, th' imperial rose,
  Th' acknowledged queen of all the flowers,
Must droop when sleets and chilling snows
  Rudely invade her fragrant bowers.

II.

But while their queen, in sorrow drowned,
  Lies languishing and low and meek,
Ten thousand flowers hold watch around
  The royal patient's changing cheek.

III.

And when they see th' encrusted snow
  Drop off and leave health's kindling hues,
When beauty reasserts its glow,
  These flowers proclaim the gladdening news.

IV.

And that same rose that sighed in pain,
  Oppressed with icy fetters sore,
When beauty melts the crystal chain,
  Asserts her regal power once more.

V.

And so my heart, that sank with thine,
  And felt th' oppression all its own,
While keeping watch round Beauty's shrine,
  Now reassumes its wonted tone.

VI.

And now when gladness reigns and rules,
  And Hope her baldric, flaunting, rears,
We'll charm the wits and cheat the fools,
  And sound again those haunting airs.

While Boykin was copying these verses he paused now and then, and I, who was watching the play of his countenance, could not fail to see therein a little development of perplexity. He was a fair critic in the proprieties of poetic expressions.

"How about the general simile? You know that she has had fever, and this is all about sleets, snows, ices, and so forth; rather cool, eh?"

"Oh, that's all right," I made haste to say. "Have you never had an ague? How many blankets did it take to warm you up?"

"Yes; but you don't mean to say——"

"No, I don't mean to say anything of the kind; but you see she might have had a chill. You know it requires a good freeze to make a first-class fever."

"How about this word 'baldric?'"

"Well, I'm not so sure that that *is* the best word for the place, but it is better than 'banner,' and means more; anyhow, it sounds big, and in poetry we must have a good deal of 'sound and fury signifying nothing.'"

This ended the colloquy and the verses were duly transmitted; I, of course, being the bearer.

But Boykin could not keep his own secret, nor mine either. In the very first interview with his fair friend afterward he utterly ignored the authorship of the verses. Upon being taxed with the faculty of making poetry he disclaimed all pretensions. "I can feel the force of poetry," said he, "but I can not turn a line or count the fingering." And so this colloquy led to a disclosure of the authorship.

It was in Boykin's plan to study law. He had splendid gifts as a declaimer. But, against the advice of family and friends, he resolved to quit college and turn benedict; his soul was softened by love.

Boykin left the University in his senior year, being too impatient to wait for his diploma; hence his name does not appear in the roll of graduates. He should have graduated in the class of 1834, of which C. C. Clay, Jr., John B. Reid, William A. Cochran, and Thomas M. Peters were members. When Boykin left the University he was ahead of his class in almost all the studies, and the balance of his term would have been rather a formality than a labor; but he had met and followed his fate.

Boykin retired, with his beautiful and accomplished bride, Miss Maria Shortridge (the second daughter of the Hon. Ely Shortridge), to his father's farm, in Dallas County, where he employed his time chiefly in reading, or *trying* to read, law, still intending to practice; and here he was surrounded by all the comforts which wealth and a fond father could supply; but, felicities such as these were not altogether consistent with the laborious pursuit of studying law; and about the time his friends were expecting to hear from him in the forensic forum,

he had established himself in the city of Mobile as the head of a large cotton brokerage and commission house. In this venture he invested all his fortune, and to this he devoted the best energies of his mind. Inexperienced in business and over-generous of habit, it is hardly necessary to say that in a few years he found himself greatly embarrassed, and finally broken up in his fortunes. Though he spent the remainder of his life in diligent and vigilant industry, it is melancholy to note that he was, ever afterward, a slave to continuous and unbroken toil, without more than occasional glimpses of pecuniary recuperation. But during all this time he kept up an unbroken habit of studiousness, and was noted for the high intellectual cast of his mind, and was fully abreast of the most enlightened merchants of his day, and a leader in the more literary circles of society.

In 1836–'7 Boykin had a taste of military life, and acquired the title of Colonel from a position on the staff of General Jessup during the Indian troubles of that year in Alabama. He was a great favorite with his general, as with everybody else.

Boykin afterward visited Europe as secretary to one of our legations, and thus added the tone of travel to his other accomplishments. He was ever of elegant and gallant appearance.

In 1858 Boykin was selected to deliver the alumni oration before the two literary societies at the University of Alabama. On his way to Tuskaloosa, to perform this pleasing duty, he was attacked with sickness, of which he died.* The shock of his death was felt throughout the State;

* It is worthy of note, as a melancholy coincidence, that Bouchelle and Boykin, two of the most brilliant and elegant students ever at the University, should have died while on their way to visit the annual alumni oration —the one in 1838, the other in 1858.

more especially at the University, where great expectations had been indulged touching the character of his oration. On the occasion of the meeting of the alumni, Capt. John G. Barr, an alumnus, was selected to read the manuscript of Colonel Boykin's address, which was said to have been a production of great merit. I have endeavored to find this address, but without success.

Boykin's family influences in the State were large; he was of kin to the best people; among them were ex-Gov. John Gayle, the Jameses, Darringtons, Hunters, and others of South Alabama. Most of these were wealthy cotton planters, and it may be that this was the chief reason that induced him to embark in the cotton brokerage business; for at that day agriculture emptied great treasures into the laps of the Mobile cotton merchants. But these same influences might have been of more benefit to him in a professional or political career, for these people were all of high intellectual worth, and would have with the same alacrity come to his support in any pursuit.

It was Boykin's misfortune not to have been poor. Had it been a necessity for him to have taken to the laboring oar as a matter of livelihood, in the study and practice of law, his mind would have expanded into its native magnificence, and he would have left an enduring fame.

I find the following sonnet among my papers. It was written upon hearing of his death:

BOYKIN.

A SONNET.

Dead? Boykin dead? the boy-love of my heart;
O! he had genius of celestial cast:
He dug the deep mines of the golden past,
And turned up gems, unconscious of his art.
Ambition fill'd his manly soul, and Fame
Tempestuous call'd; he heard the loud acclaim;
And listen'd; but a gentler, softer voice
Detained his ear, and bade his heart rejoice.
Caught on the plane where Fame and Beauty meet,
He laid Ambition down at Beauty's feet;
For love and cottage comforts he resigned
The gorgeous gold-cloth of a mighty mind;
Turn'd from the forum where renown is won—
Apollo changed into—Endymion!

The last time I saw Boykin was in 1853, on the occasion of his visit to Washington city. He was the same Boykin I had known at college; a little subdued by some sad experiences, but still the same buoyant, cordial, elastic, bright-eyed, ardent friend. He was then an applicant for the collectorship of the port of Mobile; was highly indorsed, and, having been at one time a schoolmate with General Pierce, the President, had good prospects of success. The President entertained him right royally at the White House, exhibiting a genuine fondness for him. But the matter of the collectorship was in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. Guthrie, of Kentucky): the President declined to interfere further than by giving expression to his personal regard for Boykin, and the place was given to Mr. Thaddeus Sanford, the venerable and worthy editor of the Mobile *Register*, whose long and faithful services to the Democratic party could not be ignored by a wise and liberal administration.

WILLIAM A. COCHRAN, M. D.

Among the more quiet and unpretentious boys that made their appearance at the University on the first day of its opening was William A. Cochran. He was then only thirteen years old, having been born in 1818. He had enjoyed, up to that time, all the advantages offered by the local schools, having been kept constantly under the best teachers; so that, although the youngest of the applicants, he passed a good examination and was readily admitted. He was graduated in the class of 1834, and had his diploma in his pocket at the age of sixteen years, being, perhaps, the youngest graduate that ever left the college.

He was not distinguished at college for any extraordinary brilliancy of parts, but he always knew his lessons; and, consequently, stood in the foremost rank of all his classes. He was rather shy and retiring in his habits, avoiding all extra notoriety, and seeming to be intent only on his duty to his class-books, regarding all other books as foreign to the business in hand.

The fact that young Cochran graduated at the early age of sixteen, and that he had never been outside of Tuskaloosa in the pursuit of education, enables me to say that the schoolmasters in Tuskaloosa, in those earlier times, were remarkably well fitted for their occupation; and to add to this remark that Hiram P. Cochran, the father, had used extraordinary diligence and determination in his efforts to make this his eldest son a scholar, for the son had been pushed on without regard to trouble or expense, and had been inspired with the idea that education was better than a legacy of money.

The most distinguished teacher in Tuskaloosa during Cochran's school-days was Peter Maher. He held superior sway for several years. Cochran was one of his pupils, and thus enjoyed the benefit of the old-fashioned Irish way of having the rudiments drilled into him. Peter Maher had the reputation of being a good classical scholar. He had, however, his frailties along with his virtues, among which was an over-combativeness. Perhaps his Irish instincts had been cultivated by his habitual use of the rod. I am not sure that Peter had the usual Irish fondness for whisky; but I do know that he had a disastrous broil with William Y. Glover, the county sheriff, who, for some sufficient provocation, ran the spear of a sword-cane quite through the teacher's body, which incident put a stop, for a considerable time, to the pedagogue's occupation, although he finally recovered, to resume imperial sway in the school-house. Cochran always speaks in the kindest terms of this teacher, whether in memory of the man or his rod it would now be fruitless to inquire.

Young Cochran, leaving the University, studied medicine with the same diligence that had marked his industrious boyhood; and it is believed that the only periods of time that he ever spent outside of the limits of the city of Tuskaloosa were the winters he passed in Philadelphia attending the medical lectures. This unbroken citizenship of seventy years seems almost amazing when we consider the floating nature of the Southern people. Seventy years in one city!

During these long years of his residence in Tuskaloosa Dr. Cochran has enjoyed the unbroken respect and confidence of the people. He has not grown rich, but he has held the even tenor of his

way undismayed, and has established a reputation for solid merit and stolid honesty ; as a physician, he has ever had a fair practice, and has occupied his position, undisputed, in the front rank of the profession. He has never been a popular man, in the ordinary meaning of that term, because of the candid and possibly too blunt manner of his speech. Dr. Cochran was never given to making soft speeches or paying compliments to anybody, either man or woman; but he was equally free from saying things unkind of any one, excepting to their faces. He was neither a flatterer nor a defamer—a rare character. He had a way of his own in speaking his mind, and that was often unfortunate. His candor has sometimes cost him a friend and lost him a patient. He was always stolid ; his face, imperturbable. To be led away by any sort of enthusiasm was something that never happened to him. The serenity of his youth followed him through his long life of seventy years unchanged—unchangeable.

Dr. Cochran had the "*nil admirari*" to perfection. He never fell into raptures. His philosophy rejected the extravagant as well as the emotional.

No woman could cheat Cochran out of a compliment. Should a hostess suggest at breakfast that the coffee was not as good as it might be, he would be apt to reply in this way: "Maybe you didn't put enough in." Should she remark of the cider that it was not very good, the Doctor would sip it, smack his lips at the sourness, and exclaim: "You are right, madam ; I do believe that it is about the meanest cider I ever tasted."

I have known Cochran sixty years, and during all that time I have been trying to surprise him

into an exclamation of delight or admiration, and I have never succeeded.

Once, when Dr. Maffit, the notable Methodist preacher, was in Tuskaloosa delighting the people with displays of his marvelous and captivating eloquence, I happened to be sitting by Dr. Cochran during the delivery of one of those rousing sermons. On this occasion I was absolutely carried away with that sort of enthused sympathy that makes one wish to shout. After the discourse was over, I leaned over and, in a whisper, asked Cochran how he liked it. He whispered back, "It's *pretty good*, but I'd rather hear old Dr. John than any of 'em."

Now, to appreciate this, it is necessary to explain who was this Dr. John. It was the Rev. Dr. John Owen, a resident Methodist minister, who occasionally preached in the city and whose sermons were noted as profound expositions of theology, but whose manner of delivery was utterly devoid of the slightest action or the least glinting of enthusiasm. Persons who remember Dr. John's manner of speaking will be able to appreciate Dr. Cochran's phrase, "pretty good." The words "pretty good" were the nearest approach to eulogistic phraseology that Dr. Cochran ever made.

With such idiosyncrasies Dr. Cochran has managed, in his long journey through life, to place into antagonism many persons who might otherwise have been his warm admirers.

Notwithstanding all this, the Doctor has always had a very wide circle of friends and has maintained the reputation of being a first-class physician and a most useful citizen.

He has for many years been the secretary of the board of trustees of the University, and in this

capacity has kept up his friendships with his old school-mates, and has made many outside friends, who appreciate him at his proper worth. He is the last survivor, excepting one, of the first class of University boys.

GRIZLE'S DEFEAT AND TOM WALKER.

In the second year of the history of the University an incident occurred which is possibly forgotten by all, excepting the writer and one other person, Dr. William A. Cochran. This was the outcome of an ugly breach between the college boys and some of the neighboring farmers. Through the college grounds there was (and is still) a lane leading to the city of Tuskaloosa from the country, through which the farmers from the eastern section passed. It so happened that the country people, for some reason, had taken umbrage at the treatment some of them had received at the hands of some of the students; and, on the occasion referred to, open hostilities had broken out. The whole campus was fairly alive with war. A gang of farmers, at the head of which was one by the name of Grizle, passing through this lane, had challenged the boys to fight. Whereupon there was a pell-mell rush of the boys in the direction of the eastern end of the lane. It was late in the afternoon, and nobody thought of the use of fire-arms; nevertheless, our valorous troops were greeted with the startling sound of guns. This added greatly to the excitement; and there was, of course, a great uproar! This led our boys to the hasty gathering up of a few shot-guns—used by them generally as fowling-pieces—and the farmer boys were greeted in turn with a scattering

fusillade. This resulted in the serious wounding of Captain Grizle, and a hasty retreat of the invaders.

Of this fight, Thomas A. Walker, of Benton, was the hero; for, as it happened, the only wound inflicted on any of our boys was a bullet-hole through the front skirt of Tom Walker's coat!

Tom Walker, as he was familiarly called, never would allow that bullet-hole to be closed. He reserved that coat with peculiar care, and wore it with the *hole always on the outside*. In this may be discovered the leading trait of his character—a resolute determination to pass through life by claiming all that legitimately belonged to him.

His success in life was almost unbroken; and I think that that success was owing chiefly to the tenacity of his grip. He was, while at the University, a close student, and of an ambition wholly unconcealed. He aspired to lead, always exhibiting the utmost determination not to be turned down.

TUSKALOOSA BARDS—No. 3.

BAKUS W. HUNTINGTON,

the author of "Bacon and Greens," the culinary epic which I re-produce below, came to Tuskaloosa when he was quite a youth, and commenced the practice of law. He was an educated gentleman, of modest and prepossessing appearance, with prompt and ready business habits, having the best aptitudes of an office lawyer. It was his good fortune to attract the notice of Hon. Joshua L. Martin, then one of the leading lawyers of Tuskaloosa, who invited the young stranger into his office, and introduced him to the public as a copartner. Young Huntington came fully up to the expectations of his senior, who was an able and appreciative lawyer of long practice and experience; and it was not long before Huntington was intrusted with the management of the most important and intricate cases. He made good use of all his opportunities, and his fine natural abilities were sustained by a display of legal learning which gave him character for industry as well as genius.

Though rigidly devoted to his profession, and studious to avoid any outside appearance of fondness for literary pursuits, eschewing the character of poet as fatal to his prospects and business as a lawyer, nevertheless there were moments when he gave himself up to the bewitching delusions of fancy: and whoever might be fortunate enough to enjoy his confidence at such times could perceive an inclination in him to uncloset himself, and to unroll some dainty old manuscripts which possessed too much vitality to allow spiders to live long

enough among them to breed cobwebs. The writer saw quite enough of these to convince him that Huntington was a poet. It was a great practical merit in him to suppress his literary inclinations and make them subordinate to his business. He rose rapidly in his profession and soon became a popular favorite. Witty himself, he was quick to perceive and appreciate wit in others. His eye, as bright as a star, would sparkle over a well-timed pun; and with all his assumed gravity of deportment, he would sometimes become convulsed over an unmistakable touch of the ludicrous; he seemed ever on the watch for some bright saying, and would have been a splendid companion for Hood, Gerrald, Foote, or Dickens.

Huntington's success as a lawyer inspired him with political ambition, and he was twice elected to the Alabama legislature. He entered the canvass for Congress, at one time, when Erwin and Payne were about competing for that position; but he gave way, under the pressure of party organization. He was an ardent Democrat and submitted to the dictation of leaders much inferior to himself. Perhaps this was better for him; but whatever young man allows himself, in the struggles of life, to be deterred in his onward march by this political caduceus will sleep the sleep of oblivion.

Huntington married an elegant and accomplished lady, the daughter of the late Daniel M. Riggs, and soon after removed to Livingston, in Sumter County, where he pursued his profession with success. He was elected judge of the seventh judicial circuit, which he soon resigned, and removed to the city of New York, in pursuit of a more extensive field of professional labor. But wherever he may be, or

whatsoever his fate, he may find some consolation in the fact that in the hearts of the people of Tuskaloosa there will ever be a soft place for Bakus W. Huntington.

The poem below first appeared anonymously in the *Southron*. Only a few persons knew who was the author. The newspapers of the day gave it the rounds at the time, and it has reappeared as a stray waif frequently during the last few years. It was sometimes ascribed to the writer of this article, who felt the compliment and reluctantly disclaimed it, and who now takes peculiar pleasure in restoring it to its gifted owner. Among the humorous class of little poems it deserves a high rank, and is destined, we think, to live side by side with similar productions, more famous but not more ingenious.

If Albert G. Greene has become a classical name among the Northern American poets, as the writer of that singular and simple poem,

> "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
> We ne'er shall see him more;
> He used to wear an old black coat,
> All buttoned down before,"

why may not the name of Bakus W. Huntington be preserved as the author of "Bacon and Greens"? But we will not tantalize our readers any longer. Here it is:

BACON AND GREENS.

I have lived long enough to be rarely mistaken,
And borne my full share of life's changeable scenes,
But my woes have been solaced by good greens and bacon,
And my joys have been doubled by bacon and greens.

What a thrill of remembrance e'en now they
awaken,
Of childhood's gay morning and youth's merry
scenes,
When, one day, we had greens and a plate full of
bacon,
And, the next, we had bacon and a plate full of
greens.

Ah ! well I remember when sad and forsaken,
Heart-wrung by the scorn of a miss in her teens,
How I rushed from her sight to my loved greens
and bacon,
And forgot my despair over bacon and greens.

When the banks refused specie and credit was
shaken,
I shared in the wreck and was ruined in means ;
My friends all declared I had not saved my bacon,
But they lied—for I still had my bacon and
greens.

Oh ! there is a charm in this dish, rightly taken.
That, from custards and jellies, an epicure weans :
Stick your fork in the fat—wrap your greens round
the bacon,
And you will vow there is nothing like bacon and
greens.

If some fairy a grant of three wishes would make
one
So worthless as I, and so laden with sins,
I'd wish all the greens in the world—then the
bacon—
And then wish a little more bacon and greens.

POSTSCRIPT.

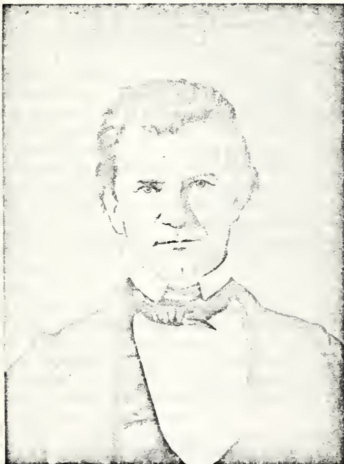
I return to confess that for once I'm mistaken,
As much as I've known of this world and its scenes,
There's one thing that's equal to both greens and bacon,
And that is a dish of—good bacon and greens.

JOSHUA LANIER MARTIN,

a Huguenot by descent, was born in Tennessee, 1799, and died in Alabama, 1856. He was admitted to the bar at Huntsville, in 1819, at the same time with James W. McClung, Harden Perkins, and Marmaduke Williams. His first appearance in public life was as a member of the general assembly of Alabama, in 1822.

Governor Martin was one of the most striking figures in the political history of Alabama. He was in every sense of the word a character of distinctive individuality. With all the fire, fervor, and enthusiasm of the Frenchman he united a truthfulness, generosity, and nobility of nature that commanded the admiration of friend and foe. He was the very impersonation of courage, moral and physical. He shrank from no contest in which it was honorable to engage, and there were few men of his day who could stand up before his prowess at the bar or on the hustings.

In 1845 Judge Martin made himself conspicuously prominent by coming to the front and breaking through the legitimate organization of the Democratic party. He assailed the State convention that had nominated Col. Nathaniel Terry



JOSHUA LANIER MARTIN.

for governor as a "Rump convention." Great was the amazement in the ranks of the old Democratic masses, and the confusion of the situation became at once tumultuous and sensational.

Colonel Terry had long been recognized as the popular leader of the North Alabama Democratic legions. He had occupied for a number of years the commanding position of president of the State senate, in which he had acquitted himself satisfactorily, having displayed in that high place the best traits of an autocratic train-master. His personal presence was at once pleasant, commanding, bold, and defiant. He had been permitted so long to control matters in his own imperious way that to him and to his friends any opposition to a nominee assumed the shape of treason to the party; hence the attempt of Judge Martin to change the mode of the gubernatorial succession was denounced as something above common audacity.

But as between Terry and Martin there was a vast difference. Terry had been almost exclusively a politician. His successes had been rather the result of accident and favoritism than of labor or the tests of intellectual merit. The vigor of his mind was not commensurate with the imperiousness of his will; hence, as a mere bald declaimer of political platitudes, he was greatly bewildered when challenged to a conflict by an acute lawyer and well-trained statesman.

It is one of the qualities of genius to make itself ready for emergencies, and another of its qualities is to recognize the emergency and to seize the opportunity. These two winning traits were clearly developed by Judge Martin, as illustrated by the intrepid manner of his coming into the office of governor; and it may be here said that Judge

Martin's success in this celebrated contest enforces another fact which all young men should note—that the diligent study and practice of law is the very best mind-trainer yet discovered.

We find Martin, from the very beginning of his career, closely apprenticed to the profession of law.

From 1819 to 1845, the date of his conflict with Terry, he had been a practicing and an expounding lawyer; from 1827 to 1831 he had been solicitor of his circuit; from 1831 to 1835 he was judge of his circuit; from 1841 to 1845 he was chancellor of the middle chancery division; besides, as a schooled statesman, he had been for five consecutive years—from 1822 to 1827—a member of the Alabama legislature, and from 1835 to 1839 he had been a member of the Congress of the United States. Such had been the actual experience of Judge Martin, and when we add to this the native acuteness of a well-cultivated mind, it must be admitted that he was a well-equipped and formidably competent assailant.

Among the facts disclosed and ventilated in this contest was that Terry was indebted to the State Bank and its branches in the sum of $30,000.00. There was no charge of corruption or that this debt had been fraudulently made; but, on the contrary, that it had accrued from legitimate loans on notes to the banks, conducted in the business way usual in such transactions. But the fact tended to establish favoritism on the part of the banks and a willingness on the part of a commanding political leader to take advantage of the situation and to use the banks, which were State institutions, for his private purposes and for the benefit of his friends.

It appeared, too, that Terry was not the only

conspicuous Democratic leader who was thus deeply indebted to the State banks. Many of Terry's most ardent supporters all over the State had their names spread out on the bank ledgers, side by side with Terry's, as heavy debtors—many of them utterly unable to pay; so that his champions were completely handicapped in every direction.

Thus it appears that the political situation was not favorable for Terry; and when the storm broke upon him full in the face he was as absolutely blinded by it as if it had been a simoon laden with half the sands of the Arabian deserts: but Terry was a commanding and a brave man. Recovering from his first recoil, he planted himself upon his life-long character for unimpeached integrity, and met all personal charges with superb defiance. He stood the torrent with amazing fortitude. Public sympathy for him as a long trusted leader was universal; but this could not be extended or imparted to others. The bank records were ablaze with Democratic debtors and reported Democratic insolvencies; so that Terry, as a person, was lost in the smoke of the general explosion. Nevertheless, the trusted cohorts, though repeatedly broken, rallied tumultuously to his standard, for his voice was ever a trumpet, provoking cheers and shouts that made the hills echo afar; and as the contest grew warmer and as the result waxed doubtful, the excited stalwarts, with spur and steed, pushed the impetuous onset, with shouting animation and unabated vigor, to the very sunset of election day.

In this great contest, from the beginning, Martin was master of the situation. He assumed the character of an assailant and maintained it throughout with great intrepidity. He never for a moment

allowed himself to be thrown on the defensive. He disdained to answer the charge of attempting to disorganize the Democratic party, but, in reply, he thundered back "Rump convention." He grappled the great questions involving the public good, and pictured in glowing colors the situation of a people whose government was trembling on the edges of repudiation. Terry's great rallying cry was, "Save the party; save the grand old Democratic party from disorganization." Martin shouted back: "Save the people; save this young and virgin people from dishonor and repudiation; save the people first, and let the party take care of itself afterward."

Besides denouncing the convention as a "rump," held and manipulated in the interest of the bank debtors, Martin held the idea paramount that the faith and credit of the State were at stake; that that was the chief issue in the race, and that Terry's election would lead to repudiation. Thus, it will appear, that this canvass was fierce and extremely exciting. "Bank robbers," "Rump convention," and "Repudiation" resounded in every village and hamlet in the State, and the people everywhere answered in cheers. The cry was kept up with unabating energy throughout the entire time devoted to the canvass, and the nominee was defeated by the respectable majority of six thousand votes.

But, notwithstanding this utter overthrow of the nominating convention in the person of its nominee, the Democratic party as a party never would and never did recognize this either as a rebuke or as a party discomfiture. They wisely admitted that the advent of Martin brought with it a happy and timely revelation of the unfortunate condition

of public affairs, and so hastened to embrace him and to adopt his principles of reform.

His administration was in full accord with the principles he had proclaimed on the stump, and he was vigorously sustained by the old leaders in the measures he recommended to the legislature. Under his administration a commission was appointed to which the whole subject of the State banks was given in charge, and the credit of the State was maintained unimpaired.

Governor Martin came from the labors of his office with an increase of popularity, personal and political, but with an ambition apparently satisfied, as he never afterward aspired to any public place. In 1853 he was warmly solicited to run for Congress in the Tuskaloosa district. This he declined to do, and thenceforward devoted himself to the energetic practice of law and to his private affairs.

Governor Martin was not an orator in the common meaning of that word. He never attempted a rhetorical flourish nor allowed himself to be betrayed into tropes and metaphors or any of the more showy and flashy figures of speech. But a man may be eloquent without being an orator. His manner of debate was emphatic, deliberate, earnest, and sometimes zealous, gushing with a rapid flow of elegant phraseology at once graceful and adapted to the humblest comprehension.

At the bar his habit was to seize the strong points of his case on both sides; these he would elaborate and exhaust to his satisfaction, adroitly letting the smaller questions drop out of sight, and thus, while his competitor was quibbling over little things, he was hammering the big ones.

On the stump his habit was the same. He ap-

proached a great question precisely as if he was taking "a bull by the horns," with a stolid determination to hold the animal to its place, or to twist off his head. He was fierce in the attack and quick in the retort. He could parry the surest aim and blunt the sharpest point. He never lost his temper in debate; was full of amiable courtesies and never-flagging cheerfulness; besides this, he was armed with a bountiful store of jokes and anecdotes, which he often used with the happiest effect.

It is said of Governor Martin that in all his contests, from 1822 to the close of his life, he never met a defeat. Why was this?

Besides his fine qualities as a debater, his intuitive sagacity, his knowledge of men and their motives, and his vast amount of practical information, he never underestimated a competitor. He was never known to sneer at an antagonist. He loved a foeman worthy of his steel, nor hesitated to give him the full measure of his respectful consideration. If he sometimes appeared arrogant, it was the arrogance of an honest conviction, not of over-weening superciliousness.

Among the nobler traits of his character, he was ever generous in his estimate of his contemporaries, and especially of his old competitors. He had a high esteem for Colonel Terry, and often expressed it. I heard him on one occasion enlarging with much animation on the transcendent qualities of the late Chancellor Ligon as an orator. Ligon had been one of his competitors for Congress. "Ligon," said he, "was the most eloquent man I ever met. His manner was captivating, and his language was superb. His resources were inexhaustible. I could not keep my eyes off him

while he was speaking, especially when he had the reply speech on me He always kept his audience spell-bound; he seemed equal to any emergency, so that I was always full of apprehension, and was never at ease until he would quit and come down from the stump." Such is the tribute which genius delights to pay to a kindred spirit.

Governor Martin's intercourse with men, in society, was very marked and significant. Without the least touch of swagger or domineering, he made the impression felt that he was bent on success in any present enterprise, and that whoever attempted to jostle him or to elbow him off the track must expect to be jostled and elbowed in his turn; nevertheless he was ever mild and deferential in his demeanor.

His head and face were large, and his open countenance beamed with benevolent amiability, but a close observer could hardly fail to see in his features the marks of the sterner attributes of his nature, self-will and unbending resolution.

He was habitually polite. His interchange of street courtesies was of the blandest character imaginable; he was as gay as a lark, and he was gifted with the privilege and blessed with the capacity to laugh a long, loud, and hearty laugh. It was indeed quite impossible to suspect anything like treason in such a nature as that.

Governor Martin was something of an athlete in the powers of endurance. He was noted for his horsemanship. He once owned a noble roadster which he named "Black Hawk," almost as famous as his master throughout all North Alabama. On this horse he was accustomed to ride from Tuskaloosa to North Alabama and back, frequently making fifty and sixty miles a day. The horse was as

tireless as his rider, and seemed indeed to partake of his nature. They were about as well matched as beast and man could possibly be. These noted rides were made after Governor Martin had closed his political career, and I refer to the little incident as one of the sure marks of that mighty energy which makes a man successful, and which being early cultivated becomes habitual, and enters naturally into the routine of every-day life.

One of the characteristic anecdotes of Governor Martin runs thus: Upon adjusting the amount of a fee for the defense of a rather desperate case of homicide the Governor fixed the amount at $1,000. The prisoner suggested that he thought $500 would be enough. "Enough," said the Governor. "Yes, that might do for a mere legal defense; but, remember, my friend, we should have something *for the wear and tear of conscience.*"

As a member of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Congresses Governor Martin was present at the Federal Capital during the close of General Jackson's administration and at the beginning of that of Mr. Van Buren, thus enjoying the opportunity of mingling with and sharing in the counsels of the famous men of that great political era.

Governor Martin was as charming in social life as he was successful in public affairs. He loved the young, and in return they gathered around him with feelings of purest affection and devotion. He was the poor man's friend, for he had been poor. He honored the laboring man, for with his strong arm he had triumphed in the struggles of youth and had won a place of distinction among men. When asked what was the true secret of success in public life his invariable reply was: "Have your heart in the right place!" His vir-

tues, his manly endeavors, and his honesty of purpose impressed the young men of his day with a noble emulation, and he served as a bright exemplar for many whose names and public services have since become dear to the people of Alabama.

Governor Martin left a family of four sons and two daughters. One of his sons, the Hon. John M. Martin, was Representative in the Forty-ninth Congress from the Sixth Alabama District, which comprises much of the territory formerly represented by his father in the same body.

Governor Martin, though beginning life as a poor man, accumulated an independence quite sufficient to support a large family suited to surrounding circumstances, and which enabled him to educate his children at the best schools and colleges in the country, leaving an estate not large but sufficient for comfort and independence, bequeathing to his children the priceless heritage of a good name.

OFFICIAL HISTORY, ETC.

I propose now to bring up the official and judicial history of Tuskaloosa County. Though the town was certainly inhabited and had assumed the shape of a village in 1816, yet the earliest court record of the county of which we have any knowledge bears date 1818. At that time we were under Territorial government, and William W. Bibb was governor. From him all our county officers held commissions.

The record opens with the official bond of M. B. Click, clerk of the county court. The second paper recorded is the bond of JOHN SMITH, the *first sheriff* of Tuskaloosa, appointed by Governor Bibb. On this bond, as securities, I find the names of James Penn and Abel Pennington. James Penn has heretofore been noticed.

Abel Pennington was a man of good standing in the community, and had a considerable property, in slaves. His name is signed to a curious document found on the record, and I take the liberty of lifting it out of its oblivion as a landmark of the olden days, when to be in debt was in fact to be in danger of a prison:

"*Prison Bounds of Tuskaloosa County*—Limits as follows: Commencing at the jail, thence running in a direct line to Lewin's, including Lewin's houses; thence to J. V. Isbel's; from thence to John Read's, including Nash's cotton gin; from Read's to Powell's; thence to Lovel's tavern; thence across the lot to the jail.

"(Signed) ABEL PENNINGTON, D. S.

"Tuskaloosa, June 14, 1819."

I take it for granted that the initials D. S. mean deputy sheriff.

It would puzzle the oldest inhabitant to run out these interesting lines at this time. It will be observed, however, that the jail must have been about the centre of the gloomy domain, as the line begins and terminates at that building. The jail, as at that time located, was about in the center of what is now Market street, near Main. The house was built of heavy hewn logs, and was one story high, so that prisoners could talk to their friends through the grate, face to face.

Of the names mentioned in this description of the Tuskaloosa "prison bounds" Isbel was one of the earlier practicing physicians, whose usefulness was greatly lessened by his intemperate habits. Powell was Levin Powell, afterwards so distinguished.

John Smith, the first sheriff of Tuskaloosa, was a native of South Carolina; came to this county in 1816. In 1819 he settled a thriving plantation near New Lexington, on which he lived a prosperous life and accumulated a handsome estate. He was considered a man of sterling integrity. He died in 1849, at the advanced age of seventy-four years, leaving three children, among whom are James S. and Thomas W. Smith, both of whom now reside in Birmingham, and are justly esteemed as worthy citizens.

John Hodge was the second sheriff of Tuskaloosa County, and the *first* elected by the people under the constitution.

William Y. Glover was the third sheriff (1823). He was one of the earliest settlers, well adapted to the life of a pioneer, and he maintained through life a reputation for sterling integrity. In person he was tall and thin, with a resolute face. His appearance was that of a pushing man, and he

was noted for his great determination and force of character. His temper was excitable, and he was rash and, perhaps, reckless in personal difficulties. At one time he had a dangerous street encounter with Peter Maher, an Irish schoolteacher, on whom he made use of the blade of a sword-cane, which came near proving fatal. Glover was tried upon a charge of *assault to murder*, and acquitted. Wm. H. Jack defended him. I have rather a vivid recollection of Mr. Jack's speech, and perhaps there took my first lesson, unwittingly, in ringing the changes of words and phrases. It appeared that during the quarrel Maher had called Glover "a damned old gray-headed coward." It was this phrase that furnished the lawyer with his defense, and doubtless it was this phrase that fastened my attention to the case and enables me to recall it. Of the merits of the controversy I have no knowledge; most likely it grew originally out of some incident at school, as Glover had quite a number of boys, some of whom were turbulent and not easily managed.

Of these children, Benjamin N. was the oldest. He was perhaps the best of the flock—certainly the most successful in life. As a schoolboy, he was orderly, studious, and ambitious. He afterward studied law and settled in the practice of his profession at Fayette C. H. Here he made himself popular as a man and respectable as a lawyer; so much, indeed, that he was elected, early in life, by the legislature solicitor of his circuit. In this office Glover proved himself to be a liberal and effective prosecuting officer. In this office he exercised great diligence, and out of its profits laid the foundation of the handsome fortune he afterward accumulated.

Benjamin N. Glover removed from Fayette to Marengo County, where he lived the greater part of the remainder of his life. At the opening of the war he was a man of wealth.

After the war Mr. Glover resumed the practice of the law in Choctaw County, where he died in 1870. The writer of this article knew him long, and, in the earlier part of his life, intimately. He was possessed of the finest qualities of head and heart. Steadfast in his friendships and candid in his intercourse with men, he combined enlightened benevolence with a well-regulated economy, and so left to his family an example of industry and perseverance worthy of imitation.

Hiram P. Cochran followed Glover in the office of sheriff.

Elias Jenkins followed Mr. Cochran in the office of sheriff; and this brings us up to 1830, after which date there is abundant published matter touching the several persons who filled the office of sheriff.

DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION.

Marmaduke Williams and John L. Tindall, both men of marked ability and fine character, with the habits, qualities, and characteristics of successful pioneers, were sent as delegates to the convention that framed the State constitution at Huntsville, 1819.

Dr. John L. Tindall was a practicing physician, but his business habits and qualifications called and forced him to participate in other departments of life.

Dr. Tindall was repeatedly elected to the legislature from this county, and was one of the most influential of those of our citizens who secured the location of the State capital at Tuskaloosa.

In the way of city improvements Dr. Tindall built the handsome frame cottage on Main street now occupied by the Hon. William Miller. This house must have been among the first of the frame dwellings erected in Tuskaloosa.

He was a native of Kentucky, and came to Tuskaloosa as early as 1818. In 1823 and 1824 he practiced medicine in connection with Dr. James Guild, the latter then a young man just beginning his professional career in Tuskaloosa.

Dr. Tindall found his chief amusement in the game of whist, at which he was considered invincible.

He was given to the utterance of axioms and epigrams

"Full of wise saws and
Modern instances,"

one of which I recollect: "The young man who begins life by taking a drink before breakfast will die a drunkard."

Without any loss of popularity or decay in the public esteem, Dr. Tindall removed from Tuskaloosa to Aberdeen, Miss., where he resided up to the time of his death, which occurred sometime during the war, at a very advanced age. In that community, as in Tuskaloosa, he enjoyed the respect and confidence of the people, and left a reputation unsullied by any of the vices of the age.

MARMADUKE WILLIAMS

was a native of North Carolina, and came to Alabama in 1818, with prestige already acquired, having served as a Representative in Congress from that State for six years.

His first public appearance in Alabama was as a delegate from Tuskaloosa County to the conven-

tion that formed the State constitution. He became a candidate for governor, and was defeated by Israel Pickens. The race was a close one, and the small majority was an indication of the old 'Duke's wide-spread popularity.

Having participated so largely in launching the ship of State, Williams very naturally felt the deepest solicitude in the voyage of the new craft; and both from duty and inclination he mingled freely from time to time in the public labors connected with the inauguration and management of the government. He was repeatedly elected to the legislature from this county, in which department his long experience in public life made him very useful and successful.

It is not to be taken for granted, however, that Mr. Williams had no competitors or that offices were always thrust upon him. Our county, even at that early day, contained many citizens of strong ability. Politics assumed shape, though not of a very tangible form. There was no secession, nullification, or abolition then. There was but one common danger to which the people were sensibly alive—the Indian, who still roamed at large, jealous of his rights and savagely vindictive at his wrongs. The common danger drove the people to a common center, so that they stood together upon occasion, shoulder to shoulder, brothers in defense of their liberties and lives.

In this condition of things it is not to be supposed that the strife for office often assumed a very exciting shape; nevertheless the arts and stratagems leading to popular favor and success were freely and vigorously brought into use by the various candidates, and by none with more adroitness than by Marmaduke Williams.

He was a man of the most unpretending manners; without the slightest appearance of presumption, and perfectly free from austerity. He was habitually negligent of his dress, and studiously averse to interfering with any other man's business. He was no stump-speaker or loud talker on the streets, but, with a solitary listener under the shade of a tree or in a fence-corner, he had a flow of conversation which seldom failed to captivate, so that in his various elections he acquired the reputation of being the very prince of bush-whackers.

Judge Williams, amongst his other qualities, had the capacity of measuring himself accurately and the happy faculty of detecting his own deficiencies. Aware of the fact that he was not an orator, he readily supplied the want of that charming power by substituting a no less potent implement of warfare—the *circular*. As regularly as the canvassing season approached, everybody would be on the lookout for the *Old Duke's Circular*. It was an institution of great regularity and power. This he would in the main distribute with his own hands, giving such explanations touching the contents of the document as occasion might suggest. These papers were invariably short, and were written in such simplicity of style as to be within the comprehension of every reader.

In addition to the many posts of honor held by him, he was for many years judge of the county and orphan's court of Tuskaloosa County, in which position his vigorous mind and strong sense of justice made his decisions acceptable.

He was for many years connected with the State University as secretary of the board of trustees. He took a lively interest in the success of the institution, and enjoyed his post of secretary with

great satisfaction, as it kept him, by correspondence and otherwise, in constant association with many of the most distinguished and intelligent men of the State.

In personal appearance Judge Williams was a marked man. His features were large and prominent, and his face was indicative of great stubbornness of will and self-confidence. He had a meditative countenance, with something of dejection or melancholy in its cast. He had much the appearance and habits of a recluse, and rather avoided crowds. When I remember first to have seen him he was considerably advanced in life and began to stoop a little in his walk. Age had taken something from his height, but whoever looked upon him felt the impression that in his youth and prime of manhood Judge Williams must have been of commanding appearance.

Early in life he married Agnes Payne, of Pittsylvania County, Virginia. They lived together in great harmony to a good old age, upwards of thirty years of which were passed in Tuskaloosa, where they died, within a few months of each other, in 1850.

This venerable couple had the happiness to live to see their children happily married, comfortably settled, and respectably connected. Their descendants constitute at this day a very large circle of leading citizens of the State of Alabama.

SENATORS.

James Hogg was the first senator (1819 to 1821). Levin Powell was the second senator, and served ten years, from [illegible] to 1832. Dr. James Guild followed Levin Powell as senator in 1833. Constantine Perkins succeeded Dr. Guild and served until 1835. Per-

kins was followed by Samuel Johnson in 1836, who was succeeded by Geo. W. Crabb in 1837. Dennis Dent followed General Crabb in 1838, and served thirteen years, until 1851, having previously been two years in the house of representatives, making the long term of legislative service of fifteen years. General Dent was followed by Robert Jemison, who served fourteen years, 1851 to 1865, having been in the house of representatives four years previously, showing a service of *nineteen* years in our State legislature. Thus it will be seen that Robert Jemison served the people of Tuskaloosa for a longer period than any other man, to which should be added his term in the State convention of 1861, which places the whole period of his service at *twenty years.*

Colonel Jemison was followed in 1865 by Colonel Ezekiel A. Powell, who was succeeded by J. F. Morton, of Fayette County—that county then, as now, forming a part of the Tuskaloosa senatorial district. Mr. Morton was followed by Capt. John M. Martin in 1871, who was re-elected in 1872. The present senator, Col. A. C. Hargrove, is president of the senate.

LEVIN POWELL

has been heretofore referred to, in these sketches as our first merchant. He was the *first* regular tax-collector of the county, and one of the earliest of our justices of the peace. He was also postmaster for a great number of years, but whether he was *first* in that department, I am not advised.

His amiable manners, with his excellent business habits and qualifications, made him a great favorite. He was the most *useful* man, all things considered, that ever lived in our midst. He grew to be an

institution, so to speak, and became an absolute necessity. He was the arbiter of disputes, and the pacificator of quarrels, while his court was the *quietus* of litigation.

The respect for him by our people amounted to affection, and he was familiarly known in the remotest neighborhoods of the county. In the earlier days of Tuskaloosa there was scarcely a wedding, high or low, at which he was not called on to perform the ceremony. Few nuptial contracts were made without being closed with the very gentle words: "*Be sure and bring Squire Powell;*" and on these happy and festive occasions, he was not only graceful in the performance of his part, but he was the very life and jollity of the gay circle, and contributed amazingly to the cheerfulness of the occasion.

Levin Powell was not only highly esteemed by the people of Tuskaloosa County, but in his capacity as legislator and senator he enjoyed the confidence of the people of the State. His talents were not of the brilliant order, but his reasoning was sound and his judgment accurate. So great was the confidence entertained in him by his fellow-senators, that he was repeatedly elected president of the senate—in 1828, '29, and '32. This was a high compliment, especially when taken in connection with the fact that this position was next to that of governor, our constitution then providing that upon the death or resignation of the governor, the president of the senate should succeed to the vacant office.

There was nothing in Mr. Powell's personal appearance calculated to call out this respect and confidence. He was of low stature, but his face was bright and cheerful, and had a highly intellect-

ual cast; his conversation was always pleasant and instructive, while he made no pretensions to capacity as a public speaker. He married Jane E. Moody in 1830, and died in 1833, when he was still in his youthful prime.

REPRESENTATIVES.

Our first members of the house of representatives in the first legislature of Alabama were James Hill, Hardin Perkins, and Julius Sims. James Hill was a pioneer farmer. About 1817 he pitched his tent in the northeastern corner of Tuskaloosa County [now Bibb], twenty-five miles from the present city.

HARDIN PERKINS

was a native of Washington County, Virginia, where he was born in 1791. While he was yet a youth his parents removed with him to Tennessee, where he received his education, in Cumberland College at Nashville. He studied law as a profession, but was diverted from the practice by the war of 1812, when he joined the army and served as a volunteer against the Creek Indians under General Jackson; was in several engagements, and acquired a reputation for gallantry. Upon his return to Tennessee he was elected major, by which title he was ever afterward called. His taste of the war seemed to have inspired him with a spirit of adventure, and in 1818 we find him with his young family in the wilds of Alabama, at Tuskaloosa, where the Indians still roamed at large. His public life in Alabama commenced in 1819, when he was elected a member of the first legislature. The record shows that he served the county

of Tuskaloosa in the legislature, at various times, twelve years. He was elected State treasurer in 1829, and served up to 1835. In 1838 he was elected president of the bank, for which office he was well fitted by his industrious habits and fine financial qualifications.

There was scarcely a year during his residence in Alabama when Major Perkins was not serving the public in some capacity.

I have already stated that Major Perkins studied law. He was admitted to the bar at Huntsville in 1819, at the same time with James W. McClung, Hopson Owen, John McKinley, and Joshua L. Martin. Had he given his time to the practice of law he would have made his mark in the profession, for he had in his composition all the essential elements of success. It was doubtless the early legal training of his mind which fitted him to act so well his important part in the business of life.

Major Perkins had the habits of a popular man. He was ever on the watch to make friends; and had his peculiarities of approach to intimacy. In the days when he found it necessary to canvass for votes, it was the custom of the candidate to visit almost every house in the county. Now, there are graceful and *un*graceful ways, so to speak, of getting into another man's house. It would be a little awkward to ride up, dismount, walk in, and say, in so many words, "I am a candidate for the legislature, and have come to solicit your vote;" that would be what we call the *un*graceful way of approach. Major Perkins had a habit of his own, which exhibited at once his tact and his knowledge of human nature. He was an inveterate pipe-smoker; and, however well

supplied with matches he might be, as he approached a cottage he would knock the old tobacco out of his pipe, and hail for *"fire."* He would not wait for any of the inmates to bring the fire, nor, indeed, for an answer, but, simultaneously with the salutation, he would alight from his horse, and walk in, with his pipe in one hand and his tobacco-pouch in the other. This opened the way for a conversation with whatever member of the family might happen to be at home. Many of the ladies in the country, and especially the older ones, had the habit of smoking, and it was no uncommon thing for the housewife to lay aside her cards and rolls and enjoy a pipeful of Major Perkins's Tennessee tobacco.

Major Perkins died in 1851. He was a man of great liberality in mind and money. He gave freely to the poor, and was sagacious in discovering the meritorious. For his political opponents he had a generous toleration. His most prominent characteristic, however, was his munificent hospitality; for this all the members of his family were noted. His mansion was ever open to his friends, and his parlor was the centre of an elegant and accomplished society. The absence of ostentation was the real charm of all of this; the generosity was not constrained by conventional formalities, or the inconvenient dogmas of modern etiquette. There was a genuine home-glow in the faces of all, hosts and guests, so that the dinings, parties, and balls at Major Perkins's were always the most delightful entertainments. Few strangers ever visited Tuskaloosa and left without carrying away with them lively recollections of gay and happy hours passed at this hospitable mansion.

Major Perkins was eminently social in his dis-

position; his inclinations to merriment banished all gloom. In the way of amusements, he was patient at chess, and extremely fond of whist, at which game he excelled.

Mrs. Sophia Perkins, formerly Miss Holland, his excellent wife, whom he married in 1814, survived him a few years, and resided in the old family mansion. She was in every respect worthy of her distinguished husband, and presided over his household with grace and dignity, marked with that simplicity of manners which is inseparable from true refinement, and imparts so many little indefinable graces to social intercourse.

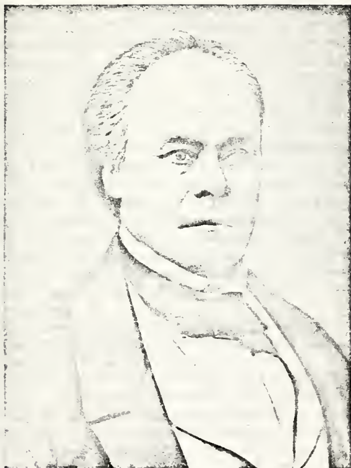
Miss Louisa, the only daughter of this distinguished couple, became the wife of Wm. Cochrane, who was at that time a young lawyer of great promise, and who speedily rose to distinction in his profession. He died in the prime of life, having acquired fame as well as fortune at the bar. Mrs. Cochrane still occupies the elegant mansion built by her husband, in which she presides with much the same grace and dignity that made her mother so noted in Tuskaloosa society.

ROBERT JEMISON, JR.,

was the son of William Jemison, who married Miss Mimms, one of whose family gave name to the fort in Baldwin County. He was born in Lincoln County, Ga., in 1802. He grew up in Griggs County, and was partly educated in the school of Prof. N. S. S. Beamon, step-father to Hon. Wm. L. Yancey. Amongst his classmates were Dixon H. Lewis, W. T. Colquit, A. H. Chapell, Grigsby E. Thompson, T. A. Watkins—all distinguished names in Alabama and Georgia. After leaving this academy he entered the University of Georgia, where he remained for some time, but did not graduate. He began the study of law under Stephen W. Harris and Eli Shorter, at Eatonton, Ga. He came to Alabama with his parents in 1821, continued to study law under Judge Henry Y. Webb, near Greensboro, Ala. In 1826 he moved to Pickens County, and settled what has ever since been known as the "Garden Plantation." He remained in Pickens County ten years, and then returned to Tuskaloosa County.

While Colonel Jemison was a citizen of Pickens County he became well known in Tuskaloosa, where he spent a considerable portion of his time, and where he had already established extensive business interests.

He was a man of wealth, and had his hands full of enterprises; all of which he pushed with a vigor which disclosed an ambition to lead, and a capacity to succeed. During a long period of his life he was actively concerned in mail staging. He stocked several roads leading from Tuskaloosa with commodious mail coaches. In this line of business he invested large amounts of money, while exhibiting an energy and vigilance of habit that



ROBERT JEMISON, JR.

marked him as a man able to plan and to execute great designs. In these enterprises he had many antagonists, competing both for mails and passengers. These antagonisms called out his best energies; and when once aroused to fierce competition, he recognized no obstruction too formidable to be overcome. His will was unbending, his resolution unbreakable; his vigilance sleepless and his labors untiring; while to sustain all this he had within his grasp a vast amount of general information, statistical and otherwise. His affairs moved like clock-work. He was not only master of the business in hand, but he had a keen insight into the ways of life, and was a sagacious judge of the habits and inclinations of men. If not a great man, he possessed all the elements required to constitute one. He made a manly effort, as early as 1827, to elevate the grade of agriculture to the plane of gardening, but his examples were not followed by his neighbors. His taste was in advance of the age. The "Garden Plantation" in Pickens County was a "thing of beauty," conspicuous for its loneliness.

These fine traits of character attracted attention to him; made him a marked man; and his energies were called into the public service.

Colonel Jemison had exalted views of the dignity of a statesman's mission. The Hon. E. A. Powell, in his discriminating sketch of Colonel Jemison as a public speaker, has put on record a part of a speech uttered by him in the canvass of 1849, in Tuskaloosa County, which lifts Colonel Jemison up to the higher grounds of a statesman. I quote from a description of a husting's rencounter between Colonel Jemison and his competitor, Capt. John G. Barr :

"Captain Barr opened the discussion by repeating the objections to the bill, stating that he was simply urging the objections of the people to the law; that his own opinion was that the bill was infinitely better than any other tax bill the State had ever had, but that the people were dissatisfied with it, and he was simply carrying out their wishes in his opposition.

"After Captain Barr had concluded, Mr. Jemison came forward, and the first word he uttered in regard to the tax bill was that he did not appear before the people as the mere apologist of the bill; he came before them as its friend and advocate. He then took up Captain Barr's objections, one by one, and showed their weak points, and by the time he had concluded the cloud that had been thrown over his prospects had vanished like the morning mist. He admitttd that there were defects in the bill, but they were such as could only be detected by the working of the law. When he came to answer Captain Barr, in regard to his only urging the objections of the people to the law, he was simply crushing. He told the people that his arm should fall paralyzed to his side, that his tongue should cleave to the roof of his mouth, before he would attempt to ride into office upon their errors; that the duty of a statesman was to lead and not to follow popular sentiment; *that if he found public opinion taking the wrong direction it was his duty to throw himself into the breach and turn it in the right way.*"

Colonel Jemison was noted for his great powers of managing men and measures in the legislature. He had no taste for "log-rolling," but whenever that became a necessity he could make himself

felt in that particular department; in fact, his hand-spike was never known to break or bend in that ponderous operation.

Colonel Powell very justly says of him:

"It may be safely said of Mr. Jemison, that in neither house of the legislature, nor anywhere else, was he ever overmatched. No difference who threw down the gauntlet, if Mr. Jemison took it up the other party was sure to find a foeman worthy of his steel."

In the Secession convention, in 1861, Colonel Jemison bore himself with great dignity and firmness, his speeches being characterized with marked intellectual superiority and his acts with composed intrepidity.

In that convention Mr. Yancey was the recognized leader of the Secession party, and Colonel Jemison the leader of the opposition. The debates were sometimes highly exciting. Mr. Yancey, on one occasion, threw the convention into a white heat by a vehement and denunciatory speech.

In reply to that speech, Colonel Jemison said:

"Mr. President: I had not intended to say more upon the resolution under consideration; but I can not permit to pass in silence the extraordinary and unprovoked remarks of the gentleman from Montgomery [Mr. Yancey]. I say unprovoked, for they were wholly uncalled for by anything that fell from either my colleague or myself. The gentleman charges me with having spoken of his native State, South Carolina, with levity—slightingly. I have done no such thing. I have never spoken of that gallant State slightingly. I have differed with her leading politicians, but I have not spoken

disrespectfully of them or their State. I can differ with men upon measures of policy, and yet believe them honest and patriotic. But, sir, nothing was said by me as to the State of South Carolina, her politicians, or her policy. I spoke only of the dispatches or telegrams that have been poured in upon us in such profusion, upon every subject and every occasion. Some of them, it is true, were from the gentleman's native State; some from other States—they came from all quarters. They came so thick and fast they seemed, like snow-flakes, to fall from the clouds. Of these telegrams, but without singling out those from any particular State or locality, I did speak with levity and incredulity. I spoke as I thought, as I felt, and as I believe, but without disrespect to any State, individual, or class.

"The gentleman from Montgomery has made the remarks of myself and colleague the text, or rather the pretext, of reading for the benefit of ourselves and the minority of this convention a long and very racy and pointed commentary upon the law of *treason*. He tells us the political nomenclature of "'76" will be revived; that parties will be known and distinguished as of yore, by the names of Whig and Tory; that in times past the friends of the country were known as Whigs, and its enemies as Tories. He tells us, further, that there is such an offense as treason, and reminds us that though the ordinance of secession may pass by a majority of a single vote, that those who shall not submit to it are guilty of the crime of treason, and must and will be punished as traitors.

"For whom and by what authority does the gentleman speak? He speaks in the plural. In all frankness, said he, "*we* speak thus, *we* tell our opponents," etc. Are we to understand him as speak-

ing for himself alone, or does he speak as the organ of the majority party in this convention, of whom he is the acknowledged leader? I can not believe that he has spoken the sentiments of the majority, or any member of it, but himself. I can not think such sentiments are entertained by any other member of this convention. I had not expected to hear such sentiments from any quarter. They are unmerited—they are uncalled-for and unprovoked by anything that has been uttered by my colleague or myself, or by any other member of the minority; they are unjust; they are unbecoming any gentleman on this floor. [Here Mr. Yancey rose, and the president called Mr. J. to order, whereupon he took his seat. There was much confusion at this moment, and Mr. Yancey, also, was called to order by the president. After order was restored, Mr. J. proceeded.] Mr. President, when I took upon myself the duties of a delegate to this convention, it was with a full knowledge and proper appreciation of all its difficulties and responsibilities. I took my seat here with a fixed and firm resolution, not only to preserve the courtesies of debate, but to cultivate friendly intercourse and relations with each and every one, but to encourage calm and friendly discussion; to keep down every crimination or recrimination by pouring oil upon the troubled waters. My most earnest desire has been to see good feeling and harmony preside over our deliberations; that whenever we should take final action, that all should cordially and cheerfully unite in support of that action. This has been my most ardent desire—this my most settled determination. From this determination and from this purpose I can not be driven by any ill-timed or unmerited remarks, come from what

source they may. But, sir, when the great leader of the majority shall call the minority party *Tories*, shall denounce us as *traitors* and pronounce against us a *traitor's doom*, were I to pass it in silence, the world would properly consider me worthy of the denunciation and the doom."

Here Mr. Yancey rose to explain. He said his remarks were not applicable to, or intended for, the minority of this convention; they were intended for those in certain portions of the State, where it was said the Ordinance of Secession, if passed, would be resisted.

Mr. Jemison continued:

"I am glad, Mr. President, to hear the gentleman disclaim any imputation of disloyalty to the minority in this convention. But has he bettered it by transferring it to the great popular masses in certain sections of the State where there is strong opposition to the Ordinance of Secession, and where it is said it will be resisted? Will the gentleman go into those sections of the State and hang all who are opposed to secession? Will he hang them by families, by neighborhoods, by towns, by counties, by Congressional districts? Who, sir, will give the bloody order? Who will be your executioner? Is this the spirit of Southern chivalry? Are these the sentiments of the boasted champions of Southern rights? Are these to be the first fruits of a Southern Republic? Ah! is this the bloody charity of a party who seeks to deliver our own beloved sunny South from the galling yoke of a fanatical and puritanical abolition majority? What a commentary on the charity of party majorities! The history of the reign of Terror furnishes not a parallel to the bloody picture shadowed forth in the remarks of the gentleman. I envy him not its

contemplation. For the interest of our common country, I would drop the curtain over the scene; and palsied be the hand that ever attempts to lift it."

"After the explanation and disclaimer of the gentleman [Mr. Yancey], it is due to him, and to myself, that I should say—which I do with great pleasure—that the particular remark of mine to which he excepts was intended to illustrate my notions of parliamentary decorum, and not to apply to him individually."

I have given the whole of this speech as a fair specimen of Colonel Jemison's manner of debate, and to show the promptness with which he could meet an emergency. Besides, as a whole, I consider the speech an admirable document in sentiment and style; it is a speech worthy of the man and the great occasion. I can vouch for its perfect authenticity, and I deem myself happy in having contributed to its preservation.

Colonel Jemison passed through the exciting labors of this convention with a dignified composure of manner characteristic of a great mind laboring under vast difficulties and perplexing uncertainties, surrounded by great responsibilities, involving the vital interests of the commonwealth, and at the same time the personal reputation of those who had been intrusted with public affairs. His record will stand the test of the closest scrutiny, and will be regarded by the generations to come as a monument of patriotic devotion to his country, and as a vindication of his statesmanlike sagacity.

During those exciting times and in the midst of those momentous occurrences I was in the enjoyment of the closest confidential relations with Colonel Jemison as to public affairs. I knew all his

impulses, indorsed fully his views of public duty, and molded my own course, in a great measure, by the suggestions of his wisdom. I believe the only noticeable difference in our records in the convention is that he signed the "Ordinance of Secession," which I declined to do for reasons satisfactory to me at the time—a course I have never regretted. I had denounced the ordinance *as the tocsin of war and the death-knell of slavery.* How *could* I sign it?

Afterward I met Colonel Jemison at Richmond, while he was there a senator. I had occasion and opportunity to know that he held a high stand in the councils of the Confederacy, and was regarded as an able and enlightened senator.

Colonel Jemison served the people of Tuskaloosa County in some public capacity for twenty-eight years—a longer period than that of the service of any other man.

I adopt the language of Col. E. A. Powell as to the close of Colonel Jemison's life:

"In the fall of 1871 Colonel Jemison died at his home in Tuskaloosa, after having sought and found the pearl of great price. He died a Christian. He married Miss Priscilla Cherokee Taylor, sister of the late Hon. John T. Taylor, of Mobile. Some years ago Mrs. Jemison followed her husband to the unknown beyond. Their only surviving child is the accomplished wife of Hon. A. C. Hargrove.

"Colonel Jemison left one monument that will be as enduring as the civilization of Alabama. I allude to the Alabama Insane Hospital. To Colonel Jemison, largely more than to any other man in Alabama, is due the success of that enterprise, which is certainly a source of pride to every true Alabamian."

As a citizen Robert Jemison was public spirited and liberal: as a man he was open, brave, and sincere; he had neither flatteries for his friends nor smiles for his enemies: but he was genial, generous, and forgiving. As a legislator he was sleeplessly vigilant of his duties. Fitted by education and study, with an eminently logical mind, his experience had made him something more than a lawyer—he was a law-maker. His genius is impressed on the law-books of the State, and in the code of Alabama are to be found very many wise provisions originated by his sagacious mind, framed by his pen, and matured into laws by the force of his eloquence and energy in the halls of legislation.

He commanded the confidence of the leading men of the State, and in matters of legislation he was intrusted with those great questions of the day, whose elucidation called for the most enlightened judgment. In this field were developed the peculiar traits of his mind. He lived in an age that most needed him. He was fitted for a pioneer. While engaged in the intellectual labors of framing municipal regulations his ever active mind was busy in planning public improvements, conspicuous in conveniences for neighborhoods and communities. Mills, factories, railroads, turnpikes, and bridges were his favorite enterprises, and in the busiest hours of his public service, while away from his private occupations, we may well imagine that often in his fancy he heard the clatter of his mill-wheels.

As is the fact with most men of commanding resources and enlarged views, Robert Jemison sometimes overreached himself, and felt in consequence the stings of adversity. In these hours of struggle his manhood was displayed. His will

was invincible and his powers of recuperation amazing.

As a politician he was highly enlightened by extensive reading and a vigilant observation of men. He was well posted in the history of nations, and was fond of politics and the excitements surrounding. A true patriot, his first thoughts were for his country and the stability of her institutions; hence, he was ever conservative and avoided all extremes as fraught with calamities.

When I say he was fond of politics I do not mean that he craved office for the sake of office, or was inordinately ambitious to be renowned, but that he had a passion for enforcing his favorite theories of government.

He was a part, and a great part, of this age and generation.

CHARLES M. FOSTER.

Amongst the young men who grew rich from poor beginnings in Tuskaloosa, there are several names that ought to be preserved for the sake of example, as illustrating the force of industry and diligence. Charles M. Foster came to Tuskaloosa from Philadelphia in 1824. He rented a small one-story frame shop, situated on Main street. His stock consisted of a few rolls of Northern tanned leather and the implements of his trade. He went vigorously to work at once, and lost no time in looking around him. He was a marvel of industry. His hammer was heard late at night and early in the morning. He attracted universal notice and respect, and commanded patronage. He was a first-class mechanic, and it was a real luxury to wear a pair of his nicely-fitting boots, which sold readily at ten dollars a pair. Foster was then very

THOMAS MAXWELL.

young and looked like a boy ; and, being a member of the church. he was noted for the propriety of his conduct and strict attention to his religious duties. He was one of the fathers of the Episcopal church in Tuskaloosa, but afterward became a Catholic, and died in that faith.

It was not long before this industrious young man begun to expand his business. His shelves were soon crowded with the best merchandise in his line, for ladies and gentlemen ; and he found it necessary to remove into a more capacious storehouse. In the meantime he had accumulated funds to purchase slaves, whom he put to the bench, and made of them efficient workmen.

Foster was soon at the head of the largest shoe store in Tuskaloosa, and in due time came to be reckoned a rich man. In the days of his affluence he lived in a style suitable to his means, and as suggested by the taste of his elegant wife, who was, in many respects, possessed of the energetic qualities and characteristics of her husband. She was a charming woman, with a taste that lifted her into the perfumed atmosphere of flowers, and she was the first to demonstrate in her own spacious greenhouse that the lemon and the orange could be made to grow in the Tuskaloosa clime.

THOMAS MAXWELL

came to Tuskaloosa in 1836–'7, a green English boy, looking about him to see if it was a fact that he could pick money from the trees in this favored clime. Finding himself mistaken in this, he went farther in his investigations—to see if he could find money in the bowels of the earth—and believing in this, the more sensible theory, he took him-

self down into the depths of a cellar and there began to dig for the nuggets. He found them.

The famous cellar in which Mr. Maxwell began business as a merchant in Tuskaloosa was under the storehouse long occupied by Dr. Sam Smith as a drug store (or the house adjoining). The place was rudely but comfortably fitted up with counters and shelves, with a pair of scales, and was tolerably roomy; and the commodities offered for sale were chiefly the products of the country—chickens, eggs, butter, beeswax, tallow and venison, fruits, watermelons, etc., with a barrel of molasses, a box of cheese, some nuts, crackers and tobacco, lead, powder and shot; this slim stock being constantly replenished and enlarged as his means authorized. His stock, as far as it went, was indicative of his foresight; it was just such as to accommodate in barter the small farmers. A pound of lead for a pound of butter, and a pound of powder for a haunch of venison. In the scope of this traffic Maxwell was equal to the emergency. Every morning he was up before day and out on some road leading into the town, to meet the approaching wagons, and at night he was busy around the camp-fires. In his employ he had emissaries who would be out on the other roads in his interests, for the same purpose, and he was soon the leader in this particular line of trade, for it was not long before he had means to make himself felt all over the country. This trade yielded large profits, while it enabled him to supply the wants of the town custom. He advertised in the papers that he sold goods *six feet lower* than any merchant in town.

Besides this indomitable energy in money-making, Maxwell disclosed some literary tastes, which served as a passport into the better society of the

place, for the good people of Tuskaloosa, even the wealthiest, were prone, in that day, to admire such pluck as was displayed by this resolute young Englishman; and he was taken by the hand cordially, and soon became naturalized in the parlors of the most fashionable. He grew familiar and chummy with the literary people of the town, and was the recognized friend and associate of such men as Alexander B. Meek, Washington Moody, Prof. F. A. P. Barnard and others, who at that time were leaders in the gay circles of society. As Maxwell grew in the esteem of the citizens, so his business expanded. He began to make occasional trips on the steamboats to Mobile, bringing back assortments of such goods as his trade demanded: and we soon find him the occupant of a large brick storehouse, well stocked with general merchandise.

He flooded the country with advertisements. some of them written in not very classical verse—but rhymes, nevertheless: and, if I am not mistaken. he was the first to publish in Tuskaloosa a regular *advertising almanac.*

About this time we find him occupying the capacious brick corner storehouse formerly known as the business house of that old and substantial firm, "Sims & Scott." In this house he displayed a constantly increasing stock of well-selected goods: and here he amassed means quite sufficient to enable him to supply the wants of the rising young family of intellectual sons and daughters that began to encircle him. He called this house "The Beehive," a name significant of his own ceaseless industry, and by this name the storehouse was ever afterward known. Here he grew rich; extending his business to a branch house in Northport, in charge of his two brothers, Richard and Robert,

who exhibited the same energetic habits and business qualities, and who, like him, grew in favor with the people as well as in the smiles of fortune.

Maxwell had a literary turn, with some aspirations to poetry; he wrote a good many verses on the passing topics of the times, in which he displayed much facility of versification, good wit, and a capacity to adapt his knowledge to the whims of the common people.

The following song is a fair sample of Mr. Maxwell's poetry. I take it from the *Southron.* The piece was quite popular, having been set to music:

A SONG.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

Written on hearing a lady sing "The Fine Old English Gentleman."

Lady, sound again that note,
  And sing again that song!
It tells me of a distant land—
  Of scenes for which I long.
It tells me of that lovely isle—
  A gem amid the sea,
Where fairy Hope began to smile,
  And cast her smiles on me!

It 'minds of those happy days,
  When youth began to bloom;
When Hope, around my sanguine heart,
  Dispensed her sweet perfume!
It 'minds me of my kindred dear,
  I've left so far away:
And how they shed affection's tear,
  And bade me still to stay!

And now I'm in an alien land,
With strangers round me here;
And every lay that speaks of home
Is welcome to mine ear;
For there's a spell within the breast
That binds us to our home,
And memory links me to that isle,
Where'er my lot to roam.

Nor do I blush to own that home,
And trace my lineage there,
Where science sits upon a throne,
Exalted, calm, and fair;
And while you sing that happy strain.
My mind, across the sea,
Flies like the Indian warrior's dart,
Propelled by dreams of thee!

Then, lady! sound again that note,
And sing again that song!
It tells me of a distant land—
Of scenes for which I long.
It tells me of that lovely isle—
A gem amid the sea,
Where fairy Hope began to smile,
And cast her smiles on me!

T. M.

TUSKALOOSA, *April*, 1839.

Mr. Maxwell was a strong writer of prose, and wrote frequently for the public press. He kept himself well posted in statistics, and in general intelligence was abreast with the better scholars of his day. He was especially fond of controversies; and his compositions disclose great earnestness and vigor. He vehemently contended for

the "k" in the word Tuskaloosa; and has left somewhere a strong article on that still much-agitated question.

Mr. Maxwell wrote and published a book, under the title of "Our Mother," which was a most touching connubial tribute to the memory of a very charming woman—his first wife.

In social life Mr. Maxwell was a warm friend, a sincere adviser, a patriotic citizen, an enthusiastic believer in the high destinies of Tuskaloosa, and an earnest, able, and zealous advocate of all practical schemes for the promotion of her interests. Take him for all in all, Thomas Maxwell was a man of the most sterling qualities; a man over whose memory the friends that knew him best will linger fondly, lovingly, and sorrowfully.

ALEXANDER B. MEEK.

Favored by nature undoubtedly with the best intellectual endowments, Alexander B. Meek had also the advantages afforded by earlier training in the best schools.

From the time I first knew him, a bright-eyed, fair-headed boy—a lean, tall stripling of ten or twelve years old, limber as a fishing-rod and fleet as an arrow—he was at school, without intermission, excepting holidays, until, at the opening of the University, he was entered as one of the most advanced in the first class. He was graduated in 1833.

Among my first recollections of Meek is his hat; this, as it appears to me now, was always full of newspapers. These he would read at every opportunity, even at the hazard of the rod. I have known him trounced repeatedly upon being caught reading a newspaper, which he had carefully folded up of the size of a page of his class book, and thus cunningly carried about with him in school hours; his eyes often furtively diverted from the Latin or Greek text to the more fascinating pages containing tales or scraps of magazine poetry.

His habit of reading literary papers at this early period of his life enlarged the scope of his information and served to place him far in advance of any other boy of his age as to the stores of his information on general topics; so that he was regarded as something of a marvel of knowledge.

His father, Rev. Samuel M. Meek, took infinite pride and delight in this his oldest son, and pushed him along in his studious pursuits and habits in every conceivable way.

Meek began to make verses very early in life, and had acquired considerable village reputation as a poet even before he entered the University.

When a boy Meek exhibited fine qualities as a declaimer, and came to be in after years a very effective and captivating public speaker, having left some printed orations which place him in the front rank of American orators. Had he devoted his life exclusively to the bar or to the arena of politics, or to the pulpit, his renown as an advocate or an orator would have been quite as great as his fame as a poet.

But it was not in Meek's power to control his inclination toward the earnest cultivation of his innate love for the beautiful in thought and nature. He was a star-gazer—not in the sense of an astrologer, but as a searcher after the mysteriously beautiful; the moon, too, beguiled his restless eyes; and for the lordlier sun he had a Persian's idolatry. Note, for example, the gorgeous opening passage of the "Red Eagle:"

> "How brightly down the burning west
> The monarch sun now sinks to rest,
> Flinging abroad his breath of gold
> O'er all the clouds collected there,
> Like bannered armies, to behold
> Day dying on his gorgeous car;
> How like a god his mighty brow
> Glows with a rich effulgence now,
> As smiling grandly he retires
> With lingering glance—and farewell fires."

It is impossible not to feel the force of the grandeur of this picture. It recalls that fine touch in Muller's "Sunset at Rome," in the opening lines, thus :

> "A day hath passed at Rome, and round her spires
> The *farewell* sun hath lit a thousand fires."*

*Note.—I have, in another place, called attention to Muller's splendid poem, "Sunset at Rome," comparing it with Byron's opening paragraph in the "Curse of Minerva." I think Meek's paragraph quite equal to either: at the same time I would note a very striking resemblance in Meek's last line to the second line of Muller's (above quoted) in the use of the word *farewell*: the perceivable difference is that Meek applies the word to fires, Muller to the sun, and I conclude that Muller's use of it is the more striking, for obvious reasons.

So we have traces of his star-gazing from the same poem:

> "For twilight's gathering shades have spread
> Their sombre silence overhead.
> And the first young star which night receives
> In golden beauty through the leaves
> Is lamp-like twinkling—herald sweet
> Of trooping angels soon to meet,
> With shining harps, and music give
> To those blue bowers in which they live,
> While downward comes, like tinkling rain
> O'er all the woods, the choral strain."

Again, describing his heroine:

> "And her eyes
> Have the dark liquid glow of the ripe muscadine,
> Though now, through their lashes a softness they take,
> As a star at brown midnight *smiles* up from the lake."

Here is another beautiful image:

> "'Tis midnight deep, and far, with scattered beam,
> The stars are *rocking* in the silent stream,
> The bright young children from some heavenly birth,
> Come down to bathe in fountains of the earth."

These ideal touches are very sweet and captivating, and it would be treason not to admire them.

IDEALITY, in poetry, as distinguished from fancy and imagination, is that power of the mind which creates unreal images out of real existences. A star glows in the sky; its image *smiles* from the lake. Music is a real existence; it becomes ideal when it breathes from the face, as we have it in the much-criticised line:

> "The mind, the music breathing from the face."

The blast of a hunter's horn on the hills is a reality; it becomes ideal when it is imbued with emotional vitality, as thus finely illustrated by Byron:

> "O, that I were
> The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
> A living voice, a breathing harmony,
> A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying
> With the bless'd tone that made it."—*Manfred.*

So ideality humanizes inanimate things, as illustrated thus by Halleck :

> "Gaze on the abbey's ruined pile.
> Does not the succoring ivy, *keeping*
> Her watch around it, *seem to smile*
> As o'er a loved one sleeping?"—*Alnwick Castle.*

So Byron, speaking of Petrarch and Laura, thus:

> "Watering the tree that bore his lady's name,
> With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."

The beauty of this passage is in imparting to *tears* the quality of music (after Milton in "Lycidas").

Again, ideality in poetry is that creative suggestiveness of the mind which puts the imagination to work in its legitimate duty to apprehend a conception; and to elaborate its beauties or deformities. In this sense it is the creator, as well of imagination as of fancy, and is happily illustrated by Coleridge, in his opening line to Mount Blank, thus :

> "Hast thou a charm to *stay* the morning star?"

Now, this line, so far as the combination of words is concerned, is commonplace enough, but it brings the imagination at once to its tip-toes, so to speak, looking over beyond the mountain, or piercing through the obstruction, to get a glimpse of the morning star, up and shining on all the landscapes beyond, but still hid behind the mountain, whose peak is forced up higher into the heavens, and whose vastness is left to grow on in limitless magnitude.

So, in Hamlet:

> "To be or not to be?"

These monosyllables are flat enough of themselves, but what a gorgeously grand and gloomy scene at once rises before the imagination! This

sort of ideality opens the landscapes of beauty, and leads to the far-off heights of sublimity. It is all-pervading in Milton, where a single word often operates as a hint to a long train of associated ideas, disclosing the most picturesque scenery.

Again, it is one of the properties of ideality in poetry to impart to any one of the senses the qualities that belong to some other one, thus enlarging the scope of that particular sense. The "imagination all compact" can see "Helen's beauty on the brow of Egypt;" but it is ideality that gives to the *eye* the power of *hearing*, as thus illustrated by Shakespeare, in the last line of the twenty-third sonnet:

> "O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
> To *hear with eyes* belongs to Love's fine wit."

But such conceits are liable to fall into affectations, and can be dealt with successfully only by a master. In love, glances become both oracular and auricular, and the eye is the best interpreter of that most ancient of all telegraphic instruments, the human heart.

Here are three lines from Poe that illustrate the difference between fancy, imagination, and ideality:

> "The pearly luster of the moon went out;
> The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
> The *happy* flowers and the *repining* trees
> Were seen no more."—*Lines to Helen.*

The "mossy banks" and the "meandering paths" are things real, such as fancy may combine. The *pearly luster* is imaginative, simply because it is not *real*, but is only so in appearance; the *happy* flowers and the *repining* trees are ideal, because the qualifying words respectively impart to the trees and flowers human emotions.

Too much ideality is a poet's fatality; it prevails

overmuch in Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," as also in Festus; while in Poe's poetry, excepting the grotesque and occult, there is little else. But a poet without ideality would be like a balloon without air.

If I had to select two poets from the roll of great names that had the exact quantity of ideality to make them great and to keep them immortal, I should take Pope, in the "Rape of the Lock," and Goldsmith, in the "Deserted Village;" in them this poetic property appears at the right time and in the right place; not as flashing ornaments, but as the gilding of common sense, and this common sense is at last the body of all good poetry.

Again, it is one of the offices of ideality to prompt metaphors; it turns a woman into a pillar of "salt;" the gurgling roar of waters into the songs of the "sirens;" it likeneth "the nose" to the "tower of Lebanon that looketh toward Damascus;" it despoils Satan of his stalwart proportions and leaves him

"Squat, like a toad, close to the ear of Eve."

Without ideality, "Paradise Lost" would be a huge mass of bombast; the sacred loves of Adam and Eve would sink into offensive sensuality; but vitalized as the poem is by this important poetic principle, it remains the grandest of Fancy's castles.

Shakespeare abounds in ideality; it pervades the sonnets overmuch, and tends to make them heavy reading; but in the plays, especially the comedies, this quality prevails under such masterly control that it heightens always into the greatest beauty. The dialogues of fine wits admit and require ideality; and Shakespeare never uses it out of place nor makes a crutch of it to get up with, nor a stilt to walk high on.

Again, there are two sorts of ideality—the one warm as if of the heart, the other cold as if of the brain alone; Keats and Shelley may be cited as the respective representatives of these; Keats is all heart, and we love him; Shelley is all brain, and we admire him, but hesitate to love, so that we hug the one and keep the other at arm's length. When we get on the icy cliffs with Shelley we are afraid of slipping; but we lie down with Keats, sure of a sweet dream and a joyous waking.

Now, my conclusion is that Meek's poetry does not abound in ideality. His fancy is always vigorous, and sometimes wild. His imagination is possibly too minutely pruned; he seems somewhat timid when seeking a "local habitation" in the realms of illusion, but now and then there is an outbreak of this fine poetic principle in his verses, always in the best taste.

Meek's chief characteristic is painting scenery *for the eye;* the thoughts seldom grow into conceits or take on ideal shapes; while the eye is captivated the mind remains serene for the full contemplation of the picture, unperplexed by the necessity of ratiocination. The imagery of the "Red Eagle" is of this quality; often gorgeous, engrossing the sight, but leaving the mind lethargic; as, for example, in the opening paragraph of the 3d Canto, pp. 83, 84, and 85, thus:

SPRING ON THE SOUTHERN HILLS.

"Spring on the Southern hills!—
The music and the light of Spring!—
What voices from a thousand rills!—
What bright birds on the wing!
How like a bride, the Earth
Her *roving lover* smiles to meet!
And, wreathed in flowers, with minstrel mirth,
Woos to her couch his feet!

Not in the song-loved East,
Diviner spells were ever given,—
By fair Circassia's flowery feast,
Or Paphia's sunset heaven!
Stand with me on this mound,
And gaze with swimming eyes below:
Greens not yon turf like fairy ground,
Beneath some white moon's glow?—
This sphered tomb we tread,
Is shrine like, too, bedecked with green;
How sweetly sleep the olden dead,
Its sloping sides between!
Look down yon vine hung lane,
The fair magnolia's fragrant bowers!—
Oh, seem they not some Emir's train,
So moonlike in their flowers?
These tall old trees behold!
With renovated trunks they rise,—
Their summits bathed in molten gold,
But shut from us the skies.
Hark! overhead the screams
Of green and gold-winged birds are loud!—
Brave paroquets!—they've sought these streams,
A wheeling, noisy crowd!
And now the mock-bird's note
Comes, glass-like, ringing on the breeze!
How sweet its changing currents float
Through these old silent trees!
Well might the dreamer think
Some Dian's hand these forests gave,—
Ah! see her wild-deer stoop to drink
From yonder pebbly wave!—
All o'er the sunny land,
The same wild beauties spread,
From fair Tuscala's rocky strand,
To Coosa's green rimmed bed!"

Here are, we think, too many images; the wealth of the poet seems to be recklessly squandered. Halleck knew better how to *set* his jewels. Instead of crowding his celebrated "succoring ivy" by a multitude of foreign images, he leaves it severely alone in its serene and sublime benignity.

In Meek's paragraph above quoted last we recognize a succession of bright images, beautiful and striking, and the more especially so as sep-

aràte pictures. It is only of the too much crowding that we complain. As wit is apt to be lost in prolixity, so beauty may be smothered in a profusion of flowers.

> "This sphered tomb we tread
> Is shrine-like, too, bedeck'd with green;
> How sweetly sleep the olden dead
> Its sloping sides between."

These lines are soft, and the thought is a sweet one, but it is lost in the crowd of more gorgeous images. In a different locality or in a more appropriate connection it would be more likely to be marked as a peculiar beauty. Even as it is, it is significant of the fate of a grave.

The "Fated City" was the most widely admired of any of Meek's earlier pieces, and it brought to him more real pleasure in the way of personal gratification. An incident connected with this poem I will here relate, as it is perhaps known to few, if any, of his surviving friends. Some enthusiastic admirer, in a distant State, had the poem printed on slips of satin, and sent a package of a dozen of them to him through the mail. Meek gave me one of these slips, calling it merrily "the satin edition of the 'Fated City.'" This little memento was so highly valued by me that I had it mounted in a neat gilt frame and hung up in my library, over my fire-place. It was there, much faded, about the beginning of the war, but I have never seen it since. The poem is a very sweet one, the incidents being few, consistent with the impending catastrophe. The imagery is as picturesque as the life scenes are touching; while the simultaneous destruction of a great city in the height of its prosperity, and of a bride, tip-toe on the threshold of Elysium, presents those magical blendings that make up true poetry.

THE FATED CITY.

'Twas evening, and the gorgeous sun
  Streamed brightly in the sky,
And cast his farewell beams abroad,
Like smiles of an approving god,
  O'er plain, and mountain high,
O'er waving fields of floating gold,
That round his sinking car were rolled,
And o'er the city's glistening spires,
That flashed beneath his blazing fires!

There lay that city—wealth and pride
  Had built their temples there,
And swift-winged commerce there had brought,
From many a clime, her trophies caught
  From isles in ocean far—
The tribute of the Indian seas,
The offerings of the Cyclades,
And jewels far outvying them,
The mind's immortal diadem!

The sun went down, and night came o'er
  That city's winding walls;
The white moon rose along the sky,
And looked down like a spirit's eye
  Upon the shouting halls,
Where beauty shone, and laughter went
From lip to lip, with music blent—
Where all was heedless, happy, light,
Besporting on that festal night.

Within a palace, proud and high,
  A bridal band were met—
Nowhere, beneath the blue-arched heaven,
Were happier hearts than then were given
  In union pure and sweet.

He was a warrior young but tried—
The city's peerless rose—the bride!
Long years of bliss and joy were theirs,
If aught availed fond friendship's prayers!

Throughout that city all was glad—
Wreaths for the young and gay,
Robes for the royal—gems and stars,
To glitter o'er the warrior's scars—
The poet's verdant bay!
Ah, it is beauty's festal time!
List to the lover's melting rhyme!
Fair city, ne'er, in all thy bliss,
Knew'st thou a happier night than this!

An hour passed on—what cry is that
Which thrills that city so?
What shrieks are those?—what means yon cloud,
That veils the heavens, like a shroud,
Blotting the moon's pure glow?
What mean those flames, that blazing run
Along yon mountain dark and dun?
Why shakes the earth—why heaves the sea—
Why peal those thunders dreadfully?

Night left the earth—the sun arose,
As wont, upon the sky,
And looked—not on that city bright,
Which he had left before the night,
With turrets gleaming high—
But on a black and cheerless waste,
Dread desolation's hand had traced—
Upon a flood of *lava*, where
Once stood, in pride, Pompeii fair.

But of all Meek's occasional pieces, there is not one that surpasses in beauty and finish that which

he curiously calls "The Duchess of Devonshire." He writes, in the wilds of Alabama, of an English beauty as WALLER might have written in London.

Now, the Tuskaloosa beauties of Meek's day—and there were many (and as charming, too, as any English beauties)—may console themselves that Meek had, in fact, never seen the Duchess of Devonshire or any other duchess at the time he wrote this poem; so that the images that sparkle in the poem had, in fact, been imparted to the poet's soul through the bright eyes and the beaming faces of the Tuskaloosa girls; for where else had been his studio of beauty; and what eyes excepting Alabama eyes had illumined his soul; what faces, excepting Alabama faces, had commanded his devotion; what voices, excepting Alabama voices, had moved his impulses and filled him with those tremulous emotions that brought such music out of the hollow of his hand? So, then, we conclude that the poem is a native in every sense excepting in the name. And here it is, a real gem, and a Tuskaloosa gem, whether to sparkle on the coronet of a duchess or to flash over the brow of some untitled Alabama dame.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Painter, try thy utmost skill!
In vain thy art—in vain thy will!
Thou canst not paint that brow so fair,—
Its fondling curls of shining hair!
Thy palette hath no tints can vie
With the dark radiance of that eye!—
Nor picture forth the beams that speak
From the rich sunshine of that cheek,
Where snow and coral both combine
To decorate, for love, a shrine!—

And oh, 'twill all thy art eclipse,
And make thee throw thy pencil by,
And curse air, ocean, earth, and sky—
To paint the elysium of those lips!

Oh painter, has thou ever seen
The glorious forms of Grecian art—
The statue of the Egyptian queen—
The goddess of the trembling heart?—
Hast thou e'er gazed on the sublime
Forms of Italia's rosy clime—
Where, as the ancient poets tell,
The stars of heaven came down to dwell,
With all the luster of the skies
Around them still, and in their eyes,
And, finding there no fitter shrine,
Took woman's form, and made 't divine!—
Oh, if thou'st ever gazed on these
Earth-bound but heaven-born Pleiades!
And, on thy canvas, learned to trace,
Raphael-like, their forms of grace
In all their peerless purity—
Then may'st thou paint, and not before,
Th' unshadowed maiden I adore
With maniac idolatry!

Oh, if Apelles, when of old,
He stood before Campaspe bright,
With hand as skilled and heart as bold
As ever drew a form of light,
Found all his art in vain, and threw
Himself in homage at her feet—
What, daring painter, what must you,
When that bright face and form you meet,
Which, e'n Apelles would confess,
Surpass Campaspe's loveliness!

Then, painter, fling thy tablet by,
And from the enchantress fly, oh fly,
Ere round thy heart the spell is woven,
  That, long ago, my own hath caught,
Or ere, like me, you've haply proven
  Her charms are with destruction fraught!
For though her face is fairer far
Than earthly flower, or heavenly star—
Yet, yet, alas, I must confess
That she is one of those bright forms—
  .A rainbow on a cloud of storms!
That, from *afar*, the vision bless,
  But never *nearer* come, or smile!
That man may kneel to, not embrace;
  A verdant, pure, but lonely isle,
Encradled in a distant sea,
By which, perchance, some barque may gleam,
And catch its light, as in a dream,
  But with it can not stay!—
And though the wanderer long may weep
For that bright Eden of the deep,
  And thirst again its charms to view,
To hear once more its music sweet—
  To rove its fragrant bowers anew,
And watch the fond waves round it beat—
And all its pleasures to obtain—
Yet aye must find his longings vain!—
For, painter, I have found, and own,
Her heart is hard and cold as stone!

The next poem in excellence, melody, and high artistic finish is "The Soldier's Love Dream," of which I here give the opening paragraph, thus :

"Behold yon star!—How soft its ray
  Melts over Tampa's cradled bay!—
  How brightly, on the waters blue,
  Its mellow gold-beams fling their hue,

> And, shimmering softly, sink and shine,
> Far down in ocean's silent shrine!
> 'Mid pearls and corals glistening bright—
> 'Mid crimson shells, and sea-gems rare—
> That star reflected meets the sight,
> And glimmers like a diamond there—
> Until the wanderer's gazing eyes,
> In fondness, seek its native skies!"

The melody here is almost as sweet as the opening lines of "Parasina." The under-water imagery is exceedingly picturesque. We can almost see the lancing star piercing the blue waters, and with an illuminating power lighting up the flashing beauties of the caverns below. The whole is a masterpiece; and here I have an opportunity to further illustrate the difference between fancy and ideality by calling the reader's attention to the happy use here made by the poet of the word "cradled," in the second line—"cradled bay"—the ever restless waters, rocked by the bed in which they are laid, as if hid far away from the turbulence of the ocean, and beyond the reach of the petulant whims of Neptune!

In the line of monody, the requiem to the Hon. Richard Henry Wilde is especially worthy of preservation.

This is a dirge that the world will not "willingly let die." It is a sigh divine which could escape alone from the gentlest shell—just such a shell as was the heart of Alexander B. Meek, crowded as it was with the love of all things beautiful, and ever ready to pour sympathetic responses to the slightest touches of sorrow.

Another fine monody is the "Lightning Slain." The subject of this was Jonathan Wyzer, a youth of tender years, who, while sitting near the window in his father's house, was killed by a flash of

lightning. The second and sixth stanzas show the poet's passion for sunset scenery :

> " Along the occidental sky,
> Like ships at anchor, clouds did lie;
> While a thick shower of gold o'er all their canvas fell like fire,
> And like a town in flame glowed the sun's funereal pyre."

Since Lycidas it has been considered hazardous to attempt a monody. Collins's ode to Thomson, and Halleck's to Drake, are among the best. If Halleck's "Burns" may be classed as a monody, then Milton has an American rival, for never was song sweeter than that inspired by the "Wild Rose of Alloway"* It will live as long—

> " As men mute homage pay
> To consecrated ground."

Meek was a master in nearly all the varieties of versification. If he had neglected any, it was the heroic couplet. He has left us but few specimens in that measure, and in those it may be said that he is not uniformly as happy as in the other meters, which he practiced more. He has left some half-dozen sonnets only: some of these are artistically constructed—the one I select is, perhaps, the best. I find it in the front of the "Red Eagle," in the shape of an invocation, thus :

> Voluptuous Spring!—in this soft southern clime,
> With prodigality of birds and flowers!
> Not Guido, in his rosy Dream of Hours,
> Framed, in Arcadian vales, a lovelier time!—
> Now, whilst thou blessest us with glow and chime,
> My heart, the inspiration of thy bowers,
> Would fondly claim, and, with refreshed powers,
> Build for thy storied scenes befitting rhyme.

---

* "In yonder grave a druid lies."—*Collins.*

"Green be the turf above thee."—*Halleck.*

" Wild rose of Alloway, my thanks,
Thou mindst me of the autumn noon,
When first we met upon the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."—*Halleck's* "*Burns.*"

No muse is thine, my worship may invoke.
Yet give the secret of yon red-bird's song,—
Spirit and monodist of that frail throng,
Who erst, with shout and dance, these woods awoke.
Perished those nations!—Will YE not retain
One rude memorial in this simple strain?

In blank verse Meek has left one poem, "The Day of Freedom," an oration delivered at Tuskaloosa on the 4th of July, 1838. It is a grand, stately song, thrilling one from first to last with jubilant patriotism. The measure is well adapted to the subject and to the occasion. The versification is accurate and artistic, while the speech moves throughout, in its majestic march, without a break.

Among the subjects of this poem is very gracefully introduced a poetic paraphrase of the celebrated letter of John Adams, in which the patriot foreshadows the glories of the day of independence and of the memories that will make its celebration perpetual.

This is followed by a thrilling passage commemorating the singular historical fact that Adams and Jefferson died on the same anniversary of the sacred 4th of July. Following this is a tribute to "Horse-Shoe Robinson." The poet felicitously takes occasion to put in the claims of Tuskaloosa, as the abiding place of one who had just become widely known to the readers of fiction, through Mr. Kennedy's novel, as a noble worker in the ranks of the fathers of Independence.

"Valorously
He bore himself, and with his youthful arm
Chivalrous deeds performed, which in a land
Of legendary lore had placed his name,
Embalmed in song, beside the hallowed ones
Of Douglass and of Percy; not unsung

Entirely his fame. Romance has wreathed
With flowering fingers, and with wizard art,
That hangs the votive chaplet on the heart,
His story, 'mid her fictions, and hath given
His name and deeds to after times. When last
This trophied anniversary came round,
And called Columbia's patriot children out
To greet its advent, the old man was here,
Serenely smiling as an autumn sun
Just dripping down the golden west to seek
Its evening couch. Few months agone I saw
Him in his quiet home, with all around
Its wishes could demand—and by his side
The loved companion of his youthful years—
This singing maiden of his boyhood's time;
She who had cheered him with her smiles when
clouds
Were o'er his country's prospects; who had trod,
In sun and shade, life's devious path with him,
And whom kind Heaven had still preserved to
bless,
With all the fullness of maternal wealth,
The mellowing afternoon of his decline.
Where are they now?—the old man and his wife?
Alas! the broadening sun sets in the night,
The ripening shock falls on the reaper's arm;
The lingering guest must leave the hall at last;
The music ceases when the feast is done;
The old man and his wife are gone. From earth
Have passed in peace to heaven; and summer's
flowers,
Beneath the light of this triumphant day,
Luxurious sweets are shedding o'er
Th' unsculptured grave of "Horse-shoe Robinson."*

---

*James Robinson, the hero of Mr. Kennedy's admirable historical novel, died near Tuskaloosa, Ala., April, 1838, aged eighty-eight years.

The bard then proceeds to inculcate some political truths, and unveils, with prophetic insight, some of the rocks on which states and empires have been driven to wreck.

"Beware of party strife.
By it have all free nations fallen. With brow
Of light and innocence and smiles, and mien
So like to virtuous Liberty and thought,
That oft the free, confiding mind mistakes
The semblance for the God himself, it wears
Beneath its shining garb a scorpion's heart.
It breathes pollution like a viper's touch;
It is the subtle foe to private peace,
Frost to domestic love, and fire to friendship's
bonds."

"It wends
Its way to the statesman's breast, and makes,
By the Circean influence of its spell,
His lofty brow bow down to lowly thoughts,
His eagle wing stoop from its Alpine heights,
Until, in utter selfishness, his heart
Forgets its nobler purposes and bends
In vile submission at its shrine. By it
The patriot citizen too oft is driven
Into the paths of error, and uplifts
A recreant hand against the government
His fathers nourished with their hearts' best
blood."

Here are, indeed, some "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." If the reader will go again over these passages, besides the entertainment of a glorious moment, he may be rewarded by having more indelibly impressed upon his mind some wholesome truths that pervade the science of gov-

ernment and foreshadow the destinies of empires, truths of universal acceptation, and, strange to say, truths that are acknowledged, only to be disregarded. This passage is a grand and picturesque paraphrase of the mighty thoughts with which Washington garnished his "Farewell Address" to the American people. Unwittingly, Meek has here crowded together lines and thoughts which now seem satirical. The history of the times makes the application.

There was no cynicism in Meek. He laid down golden rules, credulously supposing that no patriot would break them.

In the same line of thought and style of language, at once sonorous and gorgeous, the poet pursues his theme, by singing a divine hymn of patriotic attachment to the Union of the States:

"What tho' each State that on our banner shines
Moves in its orbit with a sovereign sway—
With laws and institutions of its own—
Yet round one common center all converge,
And each upon its golden pathway wheels
With sympathetic harmony and force
And equipoise sublime: strike but one orb
From its appointed place, or rudely dim
Its purity and light, and soon the whole
Great frame-work of the sky would wildly whirl,
In dire confusion and disaster vast,
A wreck to make even Heaven's high angels grieve.

Stars of the East! New England's Pleiades.
Shine on! in light unshadowed, shine,
And guide new pilgrims to your "Rock" of "Faith"—
Your war-crowned hills and rich historic plains,

Where Freedom's feet first trod the tyrant down,
And left their imprints never more to fade.
And O, ye planets of the roseate West,
Bright-eyed as Vesper with her lamp of love,
Or radiant Mercury or red-brow'd Mars,
Gild your vast plains with fertilizing rays
Till need-born empires start to civic life,
Where late the sandalled chief or bison trod
Her prairied desert or by endless streams."

Whoever reads these passages without recognizing the hand of a master, had better pause a moment and inquire if he be not a little obtuse? The comparison of the movement of the States, as a governmental system, with the movements of the heavenly orbs, is very grand; while the phraseology gives the lines an unbroken symphony.

My conclusion is that "The Day of Freedom," taken as a whole, is Meek's best poem. It strikes me that the freedom from the shackles of rhyme enabled the bard to infuse into the verses more of the mind unrestrained. The rhythm runs melodiously with the thoughts, for the same reason that the shackles of rhyme with their clank and crash are not there to break the harmony.

From the fact that this is the first and only piece of his in blank verse, it is amazing that in this peculiar versification he should have succeeded so well in keeping up the stately and harmonious measure with so much artistic accuracy, and that is to be accounted for only upon the presumption that he was a born poet.

THE "RED EAGLE"

is the most ambitious of Meek's efforts. The masters all fail in their attempts to humanize an

Indian woman up to Caucasian excellence so as to command Caucasian admiration or to stir up its emotional sympathies. Cooper has not succeeded in fastening our affections to any of his Indian characters, and Longfellow's Minnehaha will ever remain a distinctive creature, such as the imagination may, indeed, linger over with some pleasure, but chiefly because she moves in the midst of her own race, outside of the reach of comparison. All the rich costumes of Paris would be useless toward supplanting the blanket of Pocahontas; and so Powhatan's daughter must remain a squaw, attractive only as such.

Lilla Beazely, the heroine of the "Red Eagle," is a half-breed, and her father is a semi-savage. Around these two important personages it is quite impossible to throw the charms and enchantments of poetry; there is too much of the wolf in the man and too little of the celestial in the woman.

In poetry, as in sculpture, much depends upon the material to be used. Phidias in gold and ivory is better than Phidias could be expected to be in iron and bone; so a marble Venus is better than one in sand-stone, for the latter, however magically carved, would be voted a mulatto.

The incidents of the poem are historical, not poetical. Had Meek elected to put the story in blank verse (as he had proved himself a master in that) he might have given us a poem that would have endured as an American classic, for in that measure even an Indian could have occupied his most natural attitude. Othello, the Moor, appears in all his native grandeur clothed in the flowing habilaments of blank verse. How differently would the loves of Othello and Desdemona have appeared

had Shakespeare told the story in lyrics! Weatherford is shorn of much of his majestic proportions, being cut off at the knees by the lyrical sword.

The chief and most exciting incident in the poem is the massacre at Fort Mims. This done, the reader feels little interest—certainly no enthusiasm—in the person of the dimly-developed heroine, or in her father, whose efforts to save the fort had not been particularly distinguished. Consequently the poem flags at the end of the first canto.

At the time Meek was most earnestly engaged in the cultivation and practice of the art of poetry, the recognized masters were Scott, Byron, Tom Moore. There were others—Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, Campbell, and Keats; but these latter were not so prevailing as teachers.

There is a fashion in literature as in bonnets. Of all the books of poetry appearing in my time, in the depth of its impression on my sensitiveness, and its hold upon my heart, I may say that "Lalla Rookh" was *the* book. It was a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." "The Light of the Harem" glowed in every cottage, and flashed on every center-table. The book was the pocket companion of the boys and the bosom darling of the girls. Sphinx as it was to the old, the cold and the phlegmatic, yet to the young and the joyous it was an oracle carrying along with it its own solution; no mystic riddle.

I have reason to know that this book took possession of Meek. He mastered all its beauties, and was especially fond of memorizing and quoting its more striking passages. From a mere dreamer at the shrine of the muses he became at once a full-grown worshiper and a vigorous worker. Pygmalion asserted himself: he began to create in his own laboratory forms distinct out of visions vaga-

22

rious, and his virgins breathed. Hence, the Lilla Beazely of the "Red Eagle" appears to me to be the "Light of the Harem" of "Lalla Rookh." In tone and cast in melody, in the flowing drapery flung around the breathing development of his fancy, it is still the "Light of the Harem." Yet, there is no touch of plagiarism in this rigid adherence to his model.

I am the more satisfied that Nourmahal was Meek's model, because I think I can see a restless nervousness on the part of the poet to conceal the imitation, while at the same time I detect a too visible struggle of the ambitious bard after the same class of idealistic figures and images that make up into completeness Moore's matchless enchantress of Cashmere. One of the songs of the "Red Eagle" is very sweet. It was set to music and sung as a favorite by the belles of Tuskaloosa and still holds its popularity.

The blue-bird is whistling in Hillibee grove,—
Terra-re! Terra-re!
His mate is repeating the tale of his love,—
Terra-re!
But never that song,
As its notes fleet along,
So sweet and so soft in its raptures can be,
As thy low-whispered words, young chieftain, to me.

Deep down in the dell is a clear crystal stream,
Terra-re! Terra-re!
Where, scattered like stars, the white pebbles gleam,
Terra-re!
But deep down in my breast,
Sweet thoughts are at rest,
No eye but my own in their beauty shall see;
They are dreams, happy dreams, young chieftain, of thee.

The honey-bud blooms when the spring-time is green,
Terra-re! Terra-re!
And the fawn with the roe on the hill-top is seen,
Terra-re!
But 'tis Spring all the year,
When my loved-one is near,
And his *smiles* are like bright beaming *blossoms* to me.
Oh! to rove o'er the hill-top, young chieftain, with thee

The lines *italicized* in the closing verse are very striking. I do not know that any other bard has likened smiles to "blossoms." It is gloriously idealistic and I think it belongs to Meek.

It is a curious fact that Meek was not particularly fond of Shakespeare. He would lie down with Keats, Scott, Byron, and Moore, but for Shakespeare he had no enthusiasm. And here, too, I may remark that Meek has not left in his published works a single specimen of dramatic poetry. This is somewhat singular, as it was his habit to try his hand in all the departments of poetry, as if ambitious to become skilled in every variety of versification. In reflecting upon this fact I am disposed to think that he had sufficient knowledge of the scope of his poetic powers to have come to the conclusion that he was not, perhaps, especially gifted with the dramatic property. This sagacity of self-deficiency is so rare in men of genius that its existence in Meek is both noteworthy and commendable. There is, in fact, no display of this dramatic power in any one of his pieces, and the want of it is conspicuous in the "Red Eagle;" for in the epic, as well as in the tragic and comic, the dramatic principle is essential.

Dr. Johnson wrote one tragedy, "Irene," in his youth, and it is said that he carried it with him to London, in his wallet. It was a failure, and he never wrote another, or anything in the line, but it required an absolute public condemnation to convince him that he was on the wrong track. So that we are authorized in saying that Meek was wiser than Dr. Johnson.

But Dr. Johnson had one characteristic that Meek fell heir to as residuary legatee—the autocracy of conversation. With men in conversation.

Meek was rather dictatorial and peremptory. He was a declaimer of theories, political, literary and original. He needed not the quality of comprehension, for he never listened. But with women his habit was very different. His intercourse with them was made up of all the elegant and genial graces. His stature was grand, and when in fine health his appearance might have been called magnificent. His conversation was exceedingly captivating; and, although he could bend gracefully to catch the words of the shortest girl, yet it was not always necessary for him to do this, for the little fairies were always ready to tip-toe rather than risk the loss of any of his words.

In estimating Judge Meek as a citizen and as a man of society, there is nothing difficult or mysterious in the way.

He was not an abstract specimen. The poetic plant in him was not of such a character as to fix upon him any paramount peculiarity or marked eccentricity. He had his own ideal world, but still he was at home with humanity. In the affairs of life he was abreast with all the proprieties; and was level-headed, up to the nicest touch of elegant decorum.

In the parlor, he was superb; on the streets, he was genial, social, and cheerful; as a friend, he was warm and candid; as an acquaintance, he was cordial. As a politician, he was an unchangeable Jackson Democrat; and I believe that he participated with his party in the secession movement with the gloomy reluctance of a sagacious patriot. As an editor, his articles were crispy, clear, and potent; and it was in this not over-congenial pursuit that he spent the larger portion of his life. At Tuskaloosa, he had been editor of the *Flag of the*

Union and *The Southron;* and in Mobile, afterwards, he was the leading editor of the venerable *Register*.

At an early age he filled the office of attorney-general of the State; and, although his literary taste and historical researches led him off the track of the law, nevertheless at the bar he was considered an eloquent advocate, and on the bench a profound judge.

Meek has left no satirical piece; it would be hard to find even a cynicism in any of his verses. He kept the gloomy and complaining side of humanity far away from him; and yet in his conversation I have known him to be very bitter. His irony was scathing, his puns biting, and his capacity for inventing a joke out of the whole cloth amazing. He was very cunning in his witticisms, and had a huge capacity for the enjoyment of the ludicrous.

Meek had the amiable trait of cultivating and patronizing all the young literary aspirants; these fledglings nestled confidingly under his capacious wings, and found there a warm shelter. To be sure of his patronage it was only necessary to be able to turn a couplet with tolerable aptitude. His judgment, too, was considered the standard of taste; and hence his praises were the more agreeably inspiring.

It must also be said of Judge Meek that in his literary likings he was intensely American. He maintained that Kennedy's "Horseshoe Robinson" was "not inferior, in any respect, to the best of the 'Waverley' series."* He placed W. Gilmore

* "Mr. Kennedy, the author of 'Horseshoe Robinson,' has, in that inimitable 'Tale of the Tory Ascendency' in South Carolina, proved the suitableness of American subjects for fictitious composition of the most elevated kind. Although in his incidents and characters he has done little more than presented a faithful chronicle of facts, using throughout the veritable names of persons and places, as they were stated to him by his hero himself, yet such is the thrilling interest of the story, the vivid pictures of scenery, manners, customs, and language, the striking contrasts of character, and the pervading beauty and power of style and description throughout the work, that we think we do not err in saying that it is not inferior in any respect to the best of the Waverley series."—*Meek, in The Southron.*

Sims in a line with Scott, Bulwer, and Disraeli; and contended vehemently that Sims was a poet.

If these were delusions, they were certainly amiable ones, and highly creditable to his patriotism.

As a society man Judge Meek was always a leader, and always in demand. Whenever a public reception of some distinguished visitor was the order of the day, Judge Meek was usually put forward, conspicuously in the front, to deliver the reception address: "Kossuth is to arrive to-morrow; Meek is to deliver the address of welcome;" so it was in Mobile in 1852. On those occasions his powers as an orator were tested; and his ever ready eloquence satisfied public expectation.

Judge Meek was several times a member of the legislature from Mobile County, and was at one or more sessions Speaker of the house of representatives; in this place he exhibited superior qualifications as a parliamentarian, presiding with the greatest dignity.

But it is not a part of my plan to deal with Judge Meek excepting as a poet. His prose writings are numerous, and distinguished with very marked ability. He has left several superb orations and many historical sketches; some of which latter have been honored in the marginal notes of the illustrious George Bancroft in his histories.

In preparing this tribute to Judge Meek, I confess that I have found it difficult to prevent myself from falling into the eulogistic strain. I have written *con amore;* I have presented him to the reader as I had him lodged in my own heart. I dare not place him on the same pedestal with Halleck and Longfellow; I dare not claim for him that in any one of his pieces there is the presence of

that divine spark that will burn with an immortal flame, and glow as a living light in remote ages; but I dare say that when the criticisms of the ruling high-priests that pronounce oracular the merits of our National poets shall have cast off their sectional prejudices, the name of Alexander B. Meek will glow as one of the brighest lights in the galaxy of American genius.

I close this sketch by printing here for the first time, I believe, one of those lighter trifles which cultivated minds throw off at moments of leisurely inspiration, for the gratification of friends, and which, while not intended to live immortal, is yet expected possibly to survive the brief period of a passing acquaintance, and to act in the future as a pleasant reminder of some gay and festive hour. I find this poem, in Judge Meek's handwriting, in Mrs. Smith's album, of the date designated below. If not an immortal poem, it contains, at least, the flashes of genius and the sparkling witticisms of a great mind:

A POET'S WIFE.

In those young days of subtle thought,
  Of feelings fine and taste exquisite;
When life was with weird fancies fraught,
And visions in Elysium wrought,
  By day and night man's soul did visit;
When every virtue, every grace,
  Received on earth an incarnation;
Thou hadst been class'd, with thy fair face,
Amid the Muses' Orphic race,
  Some poet's pride and inspiration.

By Grecian stream, in dimpled dell,
  With morning's roses round him beaming,

Thy lucent brow, thine eye's dark spell.
Thy laughing voice had woke his shell
  And fill'd with bliss his spirit's dreaming.
On sunset hill, in moonlit grove,
  Or in the Delphic vale of slumber,
Amid the peerless shapes that rove
Its bowers, he'd seen thine image move,
  The loveliest of the classic number.

Those times, alas, of dream and song
  Have from our sterile earth departed;
But still to thee the spells belong
Which fired of yore the minstrel throng,
  And captive led the loyal hearted:
Yes, thine's a nobler sphere in life
  Than any Nymph or Naiad's station;
'Tis thine to soothe a poet's strife,
Far better than a muse—his *wife*—
  His worship and his inspiration!

O! mayst thou ever love thy lot,
  And prize it as the best and dearest!
Far better share the minstrel's cot,
And in his fame be unforgot,
  And dwell in oracles the rarest!
May both your destinies combine
  To bring forth songs of sweetest measure;
For well exclaimed the Stagerine:
"Fair girls and boys are hymns divine,"
  And sources of immortal pleasure!

A. B. MEEK.

For MRS. WM. R. SMITH.

TUSKALOOSA, *December* 1, 1863.

THE USES OF SOLITUDE.

Having devoted a considerable number of the foregoing pages to efforts to revive the memory and to prolong the fame of some of the Tuskaloosa bards, and having inflicted some of my earlier trivialities on the public, I have thought that it would not be out of place nor unpleasing to my indulgent readers for me to appropriate a few pages here to the revival of one of my own more serious productions; and therefore I have concluded to give permanence in this volume to

"THE USES OF SOLITUDE."

I have been told by persons of taste that the poem had been much inquired after of late years; and have been frequently applied to for copies of it which I could not supply.

The poem was delivered at the instance of the Alabama Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and published at their request, communicated to me in the following note:

HON. WM. R. SMITH:

DEAR SIR:—The undersigned have been appointed a committee by the Alabama Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, to tender you the thanks of that body for the elegant Poem delivered by you on the evening of the 11th inst., and to request a copy of the same for publication.

With the highest respect,

Your ob't serv'ts,

JO. C. GUILD,
J. T. SEARCY,
W. A. BATTLE.

TUSKALOOSA, July 14th, 1860.

I leave the poem much as it was, having cut away a few of the original lines and added about as many new verses, designated by brackets.

Besides the copies published for the society, a small edition was printed for the use of the author, which latter was dedicated to Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, then chancellor of the University of Mississippi, at Oxford. I feel much pleasure in recalling the learned Doctor's attention to that humble tribute as showing my appreciation, at that early day, of a man whose genius marked him for a high place among scientific Americans.

W. R. SMITH, SR.

MARCH 23, 1889.

THE USES OF SOLITUDE.

I. The graceful offices of Solitude
When Labor seeks her aid; the soothing spell
Of Silence when the intellect at first
Its early meditation cultivates
And weds its timid thoughts to lofty themes.
Patient maturing; these inspire my song,
And call upon the Muse contemplative,
Egeria, guardian Maid of Solitude,
To point the way, and urge the votary on
To heights yet unattained, but still in view
And seen by Fancy's meditative eye.

II. Let every man achieve his own renown,
Nor wait for Fortune; multitudes may shout
O'er small deserts, and give elated Hope
Deceitful promises; Posterity
Will not be thus betrayed; who waits on others
Loses his time and dies without a name.

III. Whether of granite or of shadows made,
Rising majestic on the lofty mound
Or swelling solemn from Tradition's vale,
Fame's towers themselves are Solitudes whose tongues,
Marble or mist, instruct posterity.

Still, in the mountain gorge, the ancient winds—
As young to-day as when at first they sprung
Strong from their azure cradles in the sky—
Still, in the mountain gorge, those ancient winds
Are shouting requiems to Leonidas!

In the deep forest where the marble arms
That clasp the everlasting hills reach not
To prop the level, unaspiring plains,
There still doth ring the shouts of MARION'S MEN,
And MARION lives, even in the blades of grass
That freshly every morn diurnal dews
Shed sparkling to his deathless memory.

Shadows of mighty men make Solitudes:
The spot whereon the SUN, great sculptor, carved
Gigantic the dim shape of Washington—
VERNON—shall live, when all the granite hills
That man doth proudly pile for him shall lie
In crumbled heaps amid earth's ruined fanes.

IV. In Meditation's robes arrayed, inspired
With longings infinite yet undefined,
Thoughtless of whence the spell that stirs the soul
In its upliftings after excellence,
The youth of high ambition stands apart
Restlessly striving how to find and seize
The unattained perfection of his race.
In Solitude remote the secret lies
That leads the mind to its maturity.
In Solitude are tutors which supply
Great tomes of varied learning to direct
The Fancy how to plan and execute:
To pile the ledges of immortal thought,
To shape symmetrical the rounded phrase,
And chisel into form, Philosophy.
There, Silence takes the timid thought and guards
The tremulous idea from rude hands:
No critic's babbling tongue is heard; no eyes
Severe are bent upon the aspiring boy,
As timidly he matches dainty thoughts
With quaintest phrases; there no frigid sneer—

Envy's abortion when it tried to smile—
Doth twist the lip of censure, but applause,
Grateful, salutes Imagination's ear,
Crowns eager Hope with radiant resolution,
Inspires belief and promises reward.

Behold the Athenian boy in Solitude,
Calling the waves to crowd about his feet!—
Timid of living auditors but bold
To mate his periods with the shouting sea!

The youthful Roman glimpses caught of Fame,
And longed to reach her highest hills and bathe
The wings of thought in Glory's rays, untangled
By mist or shadow: Tully thus aspired.
Within himself he sought retreat, and there,
Leaning upon the rail of Genius' altar,
Planned and perfected Life's immortal scheme;
Forged his own keys and opened all the doors
Of dim Philosophy; enraptured found
The slumbering past and winged it for the future;
Sought Athens, in remembrance of great days,
To tread the soil, tho' desecrate, that once
Echoed the footsteps of Demosthenes;
Listened amid the ruins of her fanes,
To learn how centuries had melodized
The tones that jarred the hills of Macedon;
Stole through the ancient groves where Xenophon
And Plato talked with Socrates; inspired—
Nor paused—but at the portals of great schools
Declaimed in Greek, and practised as a boy
Before a master; all instructions caught,
Bent on perfection in forensic arts.
He Mystery sought and woke the Delphian God,
Enquired his fate and heard the Oracle:
"Upon thyself rely! O Cicero!"

V. Great thoughts mature themselves in Solitude;
Appearing through the shadows of a dream
Dimly at first, being eagerly pursued,
In shapes immaculate they leap at last
Rounded and perfect from the sombre arms
Of all embracing chaos. Plato saw,
Without the aid of revelation, places
In the deep future, where the soul might rest
Immortal, from its clay-cold element
Removed and purified—beyond the grave.

The unchained lightning that had ever moved
Giant primeval of the flood and storm,
Scorning the Rainbow's curving attitude
And threatening to demolish her sweet arch,
Was dragged from out its cloud-built towers and
brought
To kneel with Science at the flaming altar
Of conquering Genius; there was taught to know
Its other duties; in obedience
Was made to whisper love tales, and to shout
The news of battles and the death of kings.

VI. Dimly upon the sailor's eye prophetic
A world appeared, with cliffs and craggy borders;
Its beaches reaching far their snowy limbs
Into the cooling waters; towering trees
Lifting aloft their giant boughs familiar
Toward the same sun that lit Genoa's morning,
This vision of the Fancy grew to be
A haunting thought, and science was applied,
And wit and eloquence were brought to aid
Its fair development; fools sneered; savants
Tested impatiently, despaired and scoffed;
Monarchs—some busy pulling nations down;
Others too eager in the fond pursuit

Of all absorbing pleasure—had no ears
For schemes absurd; and so the sailor, driven
From court to court, took refuge in himself,
Still pondering day and night through weary years
The grand reality. It lifted him
Out of the world, above the human kind,
And made him an inhabitant of realms
Where only Genius dares to place its foot.

VII. Immortal Homer, blind, unfinished left
His glorious works. Far scattered lay in waifs
His song disjointed:—statues without heads,
Heads without bodies—each a master-piece
Wanting the knitting symmetry of joints,
Until a hand less mighty than his own,
But schooled in Solitude and taught to know
The conquering uses of unbroken toil,
Restored each limb, combined the graces each,
And gave a tone and harmony to all.

Who this achieved ? A solitary man,
That Hermit Legislator who ordained
Laws that formed heroes for the youthful state,
And taught the mortal Spartan how to make
A name immortal in Time's calendar.

Lycurgus hail! Hail, lonely laborer!
Lo! where he pensive leans his iron face,
Prone for a moment on the sombre tome
But recent closed for recreation. Now
His other task, with frenzy lighted eye
And brows made glad by change of occupation.
Labor of love, he cheerfully essays,
And sits slow tying up the broken strings
Of Homer's shattered harp! All spirits throng,
All, save white-eyed Despair, whose dripping wings

Low hang where labor strives:—All spirits come,
And, shouting through his trumpet veins, arouse
His mighty heart assiduous, and so touch
His mind with inspiration, that his thoughts
Exultant trace the self-same channels, (slimed
With moss of centuries), that Homer carved.

VIII. Look through the broad historic page and learn
The secrets of the rise of mighty men;
How Power and Solitude have ever dwelt
Together in the closest brotherhood.

"The King can do no wrong:" this phrase its force
Asserts oracular behind the throne,
That Delphic recess of a tyrant sway,
Mysterious made by shadows from a crown.

IX. The muses have their Springs Pierian,
Those fancy Meccas, where the Nymphs keep guard.
There none may come but gentlest devotees,
And such as recognize the tender sway
Of Harmony, that monarch of soft souls.
There Homer, searching, found serene retreat;
There Shakespeare tarried idling, of the Nymphs
Petted—still petting the enchanted maids;
Anacreon there quaffed bubbles, magic draughts;
There Collins wandering found the wizard shell
Whose coral lips made PASSION eloquent;
There Beattie dreamed, and from the mossy seat
Saw FAME'S PROUD TEMPLE on the heights afar;
There Grey majestical a moment paused,
And, solemn listening to the curfew knell,
Saw Night erect of stars a monument
Colossal over the departed day.

X. But Earth hath gloomier Solitudes, those fanes
Mysterious—Superstition's homes—their Priests
Uttering with Delphian tongues oracular,
And mystic lines prophetical, the fate
Of men and empires. Crowns have fallen, and states
Have grown and perished by the breath of these.
The wisdom of antiquity did crowd
Around their portals with impatient ear;
The Solons and the Platos of old time
Their homage paid and sought the dim decree.
So, Mystery, hand in hand with Solitude,
Power created and made absolute.
The Roman twins, beast-nurtured, had their sway;
Numa brought laws from feigned Egeria's grove,
The wise decrees of solitary Labor,
Owing their potency to mystery;
Two children born immediate of the sun
Gave Kings to Peru for a thousand years;
Mahomet had his angel and his cave—
With what results—let Christendom explain.

XI. In ancient times, each army on its march
Carried a Seer, in Solitude pavilioned;
His thoughts companioned with some strolling bird,
His eye prophetic inward turned to gaze
On Fortune's panoramics shifting ever;
In him the elements of Fate did meet.
This lonely man determined when a crown
Should tumble, when a state should rise or fall;
He battles fought beforehand and decided;
To cowards he gave courage, promising
Victory in advance:—so ruled the camp
And made great names to gull posterity.

XII. What Seer but walked the earth in Solitude;
What Prophet but received the gift of Heaven

Alone, and inspiration caught while Silence
Enamored hovered round the voice of God!
When favored Noah, not incredulous,
Th' advancing cataracts beheld, and heard
The opening window of the storm-rent sky
Groan on its muttering hinge—he was alone!

When Lot was told to fly the fated city,
That death was hovering near; that all the sky,
Its stars inverted Ætnas, was preparing
Tempestuous the flaming tides of wrath,
He was alone! Still entertaining angels.

XIII. In Solitude the grandeur of the mind
Reaches its loftiest height; self-resolution,
Cased in the iron armor of the soul,
Conquers all ills, all terrors vanquishes:
Thus man approaches God in shape and will,
While evils in his presence but assume
The graceful forms of blessings absolute.
With what subduing power, with the lions
Crouched at his feet, did mighty Daniel stand!

XIV. When monarchs frown and Liberty, assailed,
Flies shrieking at the touch of Tyranny
To some deep cavern or some mountain height,
Her voice is heeded best by him who there
Hath seen her in her craggy fastnesses,
For there she nurses heroes for her wars.

Amid the cliffs of Switzerland, whose tongues
Are ever eloquent, was Tell first taught
How beautiful the hate of tyrants is;
And there the echoes of Oppression's groans,
In hideous uproar, caught the patriot's ear.

When the rude Mussulmen with impious feet
The precincts of the Holy Sepulchre
Invaded and made desecrate, whose voice
Aroused the Christian million? Popes were dumb,
And monarchs, Christian-crowned, were silent all,
Unmindful and neglecting to rebuke
The turbaned insolence that soiled the Tomb
Of Holy NAZARENE. What breaks the spell
And shakes the yoke that galls the harnessed neck
Of sluggish Christendom? One gentle voice
Faint rising from a solitary cell,
The passionate wailings of an angry soul
Touched with sublime resentment: PETER comes,
THE HERMIT, from self-banishment, and brings
The hoarded learning of a studious life,
With strength to mate the thought's maturity;
An iron will, with eloquence; a zeal
Grand in its sweep—in its results, sublime.

XV. The man of lofty genius, who consorts
With Labor as a chosen mate, and sits
And talks with her as conjugal, and leans
Confiding on her fondly for support—
That man meets few denials; to his eye
Nature reveals all secrets: to his ear
Selectest melody is ever shaped,
And harmonies divine enchant his soul.
The chest of ancient lore, whose ponderous lid
Is never lifted to the indolent,
To him is open thrown, and all its gay
And gaudy contents are spread out before him,
As if the ages past had gathered them
For his especial use.

XVI. FANCY delights to pet her chosen sons—
Mortals predestined to immortal walks—

She leads them to her sacred haunts remote
From gay Frivolity's profaning touch,
And opens there her treasures—boundless all—
In rich variety profusely strewn.

To Homer's ear she makes the Universe
One harp, star-strung and touched by angel fingers;
He hears the sullen roar of Vulcan's forge,
Stands by the great Artificer and plans,
Authoritative, mad Achilles' shield.
For Homer's feet the Ocean dries her caves;
The coral nymphs admit him to their cells;
To Homer's knock the portals of the sky
Fly open, and the Gods are all betrayed!
The Goddesses themselves in vain do fly;
The light streams in and Juno drops her veil.

All the Celestials the Bard's vassals are,
And fly to do his bidding when he sings:
Venus attending with her mystic lore
Supplies a charm for all emergencies;
And Jupiter, in azure heaps, keeps ready
Selectest thunder, and down hurls, in streams,
Red avalanches, riven from out the sky,
To light the fearful path that Terror treads
On earth while mortals wage immortal wars.

Minerva speaks:—all the resounding aisles
Of the celestial Pantheon are filled
With such soft tones as Harmony holds ever
Ready conceived for Wisdom's mellow words.
Such sounds, such raptures, are reserved alone
For those whom Fancy with the Gods acquaints.

Long lingering by the gates of Paradise,
Did curious Milton see the first sad tear,

The crystal lava of Eve's burning brain,
Molten, diffuse itself along the cheek
Where kisses erst had watered beauty's bloom.

XVII. So wait the Wood Nymphs on the favored Bard—
Display their mysteries and their haunts betray;
Their passions show, their weaknesses, their loves,
And all the gay enchantments that surround,
In various shapes, their sylvan Solitudes.
Diana calls in Ovid to behold
Her beauties shadowed in the amorous waters,
That laughed in bubbles round her glowing ankles,
And sighed to clamber up the marble pillars :—
While Actæon, frantic boy, intemperate gazed,
And lost his life for his audacity!

So the Infernals wait on Fancy's sons:—
E'en sullen Charon smiles as Dante comes,
Forgets the chartered franchise of his boat
And gives free passage to th' adventurer:
While Pluto's gloomy mansions sudden shine
Effulgent, that the dunnest cell may show
Secrets to him, the favorite Bard, who wears;
Circling his finger, FANCY'S signet-ring.

PART II.

I. After long years of toil and baffled hopes,
When comes a great achievement, recognized,
Escaped from doubts perplexing, fashioned full
To call the trumpet praises of mankind,
With what a joyous spring the bounding heart
Exultant leaps to Glory's circling arms;
How leans the insatiate ear to catch the shouts,
Borne on the breezes, that proclaim success;

How thus assured the expanding soul aspires
To seek divine perfection for its mate!
Man dons the shining armor of RENOWN—
RENOWN that all men worship in their youth;
For this the ardent mind pursues the path
That leads to learning through the gloomy vales
Of Ignorance; for this the stubborn WILL
Scorns the deceitful promises of sloth;
Lifts the huge sledge and makes the anvil ring.
Ah! nothing so inspires the soul of youth,
And urges him to noble enterprises
Plann'd for the future, as the wish to live—
To live immortal in the world's esteem;
That dead, he still may hear the lauding shout
Mellifluous climb the advancing walls of Time,
Sounding his name and calling generations,
Each as they pass, to note his character.

II. Soft Melancholy with her drooping eyes
Doth oft invade the realms of Solitude;
But not alike to all is mischievous:
To minds unstrung, in Fancy's mazes lost,
With giddy thoughts, disjointed, fragmentary,
And incoherent—to such minds as these
Alone, is Melancholy dangerous.
It madness was, and brought its fatal spell,
To sullen Byron; it supplied the cup
Of poison to the gloomy Chatterton;
Ogre-like seized our Edgar Poe and dragged
That eagle-nightingale from out the sky.
To others, stubborn and superior,
It is a slave to serve best purposes—
To Homer, Virgil, Dante, it but brought
The pencil for the sombre finishing
Of gloomy pictures:—help-mate, meet indeed—
And quick to wait on solitary toil

Not misdirected but by Genius guided:
For logic, breeding curiosity
To tread the mazes for mysterious reason.
Doth system bring and cheerfulness to quell
This rebel Misanthrope.

III. Shun Pleasure's haunts; drive Melancholy hence;
For who achieves Renown must Patience serve,
And cultivate assiduous her dim smiles;
Twice seven years serve if such the term prescribed,
For no abatement she allows of time;
No shrinking from fatigue she tolerates.
Whoso deserts the post that she assigns,
In haste or folly, perishes; who runs
To climb Fame's icy hill must surely fall,
Prone to the plain, not planting well his foot.
Be not in haste, let Phaeton dead instruct.
Seek not the office, let the office seek;
Genius, well schooled, will not be long delayed,
For monarchs know the art to prop a throne.
There be who try, impatient, their young wings
And fall—not having nerve for lofty flight—
And never shake away th' ignoble dust;
Whoso neglects himself the world neglects.
A meteor forms no portion of the sky,
But constant blazing stars far off that glow,
Circled in brilliance ever, still invite
The curious telescope's enquiring eye.

IV. Music doth seek the woods, her first-born child,
Sweet Echo, is the pet of Solitude,
Nursed in the cavern, lauded on the hills
And lulled to dreams in the soft lap of Silence.

David anointed, still his flock attended;
A mystery yet undefined to him

Filled his young mind with lofty aspirations—
And aspiration inspiration brings.
The shepherd's occupation leisure gave
To shape perfection; daily from his reed
Came sounds still softer, breathing harmony;
The Peasant-Prince sweet echoes hourly made
And chased the trembling infants through the woods,
Pursued them to their caves, and heard their last
Faint sighs as languishing they sank to rest;
Then felt the pulse of Silence as she slept,
To learn the various touches of his art;
And thus, so cunning grew his magic fingers,
That, called to Court to make his first display,
He charmed the King and won the daughter's heart.

And one there was in later times, with soul
Devoted to the harmony of sounds;
Not less creative of his art, but more
Swayed by the demon that in music dwells—
For music hath its demon as its God.
Not satisfied a second part to play
In life's grand opera, this man aspired
Sole wonder of the Universe to be.
Such lofty aim demanded high resolves
Of labor tedious, the unbroken toil
Of shadowy years; but when the spirit calls
The deep soul answers and the body yields.
This modern Orpheus sought for Solitudes
Remote, and far from human feet intrusive:
There, called on all things to promote his task;
Struck the resounding rock to hear it moan;
Gave up his ear to the great cavern's mouth
To catch its long-drawn sighs; then pebbles cast
Into the limpid waters which, dividing

Their liquid throats, in tenderest cadency
Complained of this cold sport; he heard the trout
Mellifluous plunge, and flout the bathing breeze;
The lowest chirp of birds he heard: the air,
Yielding a channel to the downy breasts
Of sweeping swallows, clothed their wings with tones
So delicately soft that Harmony
Stood tip-toe with her shell to gather them.
He clomb great trees to hear the winds rehearse
Their morning chant among the leaves, and draw
Deep groaning sighs from that colossal organ,
The unhewn wilderness; he called the clouds
To roll their azure drums at morn and eve;
The lightning came, but had no charms for him
Until it broke in thunders and so rent
The shivering sky that he could hear it fall.
He turned to gentler sports; in rills he played,
And flung his naked feet and dashed the spray
In childlike glee, to hear it fall again;
He drew young leaves dew-covered through his fingers,
That he might hear them scream, then copies made
Of the minutest tone; he yoked the wolf
And scourged him at the stake to hear him howl;
Would mate him with the fierce hyena there,
And laugh and shout to hear their mingled cries;
He serpents chased to hear them hiss and ring
Their fatal bells; the lizard's lightning sweep
Among the seared leaves supplied his ear
With tuneful combinations; even the cricket
Brought a shrill horn to teach the sharpest note.

Thus as one crazed, this frantic man pursued,
Through tedious years of dreariest solitude,
His one idea. All the tuneful choir

Of bird and beast, though scourged by him and
chased,
Would throng around his hermitage to hear
The gushing cataracts of his wild harmony,
As, in the dewy morn or quiet eve,
He sat long hours discoursing in such numbers
As moved his soul and into wild convulsions
Cast his frail body.

Thus perfection came,
Came in convulsions and announced itself.
Uprose this wondrous man and girt around
With grand assurance of capacity,
Not doubting the result of his hard toils,
He sought the world—the world that keeps the keys
Of fair renown—and called on kings to listen.
Kings came, and multitudes in tumults came,
Thronging the choking theatres, to hear
The demon Paginini!

Thus the power
Of Labor, to perfect a single art,
With Solitude combined, in this one case
Sublime appears.

And is it not enough
To be the first in any single art?

V. But not alone for self-aggrandizement
Doth Solitude her offices employ;
She hews Ambition of its ruggedness;
To turbulence, serenity imparts;
Subdues the rebel thought, and tames the heart—
Doming the spirit in Tranquillity—
To softest inclinations; for the mind,
By contemplation, brings the Passions kneeling
To worship at the shrine of Intellect.

Each orb is a majestic Solitude,
Remote, but still in view—approachable—
For Genius laboring finds the dim abode.
Fancy, swift darting through the yielding space,
Peoples it—cheating dull reality—
Imaginative peoples and surrounds
Its day with light, its night with starry zones.
The Chaldean saw a God in every star,
And Herschel brings the Chaldean a new God.
The rude astrologer, with softened eye,
Caught far off glimpses of divinity,
In mystic revelations dimly shown
To Hope, forever longing—realized
At last—proclaimed by that auspicious star
Seen by the Persian sages in the East.

But these are not my themes—to earth again
The giddy muse returns.

VI. Lo, Daniel Boone,
Braving the panther's direful leap, erects
His tent upon the knoll where human feet
Have left no prints, and eager stoops to taste,
Where beasts have ancient bathed, the limpid
stream;
Slaughters the Buffalo and spreads the hide;
Lights a quick pile and sends a messenger
To hail the sky and join the trooping clouds;
Prepares a feast that Hercules might envy;
Mates his gray eyes with the unblinking stars,
In grateful meditation prayerfully,
And sinks to slumber on his mother Earth.
The giant oak, next day—as the keen axe,
Uplifted by the hardy pioneer,
Rapid descends relentless—desolate
Bewails its fate, and fills the startled woods

With groans resounding, till the forest swells
Afar with lamentations: and the wolf,
Roused from his lair, with glaring eyes protruding,
Seeks denser shades protective; swarming birds,
Circling the eddying air, scream overhead,
And dip adventurous the deep'ning sky
To find far fathoms of security:
The eagle downward bends his sun-glazed eye
To note the advent, and, far swooping, oft
Returns and curious contemplates the stranger,
Who day by day enlarges his domain,
And plays the monarch in the wilderness.
Thus Patriarchs stood in ancient times and grew
In the first Solitudes their giant race.
Delightful task, for him who leaves the old,
To make a new world for himself and his—
Delightful task, to hew the cabin sill,
To notch the rising corners and to fix
The sloping rafters and the gables rear,
All in a day—sweet work and quickly done!
To rive from yielding timber the clean board,
Placed slanting, to receive and turn the rain;
And altogether join without a nail!—
Axes resound and mauls, but not a nail
Tastes with its iron fang the virgin wood.
Rude architecture, but enough for man.
From the low portal of the humble shed
The soul may walk forth in its majesty
And find for meditation ample range.
Soon the trees grow familiar and the hills,
The cabin is a real home; the fields
Blossom with foreign vines; the babbling rill,
Familiar, answers now the prattling tongues
And laves the uncovered feet of boys and girls
Native and destined round about to see
The city spread its paved avenues,

And rear its spires whose gilded points each morn
Silent, afar proclaim the approaching sun.
Thus do new worlds begin when one great heart
Lodges its pulses in the wilderness.

VII. But not alone the wilderness invites
Heroes adventurous; the bounding sea
Opens her caverns, and the sailor's spirit,
Daring, is called to vaster Solitudes.

Prone, with his country's banner in his hand,
Lo! glorious Franklin gives his life to gaze
On uninhabitable lands, and seas
Far frozen in the northern latitudes.
Where'er the Ocean reached her liquid arms,
Through empires where the tyrant Winter reigns.
Alone, to crush all human dynasties,
His mind aspired to venture; to his eye
Familiar were the icy cliffs that pile
Their glassy columns 'gainst the northern sky.
Transparent world! what led the hero there?
Was it some nymph celestial, liquid born,
Some princess in those crystal palaces
Long captive held—unfortunate Undine?—
Not this; no fancy-tilting knight was he;
One passion led him—Glory with great eyes
Circling the universe—his country's pride
Touching the pulses of his patriot heart.

Are these the waters, these the primal seas
That left their native caverns to bestride,
With desolating tread, man's wicked realms,
When God was wrathful in the ancient day?
Pillars of ice! are ye the buttresses
That earliest based the rainbow's lovely arch?
Thou element impatient, ever shifting—

Didst thou uphold the ARK when storms were raging?
When animated nature, at the feet
Of Noah, crowded in a single ship?
O Solitude, tumultuous and sublime!
When to and fro the RAVEN flew nor found
On earth a resting place, and timid back
The DOVE returned to her imprisonment.

PART III.

I. But not alone the Solitude I sing
Of desolate islands and serene retreats
Where Genius with the Gods may meditate:
I sing the Solitude of Mind; the power
To draw the sense from its accustomed use
Of natural avenues; the power to be
Still in the uproar, deaf to all the shouts
Of angered multitudes; the power divine
To pluck from turbulence the time to think;
To shape the glowing thoughts to themes sublime
And meditate perfections infinite,
While Fury raves and mobs tumultuous reign.

II. The great men of the earth are disciplined
In Solitude to grapple with the time,
The battle-moment—the emergency—
For life is but a battle, and the odds
Will ever be upon the side of skill;
What orator can seize and sway the minds
Of thronging auditors without the power
To rise above tumultuous accidents,
In grand abstraction with his theme? Whose arm,
Surrounded by excited senators
When Rome was trembling—whose red arm, upraised

High o'er the head of palsied agitation,
Reached Jove's domains, and dragged in fury down
Thunder upon the hosts of Cataline?

III. The poet's mind erects its hermitage
Where'er it goes; preoccupied, it is
His privilege in crowds to be alone,
Condensing rapturous fancies into thoughts
That glow with ardor and harmonious flow.
His world is peopled with the dead and living;
Shadows to him are substances that come
From the dim realms of Chaos to perfect
Epics symmetrical and embryo songs.
To him alike the woodland walk serene,
The thronging streets, and echoing palaces,
Bring burning thoughts, or sad foreboding dreams.

Weary of sylvan sports inhibited,
The Bard of Avon flies to busier scenes,
And fits himself to merriest occupations
Of lowest life. Delightful task, for him
The fugitive, to light th' ambitious lamps,
In whose red glare the mimic king may strut,
And show his crown, and ape—how easy ape—
The ways of tyrants. Active in this office,
Cheerful and apt in small buffooneries,
He makes an upward stride, and plays the ghost
With such perfection as promotion brings,
Until he towers himself into a king;
Voluptuous tastes all regal luxuries,
And feels the cumbrous weight of tinsel crowns;
Feels Power exultant; traitors learns to know,
And how to top the high luxurious growth
Of rank Rebellion: learns to know a friend,
A trustful Minister, from one that fawns;
Feels the cold tooth of base ingratitude,

Prepares the scaffold and uplifts the axe.
Thus Shakespeare, measuring all his power in sports,
Perfection brought from dim Delusion's realms;
For strife of perfect mimicry doth school
The artist how to whet his instruments.

IV. Well tutored Genius may abstract itself
And accurately track its occupation,
Unjostled by the sweeping multitude
That elbows common people from the path.
Lo! Cæsar comes! Fly not, ye timid throngs—
'Tis but his body—far away his mind,
Fighting the Helvii or unpluming Pompey.
The center of an army was to Cæsar
The thickest Solitude, where mighty aims
Condensed great thoughts and quickened resolution;
With eagle eye he saw—on eagle wings
He swoop'd terrific, and majestic soar'd.

So mighty Alexander, with his myriads
Crowding the heels of Battle, was alone!
Alone—with one grand thought engrossed, that made him
A hermit in the midst of multitudes.

V. Whose tread irregular is that? who comes,
His chin concealed beneath the lifted folds
Of his long sweeping robe—all ears, no eyes—
Or eyes that inward look as if they listened?
The eloquent logic of fixed resolution
Banishes meditation, and the mind
Over and over sternly acts its part
Patiently plotting, while the hilted dagger
Grows wet and clammy in the fevered grasp—
True to the call of shrieking Liberty,
Brutus approaches.

VI. Who lingers by the Queen—grand Isabella?
Who speaks by snatches, as the royal ear,
Shaking its jeweled wand of sweet consent
With graceful inclination, lifts the shell
That echoes but applause in answering
The impatient lispings of a fixed ambition?
Columbus seems delighted, and his eye
Scatters its flashing rays upon the Queen's,
As if his soul were present; but his thoughts,
His mind's rapt eyes, are far away exploring
The azure-bedded islands of strange seas,
And the rough edges of the craggy cliffs
That hedge the Ocean in its westward roll.

VII. Immortal Siddons stands upon the stage
Blind to the audience, and oblivious
Of all things—save that she is Lady Macbeth.
The bodily presence of the tragic muse
Graces the boards; the spirit of the mind,
Unearthed and garmented in inspiration,
Hid by the battlements of Macbeth's Castle,
Broods ominous and plots with pale-eyed murder.
She whispers to the earless walls, declaims
In rapturous soliloquy secure;
She sweeps the air with passionate, raving arms,
And storms with such apt attitudes, that Fancy,
Not daring to confront reality,
Drops her illusive glass and vanishes.

Whence comes this power divine? from Discipline—
Oft marshaling the faculties in secret,
Logic perfecting, teaching self-control—
'Tis Discipline that gives the towering mind
The graceful attributes that God himself
Intended should inhabit the fair form
Of man, his chosen image—man who wears

Commanding attitudes, and moves, inspired,
In the rapt circle of intelligence,
With longings that uplift him to the skies.

VIII. Two youths I knew, each lofty in his aims,
Each gifted beyond mortals of his type
With some peculiar excellence; each bent
In his fond dreams on Immortality.
The one, dark-browed, to Solitude inclined,
Stern and repelling all frivolities,
Much given to quiet brooding, with eyes raised,
Whether in reverence to the Deity,
Or an upreaching merely to the clouds
For golden thoughts and images that plume
The wings of Fancy in her early flights,
He knew not—none could penetrate his mind—
That realm of inclinations, hopes, and fears.
Whether he worship'd God or Fame as first,
He took no time to question, but his thoughts
Ran into adamantine resolutions
To make himself a center and a star,
To which the eyes of men in after days,
Through the long telescope of centuries,
Should gaze at with increase of wonderment;
The other, open-browed, with eyes of fire
Quick blazing at the touch of cheerfulness;
Gentle as Summer; wayward as the sky
That curtains April in her hoyden couch;
First in the ring of pleasure; in the race
Of frolic foremost ever; apt of wit;
Rapid and smooth-tongued, even eloquent;
Well fashioned and of shape majestical,
For all the graceful actions that persuade,
In him assumed such attitudes as prompt
Earnest responses and enthusiasm.
This was his fatal gift. Ah! hapless youth,

To whom applause is born, and not achieved—
He deems mankind his vassals, and demands
Spontaneous adulation as his due.

And yet these two, so different, were fond friends,
And often met in lonely glens to scan
Each other's thoughts, ambitions, hopes and fears.

IX. One morn, along the dew-lit lawn, these two
Linked arm in arm, beside the river's marge
Moved languidly, when sudden thus began
The cheerful youth:

"O, what a night we had!
You did not come, yet all the world was there.
The wit and fashion of the city came,
And beauty, sparkling, as in gems arrayed,
Brought many queens to join the festival.
The music was so rich that every form
Was touched with gentlest graces; awkwardness,
Caught in the swing of harmony, did seem
As if its cloven feet were used to slippers,
Moving celestial—such is music's power—
Fair maids enchanting came, those merry moons
That sway the surface of life's rosy sea,
Each in pursuit of her Endymion.
And O! the wine! it was so brimmed with sparks,
Those laughing eyes of merriment that give
Delightful promise to the gleeful spirit.

"I stood apart awhile and thought to act
The scholar—to be one that could not dance—
Demure, abstracted—but my veins took fire,
So many torches touched them, and my heart,
Eager with mirth, embraced the giddy hour
And lost itself in whirls of ecstacies."

X. The graver youth, not inattentive, heard
His giddy friend; and thus responsive spoke:

"I held a festival myself, last night;
In my own closet, with my books alone.
My little chamber thronged with visitors.
Some were the spirits of antiquity,
Those demi-gods that walk the dusky realms
Of dim Tradition; mystic forms that grace
The niches of the old world's Pantheon—
And others of a giant race who came,
Grateful to greet their masters: Poets came,
Fresh from Olympian sports, with bays yet green
And flowers unwilted by the century suns;
Came warriors storming from the battlefields,
With dinted shields and foreheads darkly gashed.
O these were glorious guests: Milton was there,
And seemed that he would let me touch his robe!

"And not without fair BEAUTY was my throng:
Eve came with swollen cheeks, but timid fled
As if the flaming sword was driving her:
Came Helen, from the thundering walls of Troy,
Searching the Grecian host with misty eyes
To catch the towering form of Menelaus;
Pericles heralded the bright Aspasia,
To whose sweet voice the ear of Socrates
Leaned listening as if charmed with harmony;
Wild Sappho stood a moment in my presence,
But glided into clouds as doth a rim
Of beauty from the rainbow, nor returned;
Esther the queen, in summer smiles arrayed,
And Ruth the widow, in her weeds, were there;
And desolate Hagar from the wilderness,
With wreath of moss upon her shaded brows;
And Jeptha's daughter, in her long white robes,

Passed through with troops of virgins following.
A wild, enchanting creature, timidly
Standing in brooding hesitation, came
To see these ancient dames; her virgin form,
Thin covered by a purple robe loose flowing,
Was zoneless, while her marble arms impulsive,
Reaching through glossy curls, did brush aside
The ringlet veil that covered her brown eyes—
Wells bottom-paved and lucid with rare gems—
On me she turned their full orbed radiance,
Then looked around, amazed, and fled away!
Impatient fled, expectant of pursuit!
My heart ran rapturous—

"This broke the spell;
All my dream company had taken leave;
And open wide the Iliad lay before me!"

XI. These two in after years I knew, and noted
The advance of each along the road to fame.
Our gifted youth was foremost in the race;
Wreaths flowered spontaneous on his brow and shed
Fragrance around him; and the voice of praise
Made his rapt ear its own re-echoing shell.
He needed but the stimulant of shouts
To rouse his genius; and the thronging crowd
Choked up the temple when he deigned to speak.
He needed not to labor; why retire
To dreary chambers in the dead of night,
To plan the great oration? it would come
Impetuous from his tongue upon occasion—
Impetuous as the furious tread of soldiers
Brinking the edge of battle—it would come
To rouse the daring and inspire the timid:
So the world hailed a young Demosthenes;
And so he deemed himself Demosthenes;

And thought that he had done enough for fame.
Hence the whole story of his life made up
That worthless eulogy: "*He left great signs
Of Genius*"—but he labored not and died.
The world was busy with his memory,
As Savants are, discussing meteors,
That with excessive light fire their own temples,
And perish in the self-created flame.

XII. That other whom we saw amid his books—
Companioned with the demi-gods of old—
Remote and patient, plodded slow his way,
And seemed to take but little note of time.
Shunning for Learning's sake a life of pleasure,
He dreamed along the bustling streets and stumbled
Over the brickbat pavement as he walked,
So that men wondered if he was insane.
Yet his career was upward, to the Hill
Where the young Ages meet and live together,
Devoted to the single task of weaving
Garlands immortal for the sons of Fame—
For in the night-time, when the giddy Dance
Its devotees commanded to Mirth's halls,
He patient delved the golden mine of learning;
Turned up rich jewels at every heave, and sat
Eager contemplating, while nations slept,
The prizes that lay sparkling at his feet,
And careful saved for future exhibition.
So Humboldt labored; so brave Audubon.
So Milton toiled till he achieved the heights
Where the infernals challenged God to battle.

XIII. Aspiring minds have patterns in the past:
The stormy youth may copy Marius
Or Cæsar if he will—or Hannibal;
The patriot may take Hampden for his guide,

Epaminondas of the British Isle;
Or Washington, the pillar that upholds
Our grand colossal FANE OF LIBERTY;
The graceless may unbend himself before
The mirror that so fashioned Cicero;
The patient may find Michael Angelo,
Painting the unfading panels of a chapel,
And Heaven condensing on its humble dome;
And even the gentlest softly may recline,
Prone on the meadow, near the grassy cell
Melodious of the charming nightingale—
That feathered hermit—and thus tune his thoughts
By notes of harmony, as did of old
Pindar when he invaded Pan's domain,
To plagiarize immortal melodies
For mortal ears.

There is one Solitude that all must reach,
And go alone! must edge a precipice—
Edge it alone—for on its crumbling brink
The nearest friend withdraws the kindred grasp,
And drops, impatiently—reluctant, drops
The icy form into the yawning gulf
Whose shadowy waves no beaches find to lave.

TO THE READER.

The pile of manuscript from which I have taken the foregoing papers appears to me to be very slightly diminished. There remains an over-abundant quantity of material for another volume of equal size to the one herewith presented. A second volume will be speedily published if the success of the first should seem to authorize it.

The reader is advised that I have so arranged my papers that the volumes will not at all depend the one upon the other, the narrative not being continuous nor the characters or subjects necessarily connected.

It has not been in my plan to deal with persons now living, excepting incidentally. A future volume will bring the history of the times nearer to the present period, including notice of very many celebrities not herein mentioned.

W. R. SMITH, SR:

MARCH 27, 1889.

F 873 [illegible]

5076